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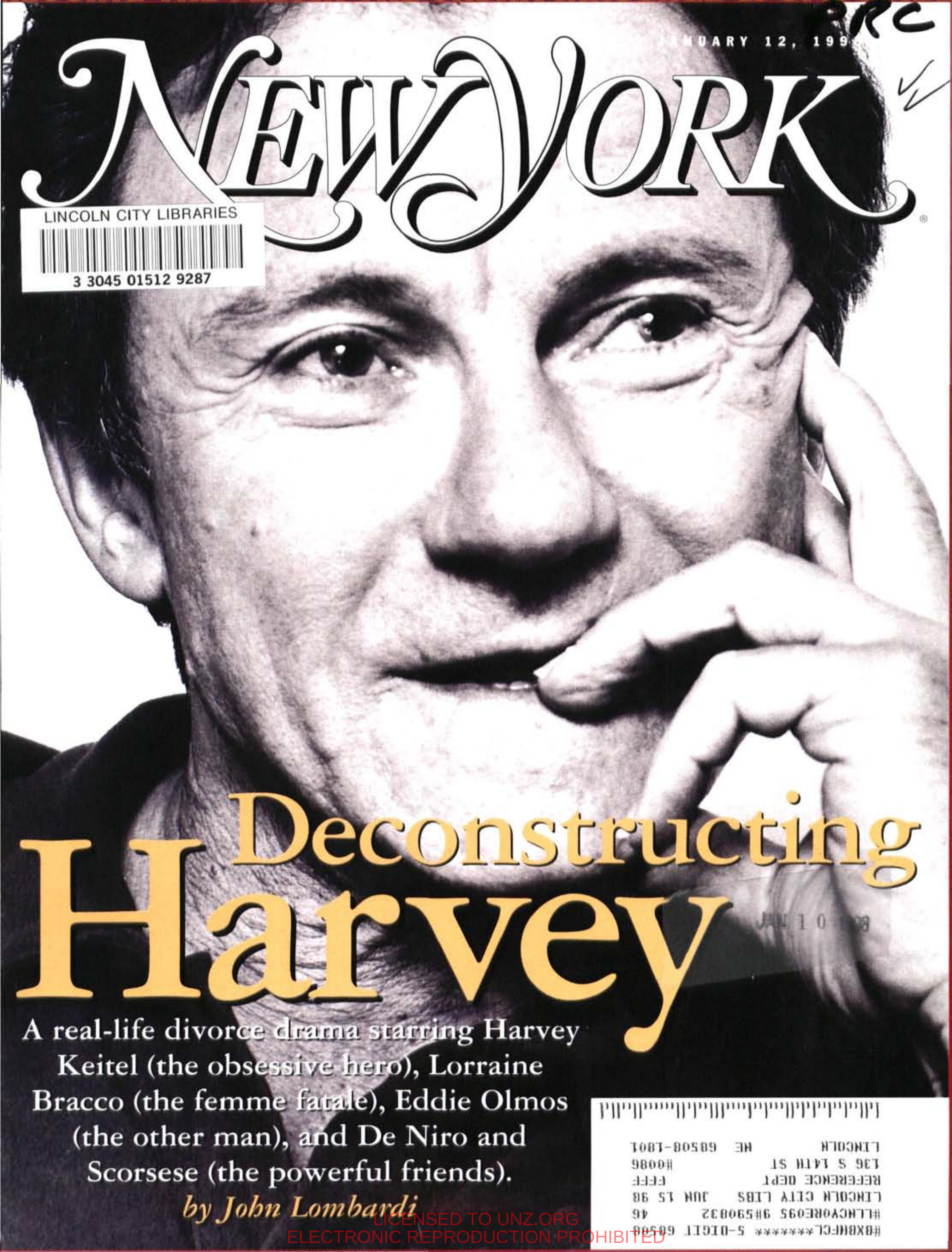

Deconstructing Harvey

A real-life divorce drama starring Harvey Keitel (the obsessive hero), Lorraine Bracco (the femme fatale), Eddie Olmos (the other man), and De Niro and Scorsese (the powerful friends).

by John Lombardi

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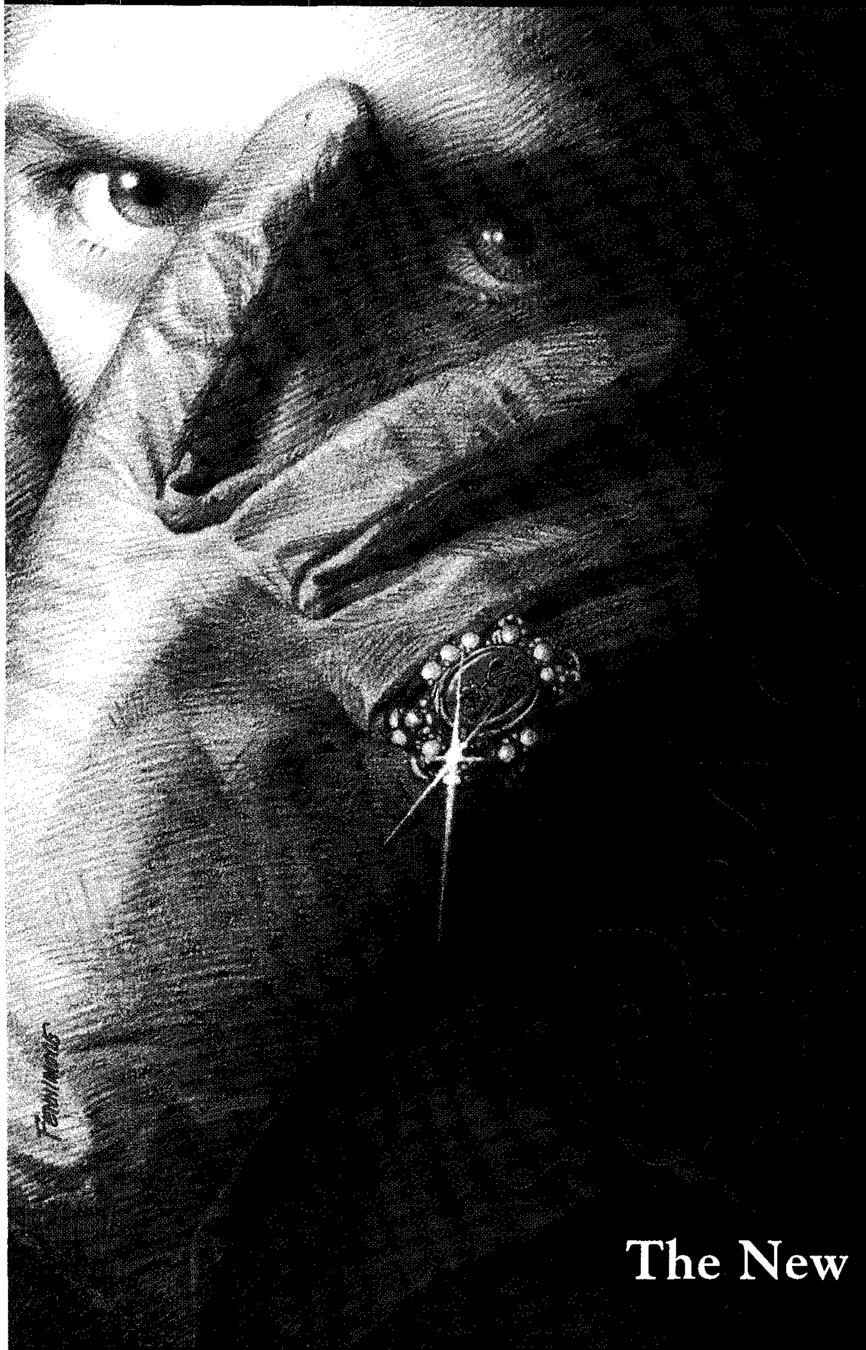

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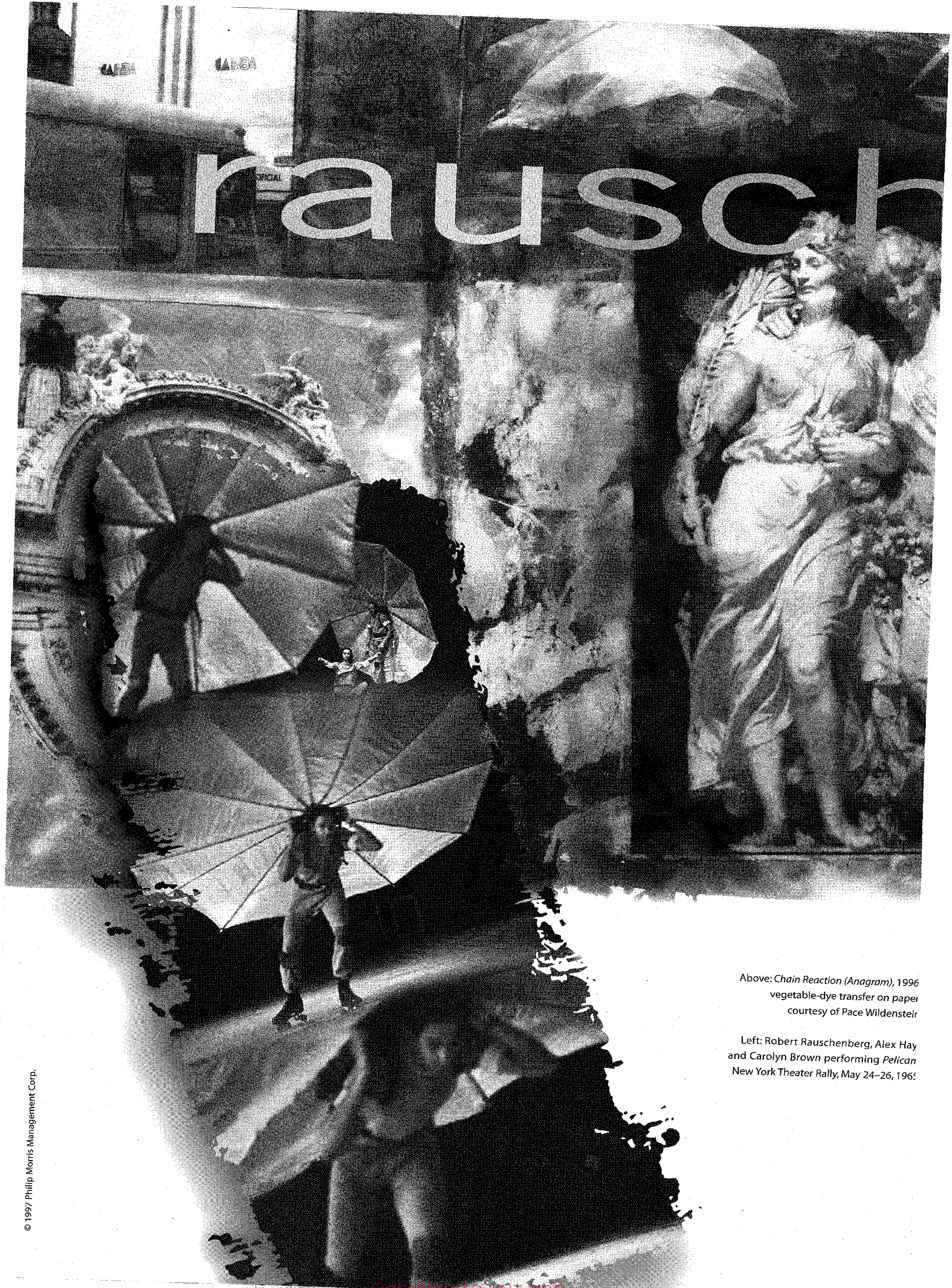

Above: *Chain Reaction (Anagram)*, 1996
vegetable-dye transfer on pape
courtesy of Pace Wildenstei

Left: Robert Rauschenberg, Alex Hay
and Carolyn Brown performing *Pelican*
New York Theater Rally, May 24–26, 196

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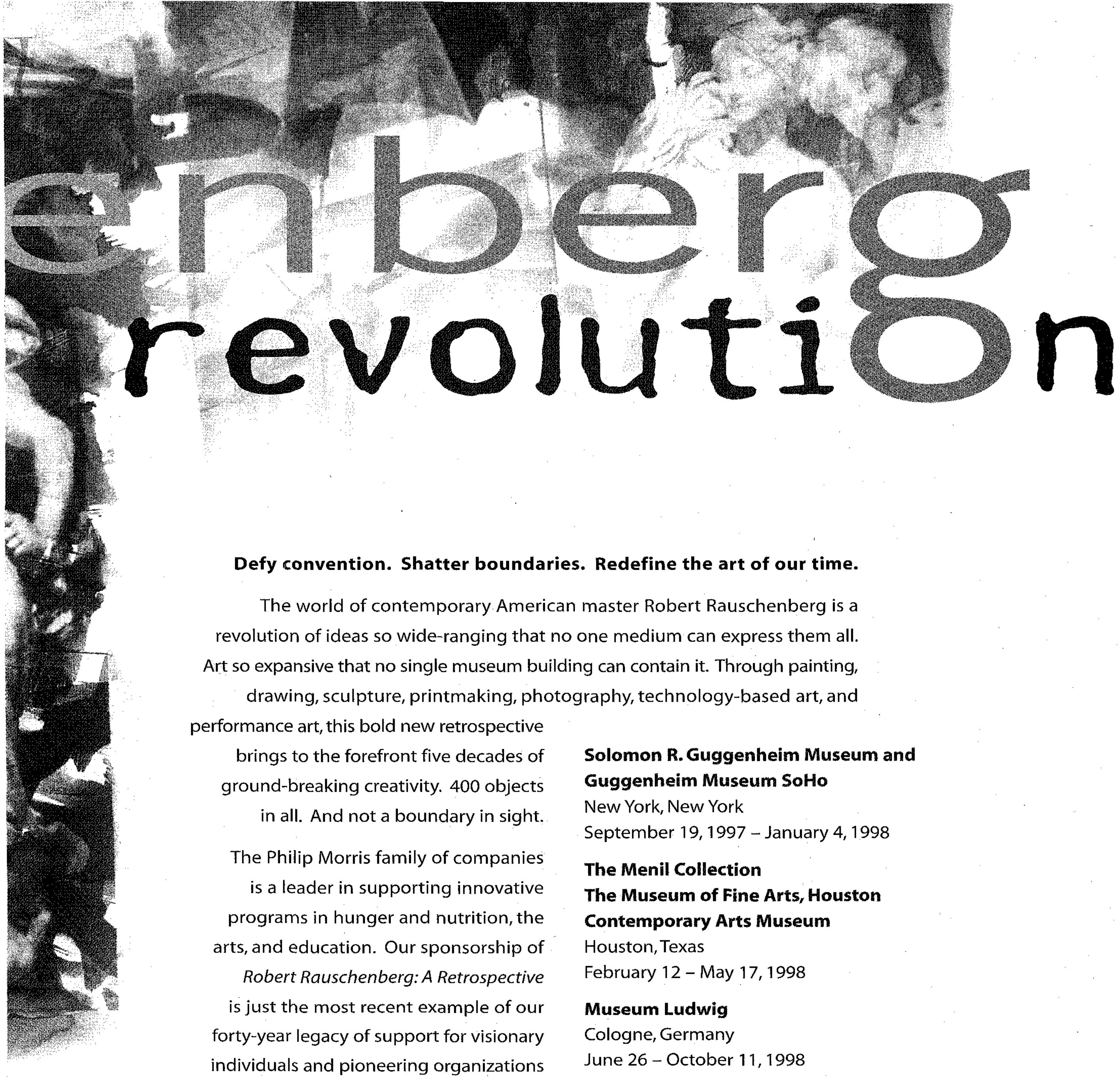

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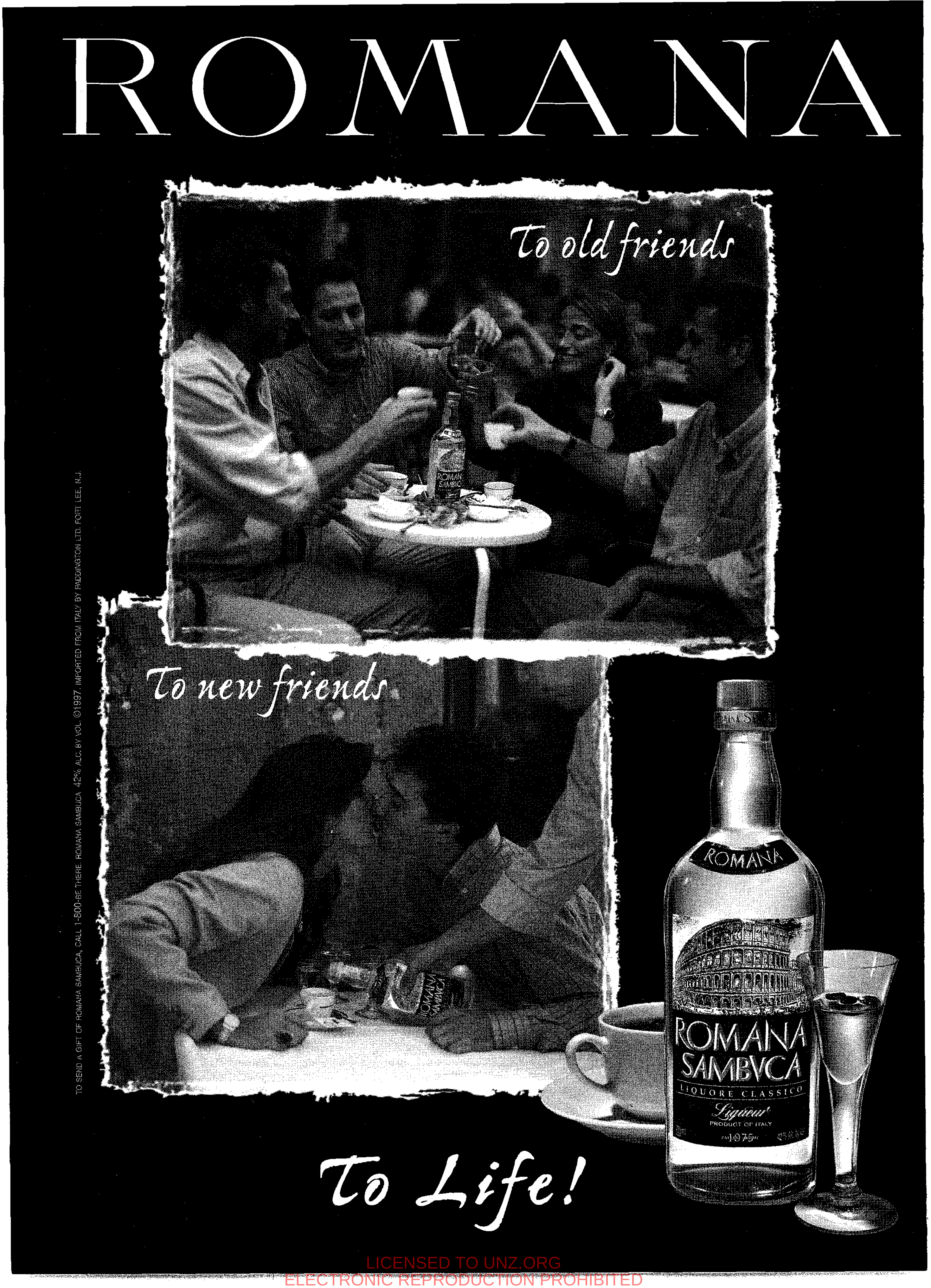
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Contents Jan. 12, 1998

> *"Family court ruled that Olmos and his sons couldn't be alone in a room with Stella! . . .*
> *Am I just being a wild man, an irrational fellow, as Mr. and Mrs. Olmos try to paint me?"*
>
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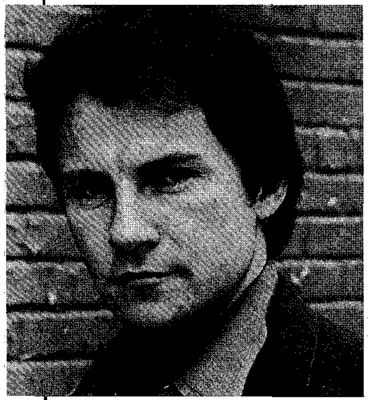


22 Circus of the Stars

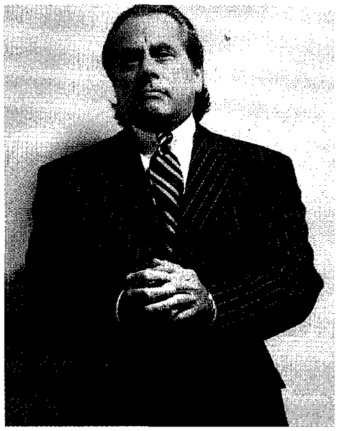
By John Lombardi

Imagine the Woody-and-Mia mess directed by Scorsese. Actually, you don't have to imagine: Harvey Keitel is trying to win custody of his daughter from Lorraine Bracco, whose current husband, Edward James Olmos, has been accused of sexual misconduct. Keitel is madder than ever. And Keitel is not a man you want to make mad.

30 Defender of the Faith

By Meryl Gordon

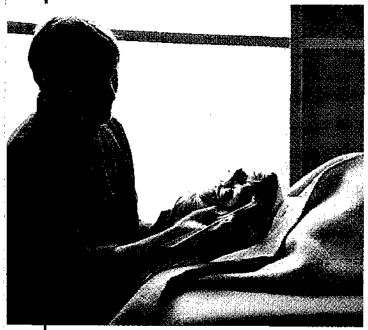
Yeshiva boy turned tough-guy lawyer Ben Brafman gained a reputation by successfully representing lost causes—Mafia types, drug dealers caught on tape. Now he's defending Central Park murder suspect Daphne Abdela and, in a trial beginning this week, club owner Peter Gatien. Not bad for an old Catskills comic.



36 Filling a Knead

By Joanne Kaufman

The taint of massage parlors is history: It's massage *therapy* now, and it's so useful to hyperstressed New York professionals that home delivery is standard and even some HMOs will kick in. Rubbing is ducky.



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By Beth Landman Keil

Time for some post-holiday pampering? Skip the Canyon Ranch: New York spas offer every kind of exfoliation, mask, and application imaginable. And if some of those highly touted new techniques ("galvanic currents"?) sound a bit bogus, they feel awfully good.

Photographs: top, Everett Collection; center, Dana Lixenberg.

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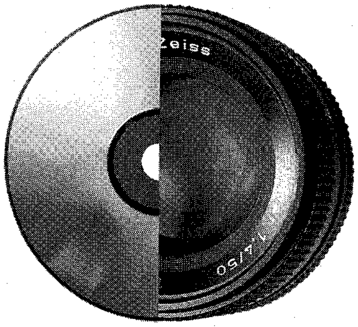

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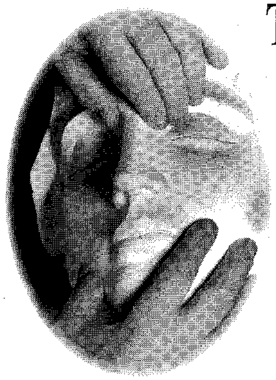

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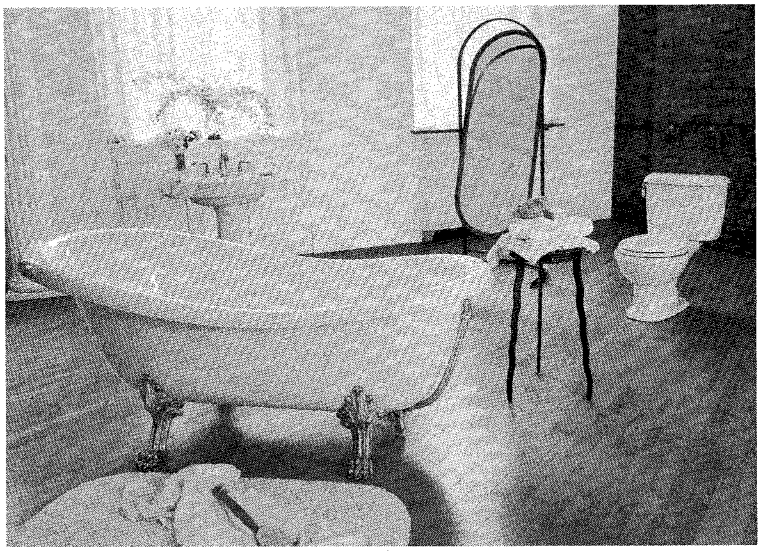

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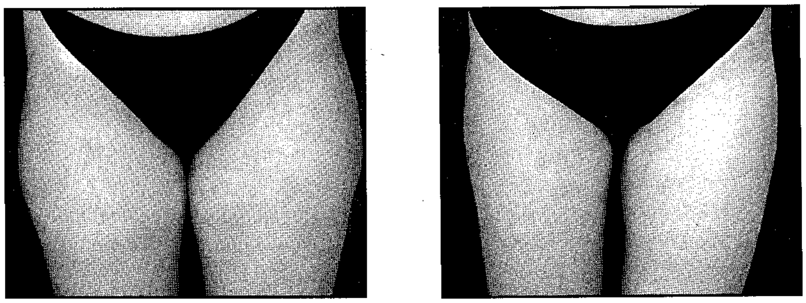

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Face Facts

Jocelyne Wildenstein's surgically enhanced visage causes mass consternation; the mayor's ego and its benefits; Elton John—friend or fiend?

ONE SURE WAY TO EMPTY A PLASTIC surgeon's waiting room is to have Jocelyne Wildenstein walk in ["What Money Can't Buy," by Eric Konigsberg, December 15]! I compare her surgeon (or surgeons) to O. J. Simpson's so-called dream team—men with total disregard for the oaths they all once took, and with bulging bank accounts of ill-begotten fees.

Susan Milstein
MANHATTAN

TIMING *IS* EVERYTHING. ON DECEMBER 4, I had my eyelids lifted by Dr. Richard Coburn. Had I been scheduled for December 16, he would be out a lot of money.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

WHAT DID JOCELYNE WILDENSTEIN LOOK like before her hideous plastic surgery? The surgeons who performed on her should be jailed; this is indeed a crime. I bet she was a very beautiful woman originally. I kept looking at her photographs with tears in my eyes. It was all so appalling. All this for youth and beauty?

Rhona D. Patterson
MANHATTAN

I AM CURIOUS TO KNOW WHAT *NEW YORK* Magazine readers thought was more repulsive: the frivolous, wasteful lifestyle of the Wildenstein family, or Jocelyne Wildenstein's surgically mutilated face?

Nan Gilbert
NARBERTH, PENN.

JOCELYNE WILDENSTEIN'S STORY MADE ME very sad: Her marriage was destroyed by one man and her face by another. When I was a plastic-surgery assistant to Dr. Alan Matarasso, many a patient had to be turned away because of requests that were deemed too outrageous. Shame on Dr. Coburn for allowing his obvious greed to cloud his judgment.

Alison L. Hong
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to 104700.2560@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

A GLANCE AT YOUR COVER, WITH THE HIGHlighted title "The Lion Queen," had me thinking the enclosed article would be about the actress playing the part of the mother in *The Lion King* on Broadway. The woman on the cover seemed to be wearing a distorted mask. I was astonished—appalled, really—to find not only that it wasn't a mask but that Jocelyne Wildenstein *paid* someone to create the face she now presents to the world.

Victoria Liberman
BALTIMORE, MD.

I APPRECIATED MS. WILDENSTEIN'S ADMITting to some "tightening up," but I wouldn't suggest returning to the Sears automotive department for this type of procedure.

Robert Bomgardner
MANHATTAN

Our Main Man

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT'S DUE! POOR RUDY Giuliani must really have an inferiority complex. Here in the one-newspaper town of Houston, we must depend on *New York* Magazine for the news the *Chronicle* doesn't deem fit to print. After seeing Rudy complain about Continental Airlines' ad campaign, I wondered how long it would take him to attack your transit ads. The ad agencies should take note: If they want maximum exposure for a client's campaign, they can take a poke at your mayor and increase awareness of ads that would otherwise be seen only by pedestrians on the streets of New York.

Bob Ryan
HOUSTON, TEX.

ARE YOU READY TO ACCEPT THAT RUDY GIULIANI is the Constitution-hating, law-violating, unintelligent, power-mad egomaniac his critics have claimed all along? His repeated losses in court over First Amendment battles alone show his legal wisdom and support the claims of people like me who say he's the biggest fraud in America today. Still, the media continue to portray him—even as they sue him to get public information out of his Department of Censorship—as a legal superhero. He displayed typical stupidity when, by protesting that his name was helping advertise your magazine, he accomplished the opposite of his intention and got you even more advertising using his name!

Christopher Brodeur
MANHATTAN

BRAVO, *NEW YORK,* FOR GETTING BACK INTO positive territory ["New Yorkers of 1997," December 22–29]. Making Rudy your Man of the Year was a great idea. Having been a loyal *New York* reader for years, I was dismayed by your negative city-bus ad campaign. Our city is thriving, safer than ever, and buzzing with the excitement of the holiday season. Who needs such sarcasm? But no matter. Your "New Yorkers of 1997" issue was the best! You redeemed yourselves!

Suanne Yeres
GREAT NECK, N.Y.

Best Friends

COULD SOMEONE IN THE PUBLIC EYE POSSIbly endure tragedy without that weight-challenged, toupee-wearing goof Elton John getting his meaty, attention-seeking mug in the frame ["Surviving at the Top," by Maer Roshan, December 15]? I'm well aware of his friendship with all involved; for us common folk, though, it has become more than a bit tiresome to see this overgrown brat get interview space anytime someone from Europe needs a new diaper. His accountant may say that Ol' Reg isn't profiting from the celebrity body count of '97, but you'd have to be a stooge to think otherwise. His music hasn't been relevant since Nixon was in office, and his sense of style and flair for the melodramatic wore out their welcome sometime in the eighties. The bitch is back, and he's worse than anything Wes Craven could imagine. Sheesh.

Jeff Johnson
EAU CLAIRE, WISC.

I WAS TOUCHED BY THE SINCERITY OF YOUR interview with Donatella Versace, a talented woman following her dreams and knowing her brother's support is with her, and Elton John, perfect friend to all whom he befriends. I found myself a tad envious that I don't have an Elton in my life. How lucky some people are!

Toni M. Elkins
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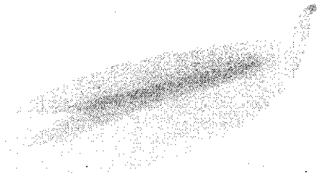

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I RANT THEREFORE I AM

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

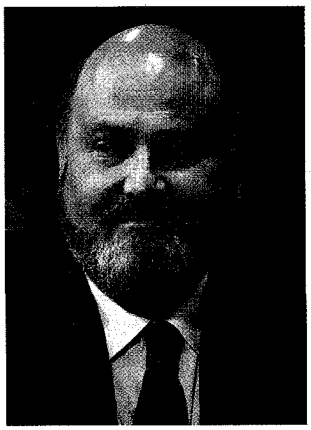
INTELLIGENCER

THE 92ND STREET Y'S BUILDING BLOCK

The block of 92nd Street between Park and Lexington Avenues—part of the Carnegie Hill landmarked district—is being threatened by a developer: the 92nd Street Y. In December 1996, the expansion-minded Y bought 125 East 92nd Street, the only empty lot on the block. Within a month, concerned neighbors were meeting with Y executive director **Sol Adler.** The meeting went well, says **Norman Marcus,** the attorney retained by the neighbors, but "the history of this past year was that they never got back to us." Marcus's clients finally got a second meeting with Adler on December 18, after an angry resident wrote to every member of the 92nd Street Y's board. Adler told the residents that the Y would be ready to unveil its plans in a few weeks. "The Y has been unbelievably arrogant," charges neighbor **Eli Zabar,** still fuming from the delay. "It's a total abuse of power." Y spokesman **Gary Lipman** doesn't think his side is escalating tensions. "At that initial meeting, the residents had already hired a lawyer," notes Lipman, who insists that the Y has been in touch with its neighbors over the past year "attorney to attorney." The neighbors have suggested that the Y buy the landmarked townhouse next door, move it to the empty lot it owns down the street, and add on at its current site. Says Lipman: "We are evaluating the plan."

THE LIMELIGHT GETS TURNED BACK ON

Peter Gatien had reason to party this New Year's Eve. The embattled club king, facing trial on drug charges this week (see "Little Big Man," page 30), just won his court battle to reopen Limelight. After Gatien's 1996 arrest, the city closed his clubs, citing on-site drug dealing. But even after Gatien had paid his settlement fines, the city refused to issue a cabaret license for Limelight, raising concerns about building-code violations. On December 29, Justice **Louis York** called the city's reasoning "arbitrary and capricious" and ordered Consumer Affairs commissioner **Jose Maldonado** to give Gatien a temporary permit within 24 hours. Sources close to Gatien confirm that he's eager to reopen Limelight but say it may take a few weeks to fix up the long-shuttered club. Gatien's attorney, **Alan Klinger,** says he's "gratified" that the judge recognized that Gatien "complied with the stipulation and is entitled to reopen for business."



Rob Reiner: All in the family

Craig Kilborn: His writer wronged?

KILBORN BACK AT *DAILY* GRIND

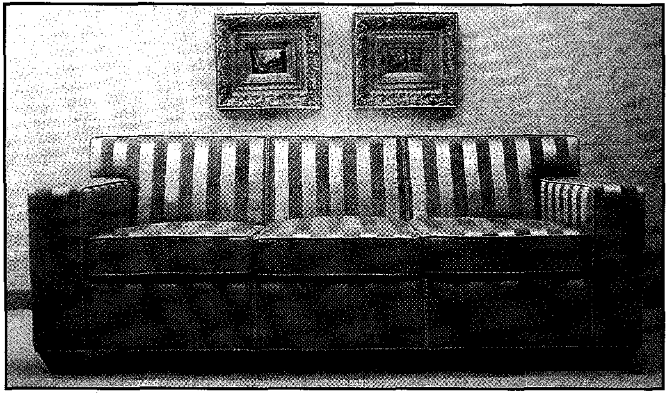
Craig Kilborn is scheduled to host Comedy Central's *The Daily Show* tonight, but head writer **Lizz Winstead** will not be returning to the show she co-created. That's not exactly the dénouement many expected last month, when executives suspended Kilborn for a week without pay after he slurred Winstead in *Esquire* ("If I wanted her to blow me, she would"). Kilborn's frat-boy humor is well known on the set, where witnesses say he gets his laughs by passing around pictures of strippers. Comedy Central president **Doug Herzog** told staff that Kilborn's remarks in *Esquire* were "inexcusable"—but for months before that, the insiders say, management refused to address Winstead's concerns about the hostile work environment. Now Winstead's lawyer has agreed to a settlement that comfortably buys out her contract, according to the sources. Comedy Central spokesman **Tony Fox** says there is "no completed agreement" for Winstead to leave the show.

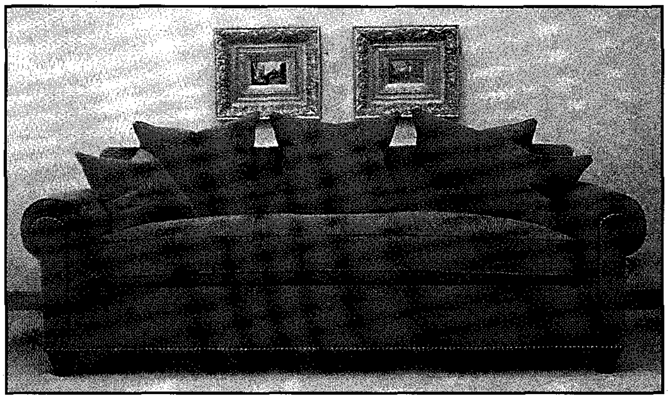
A ROCK CENTER LIFT; REINER'S XMAS GIFT

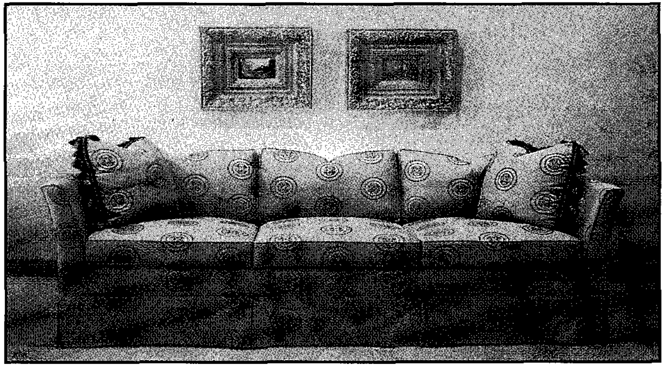
RAINBOW COALITION: It looks like **Joe Baum** and **David Emil** will be continuing on at the Rainbow Room, but with Montrachet's **Drew Nieporent** as a new operating partner. Even though Baum and Emil have been running the sixty-fifth-floor dining room for almost nine years, Rockefeller Center's new landlord, Tishman Speyer, solicited proposals from other prominent restaurateurs in the city last summer, including Nieporent, Smith & Wollensky's **Alan Stillman,** Patroon's **Ken Aretsky,** and Tavern on the Green's **Warner LeRoy.** Instead of submitting his own bid to run the famed restaurant, Nieporent joined forces with the current team, a pairing finessed by none other than **Rob Speyer.** All the principals refused to discuss the negotiations, saying that no lease has been signed yet; but sources say it's a biggie, with a rent of more than $3 million a year plus a percentage of the gross.

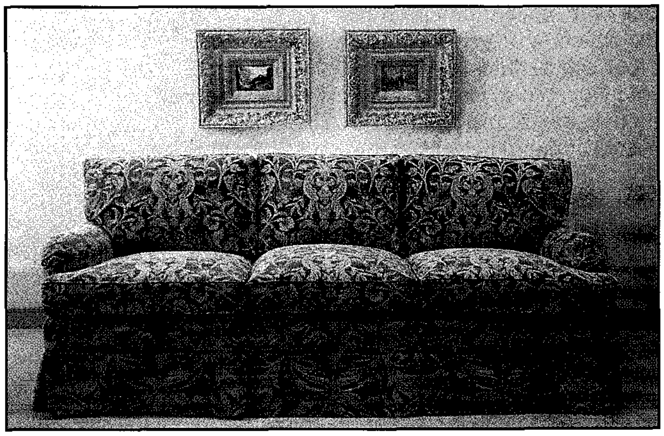
I GAVE AT THE OFFICE: **Rob Reiner's** Christmas card this year announced that a donation had been made in the recipient's name to a very worthy charity—the Reiner Foundation. Meathead started his own foundation to promote public awareness of the importance of the first three years of a child's life. His self-referential Christmas card didn't bother Reiner Foundation executive director **Ellen Gilbert** at all. "He's putting his money where his beliefs are," she explains. "It's what he's spent the last three years working on."

Photograph: top, Richard Ellis/Sygma; bottom, Kimberly Butler/London Features International.









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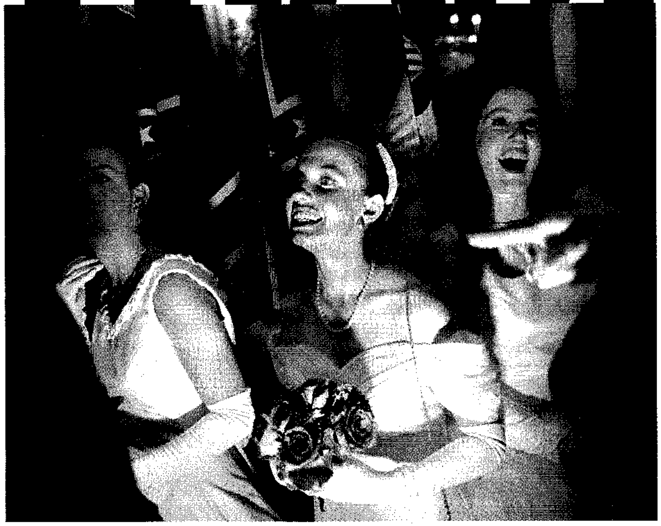
THEY SAY ANYTHING CAN BE ARRANGED IN NEW YORK—*FRANK LENTRICCHIA*

GOTHAM

Better Off Deb

Scenes from the biggest coming-out party of the year.



The receiving line at the 44th International Debutante Ball.

IT'S A PATRIOTIC SCENE IN THE Waldorf-Astoria's grand ballroom, where the cream of Greenwich, Dallas, and Little Rock are gathered to watch their daughters' entry into formal society at the 44th Annual International Debutante Ball. Wearing white gowns and satin gloves, 52 dewy-cheeked young women stand perfectly still in a receiving line, each girl in front of her state flag, the sheer number of the banners giving the place an air of historic import. The women stand and smile as the 800 guests—CEOs, people of leisure, orthodontists, each of whom has paid $350 to attend the momentous event—file past, up the red carpet and into the main banquet hall.

Each debutante brings at least one escort, usually two. According to tradition, one is dressed in military uniform, the other in white tie. And at the International Debutante Ball, *everything* is done according to tradition. "Every girl should have two men," says Mrs. Margaret Hedberg, who has chaired the ball ever since her aunt Beatrice Dinsmore Joyce bequeathed it to her. "It's the last time you get to do this."

Two men: It's enough to make a girl swoon, and soon enough Mademoiselle Astrid de Grimoüard of France exercises every debutante's right to do just that. Amid gasps of horror, she collapses to the carpet in a faint, toppling several flags and causing general pandemonium. The first person to rush to her side is a jowly dowager in a sequined ball gown, who fans the wilted deb with her seating chart as the crowd presses in. An overzealous TV cameraman maneuvers in for the shot, but a platoon of military escorts arrives to remove him, just in time to preserve the perfect anachronism of the moment.

For though the evening's unchanging rituals have come to seem quaint, even bizarre, to the rest of the world, their participants have no interest in ironic juxtapositions. They are interested in the weight of tradition, and to honor it, nose rings are taken out, tattoos concealed, and particular opinions left at the door. An older generation may worry that these ceremonies are going the way of the gentlemen's duel, but the attendance at this year's ball—the largest in years—suggests otherwise. "It's a very prestigious honor to wear this dress and hold these flowers," says

(continued on page 14)

SPIN CYCLE

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF P.R.

Fry vs. Fry

● "Burger King Corporation today launched an all-out campaign to bring the story of its tastier, crispier, hotter new French fries to every man, woman, and child in America."

—*Burger King*

● "We need to work together to affirm our fries' superiority on the front lines. . . . While we don't want to limit your creativity, there are three must-dos: 1. Staff your fry station all day long. 2. Check times and temperatures three times a day. 3. Remember to salt your fries properly."

—*Internal memo to McDonald's owners*

● "The only thing that matters is sales, and we show continued domination."

—*Bridget Brady-Coffing, McDonald's*

● "In a blind taste test [Burger King] recently conducted, 57 percent of consumers favored its fries while only 35 percent chose the McDonald's variety."

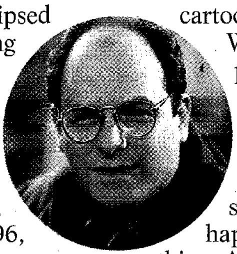
—*New York* Daily News

● "I'm surprised Burger King's tooting this horn, since we came out with potato-starch fries first."

—*Shirley Gines, Jack in the Box*

CAMEO

Costanza and the Crimson Tide



IT BECAME EVIDENT THIS SEASON THAT George, though perpetually eclipsed by Jerry, has been the one calling the shots all along. Well, not exactly George—technically it was co-creator Larry David, on whom the character of George is based. *Seinfeld* has been living off its laugh track for a while now, and since David bailed out in 1996, there's been no one to stop the *Simpsons*-obsessed, *Harvard Lampoon*–bred writing staff from reducing the show to a gag-riddled cartoon version of itself.

Without David, George has seemed particularly adrift, but he will soldier on through this last season, carping and griping until the bitter end. And what of Jerry? No longer living in the two-dimensional New York of his sitcom, perhaps he'll move back to the real thing. And luckily for him, there are plenty of places to buy soup here these days.

Photographs: top, Evan Kafka; bottom, Photofest.

Debutantes *continued from page 13*
Lauren Anne Gordon, a 20-year-old San Antonio native.

After posing for a sorority-style portrait, the girls take their seats and pick at their dinners, flirt with their dates, and surreptitiously sip wine they've cadged from the adults' tables. Nineteen-year-old Hallie Houston Eads, a "legacy deb" from the Lone Star State, sits nervously fingering her pearl necklace and worrying about her curtsy. "Some girl fell on her face last year," says Hallie, who even took a lesson. "But it's bad luck to talk about it."

Every debutante worries about her curtsy. The gesture, made as the young woman is formally presented, is the evening's zenith, the transforming moment when society's downy hatchlings become, as Mrs. Hedberg says, "little swans we push into the world." But debutantes from Texas have the most to worry about: By tradition they do not merely bend the knees and bow the head but perform an extravagant *Swan Lake* maneuver known as the Texas Dip.

At the stroke of midnight, after the chocolate-mousse cake has been consumed, the girls parade—in alphabetical order, by state—down the dance floor, escorted by their dates and accompanied by the mellow sounds of Lester Lanin's orchestra. By the time the Texas debutantes are called, the crowd has shed its decorum, and each girl is greeted by hoots and cheers.

Despite the commotion, as Pagent Ann Presley makes her debut, she holds her audience in rapt attention. Arms held out at her sides for effect, she descends slowly into her curtsy, then goes gracefully into her contortion—leaning forward over her extended leg, she lowers her head until her brow nearly grazes the floor. Her face completely obscured in a cloud of white chiffon, she is utterly prostrate, offering herself to the crowd. As her shoulder blades quiver like wings, she holds the pose for a dramatic moment, then triumphantly rises to her full height, and to the exultant cries of the entire ballroom.

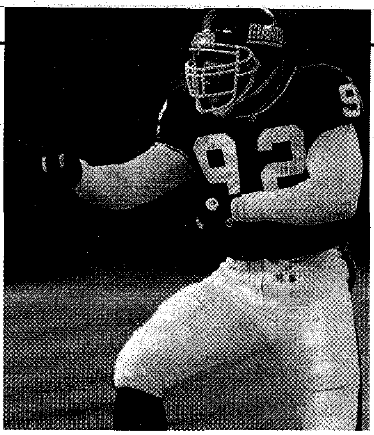
Bring on the suitors.

ELISSA SCHAPPELL

SPORTS

They Might Be Giants

But they'll never win big if they keep playing nice.



Michael Strahan needs to be meaner.

CHRIS CALLOWAY RETURNED from a short shower to find the Death Watch arrayed at his locker. A sweaty, sharp-elbowed herd of reporters, packed into a tight semicircle, was jostling for position, mini-cameras clunking into the heads of writers, radio guys jabbing their microphones through the tangle of bodies. Calloway turned his back and toweled himself dry, dressing so slowly and calmly you'd never have guessed 75 men and women were staring at his bare butt, all silently awaiting the chance to ask the 29-year-old receiver how it felt to fumble away the Giants' season.

His answers weren't particularly enlightening—"The ball was wet and it took a funny bounce and I missed it"—but the remarkable thing was that Calloway, both naked and clothed, was unfailingly dignified. So were his teammates. Surliness is routine in pro-sports locker rooms, even under much happier conditions, so the Giants' gentlemanly behavior in the wake of their shocking, season-aborting loss to Minnesota was amazing and admirable. This season, they not only became a playoff team again but also became a nice team.

Which, down the road, might be their biggest problem. The Giants suffer from badass deficiency. They don't need anyone choking a reporter, as Lawrence Taylor once did, but they sure could use some of LT's on-field brutishness. Their failure to put away the Vikings turned partly on bad hands (Tiki Barber's) and slow feet (Tito Wooten's), but mostly on a lack of killer instinct. Phil Simms used to seethe in defeat; it's hard to imagine Danny Kanell, even when he's finally old enough to shave, expressing anything stronger than the gee-whiz disappointment he displayed last week. And Jessie Armstead's celebratory kung fu kicks are more comical than threatening.

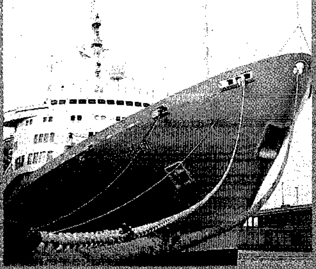
The Giants are one of the last NFL franchises owned by an actual human being instead of a corporation or a megalomaniac. Wellington Mara's style is low-key and patrician, and he now has a coach, Jim Fassel, who fits his image of the organization. Fassel screams when necessary, but he often uses New Agey visualization techniques to coax his players. For 1998, Fassel emphasizes adding players of "good character." Maybe that will keep the Giants from arguing among themselves, as a few players did when the Vikings game grew taut. It might also entail moves like bringing back Kent Graham, a solid citizen but not much of a quarterback. In a sport where character is usually judged by the willingness to rip an opponent's head off, Fassel's challenge will be to make the Giants both cleaner and meaner.

CHRIS SMITH

GAMBLING

One Long Shot of a Ship

HAVING A BONA FIDE NOR'EASTER HIT ON THE day you're holding a waterborne press conference, as happened to Manhattan Cruises last week, would normally be seen as a bad omen. But that turns out to be the least of the company's concerns: Consider the obstacles that must be overcome before the 32,000-ton *Edinburgh Castle* can be launched on its maiden overnight gambling voyage:



The good ship *Edinburgh Castle.*

● **ILLEGALITY** "We will commence operations when and if we receive a provisional license from the city's Gambling Control Commission," said Manhattan Cruises president Mickey Brown. "We hope to be operational within weeks."

● **NEGATIVE ASSOCIATIONS WITH THE *TITANIC*** During a drill two weeks ago, a lifeboat became unhinged and plunged into the Hudson, trapping two men in the freezing water. Emergency crews had to come to the rescue. "We have 40 percent greater lifeboat capacity than what is required," said Captain Ian Sabet. "The sections that malfunctioned have been sent back to the U.K."

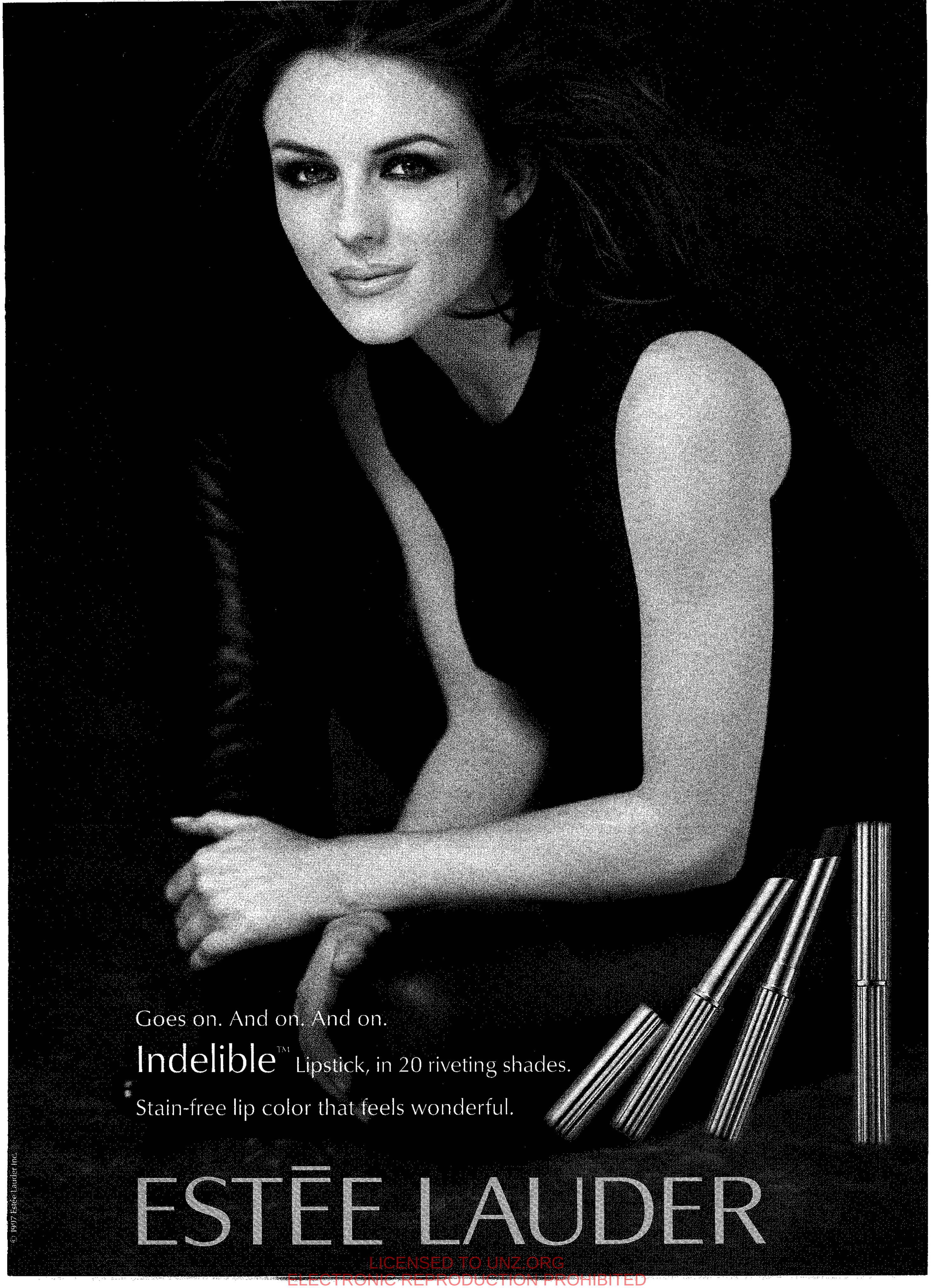
● **NEGATIVE ASSOCIATIONS WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY** The main casino room of the ship is called the Balmoral Lounge. "I'm going to change the names," says Brown. "I don't like 'em."

● **BAD MEDICAL HISTORY** Under its previous ownership, the boat failed health inspections, receiving a score of 57 out of 100. "There's been a lot of modifications," said Sabet. "She will be inspected again."

● **BAD LIGHTING** "It looks like we're taping in a brothel," said a TV announcer during the press conference in the ship's dining room.

RUTH G. DAVIS

Photographs: top, Bill Kostroun/AP/Wide World; bottom, Robert Wright.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Stain-free lip color that feels wonderful.
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PREDICTIONS

And Art Garfunkel will come to you in a dream . . .

● With another turn of the cosmic odometer, it's time again for workers in the city's sixth-sense industry to render their visions for the new year. Herewith, the prognostications of Francine Tesler (Clairvoyant), Edgardo Torralvo (Numerologist), and Klio (Tarot Reader). VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

NAME	CLAIRVOYANT	NUMEROLOGIST	TAROT READER
ANDREW GIULIANI, Fifth-grade student	I see him being a movie star and writing screenplays later on.	An old soul. When he was conceived, his mother loved his father very much.	He'll run for some school position. A lot of kids will want to beat him up.
PRINCE NASEEM, Boxing sensation	He's very neo-macho. I see a men's clothing line or cologne.	He's like Geraldo, a mama's boy. No love for him, but he'll win all his fights.	A woman will cause him emptiness. Many people he fights will die.
GERALDO RIVERA, Television host	He'll go back to being a reporter, do a movie, I see an explosion of a car.	He's too materialistic. That'll backfire. He won't be on TV anymore.	Spiritual problems. He's thinking about getting out of TV and into politics.
PAUL SIMON, Musician	He'll create a help center for people who go through terrorist acts.	It's his year for money. But he's going to get in trouble with his family.	Problems in his love life, but money will come pouring in.
ELIZABETH WURTZEL, Author of *Bitch*	She'll fall on her butt. She's too snooty—I can't pick up anything on her.	The book won't be famous. She'd better start writing another one now.	Is she having problems with men? That pain should bring her success.
RUDY CREW, Chancellor of Schools	He'll step aside in six months. I see intestinal problems and back pain.	Some unhappy person will sue him. His love life will fall apart.	This man is tied down. Next year he'll be set free. He's losing confidence.
PETER GATIEN, Embattled nightclub owner	He'll have a lot of conflicts about what's old and what's new.	A very young soul, and naive. He'd better think hard with his lawyers.	He's seeing a different outlook on life, with temperance and humility.
GWYNETH PALTROW, Actress	I see her with bangs. Maybe it's a wig. She'll start belly dancing.	She'll go to the doctor. They won't find anything, but she'll feel so tired.	She'll be with someone, but not in a marriage. It's not as good as her last.

NICE JEWISH BOY SEEKS HOT-BLOODED JEWISH GIRL FOR LOVE IN COLDER CLIMES PART X

● Jay Ramras, the Alaskan restaurateur committed to finding a Jewish bride in New York, got an unexpected Hanukkah gift. At the last minute, the "not no" girl changed her mind, again, and boarded the plane with him to Fairbanks. He dutifully showed her the joys of subzero living, even driving her across an "ice bridge." Jay remains leery, but says the trip helped. So what does our front-runner think?

● "The hardest thing to get used to," she says, "is when people greet, they hug."

● "When you're outside, it doesn't feel like 20 below. It's like Florida, where it's so hot you just go from your car to your house."

● "Jay's condo is very nice, but definitely a bachelor pad. There's a basketball hoop in the living room."

● Could she live there? She hedges: "Let's say I'm pleasantly surprised."

MARKETING

Ad De Toilette

WHEN PAID ANNOUNCEMENTS STARTED APPEARING ON BICYCLE messengers' bags and jackets last year, it seemed a sure sign that the advertising industry had finally run out of inorganic surfaces on which to flog new products. But an outfit called Zoom Media has begun staking its claim on a new ad frontier—one that's been right in front of our noses, practically. The Canadian agency has begun placing twelve-by-sixteen-inch mini-billboards above urinals and inside stall doors in public bathrooms across New York, to shill beer and blue jeans to a (temporarily) captive audience. "We transform a blank wall into a money machine," gloats local sales director Eric Menzies.

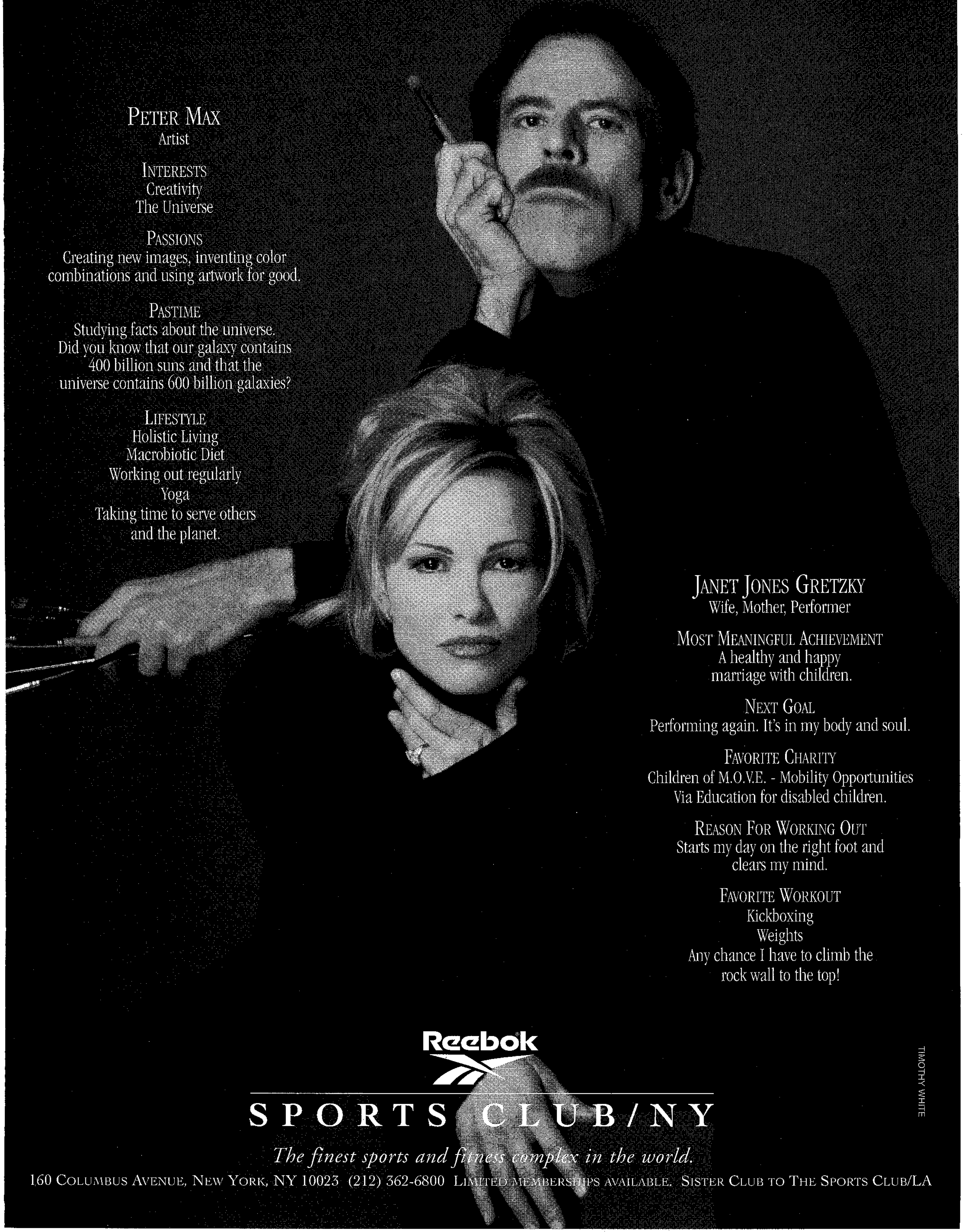
Phase one—referred to by the company as a "destruction phase"—entails installing empty frames, so patrons can get used to their presence before the paper inserts are added. Of the 1,500 panels already up in places like Spy Bar, the Bitter End, and CBGB's Gallery, about 10 have already been seriously mangled. "What do I care? They're paying me," says CB's owner Hilly Kristal, who, like the other participating bar owners, gets 15 percent of revenues.

Vandalism aside, the larger question might be how warmly patrons will take to products pitched midstream. A Zoom spokesman scoffs: "When you're on the highway and you see ads, you don't associate the product with the highway, do you?"

BRIAN FARNHAM

Clairvoyant, Abracadabra Productions; numerologist, Torralvo Numerology Research; tarot-card reader, Miller's Cards.

OUR MEMBERS KNOW WHY THEY BELONG.



PETER MAX
Artist

INTERESTS
Creativity
The Universe

PASSIONS
Creating new images, inventing color
combinations and using artwork for good.

PASTIME
Studying facts about the universe.
Did you know that our galaxy contains
400 billion suns and that the
universe contains 600 billion galaxies?

LIFESTYLE
Holistic Living
Macrobiotic Diet
Working out regularly
Yoga
Taking time to serve others
and the planet.

JANET JONES GRETZKY
Wife, Mother, Performer

MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT
A healthy and happy
marriage with children.

NEXT GOAL
Performing again. It's in my body and soul.

FAVORITE CHARITY
Children of M.O.V.E. - Mobility Opportunities
Via Education for disabled children.

REASON FOR WORKING OUT
Starts my day on the right foot and
clears my mind.

FAVORITE WORKOUT
Kickboxing
Weights
Any chance I have to climb the
rock wall to the top!

TIMOTHY WHITE

Reebok

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GOTHAMSTYLE

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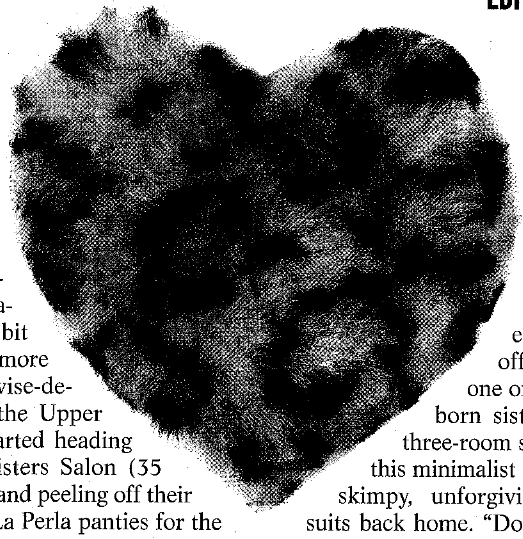
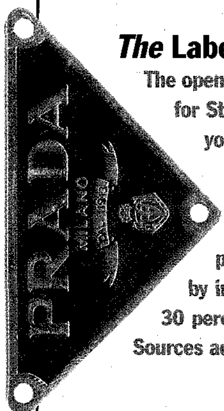


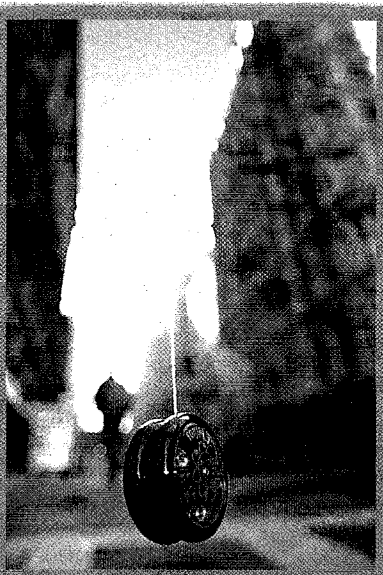
Strip Club

You'd think that when it comes to delicate issues like hair removal, young society ladies would favor something a bit more refined. But more and more otherwise-demure women of the Upper East Side have started heading down to the J. Sisters Salon (35 West 57th Street) and peeling off their Chanel suits and La Perla panties for the "*Playboy* wax." The extremely close cut, which denudes all but a two-inch-wide strip or a tiny heart-shaped patch, costs $30. According to one veteran, it also requires twenty minutes of "having your legs contorted in all sorts of gynecological positions. You're completely exposed, no panties, anything. Before you can even say *ouch,* it's off." Janea Padilha, one of the six Brazilian-born sisters who own the three-room salon, conceived of this minimalist approach for those skimpy, unforgivingly cut bathing suits back home. "Doctors, models, editors, and socialites come in and laugh, saying their husbands have never even put them in these kinds of bare-all positions," she explains, giggling. "But the husbands like what they see." MARLIEN RENTMEESTER



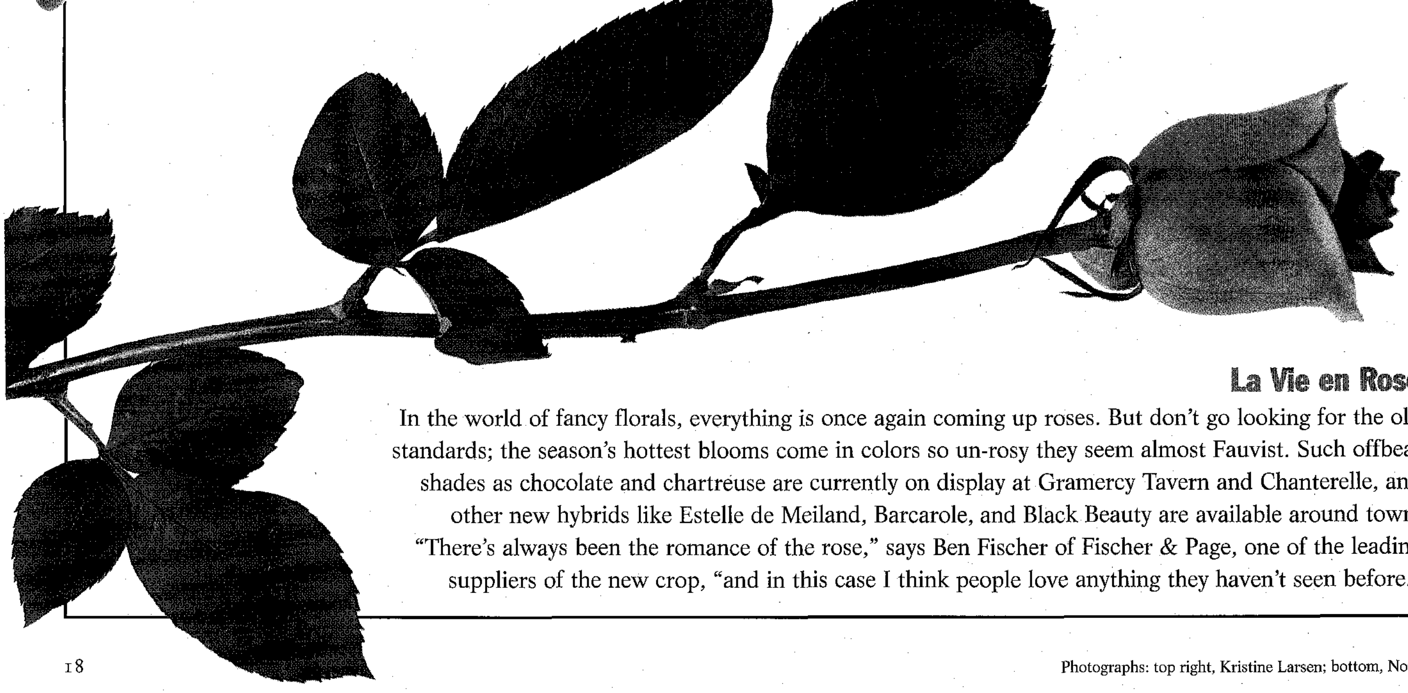
The Label for Less

The open secret that Prada maintains an outlet store in Arezzo, Italy, has never done much for Stateside bargain hunters: The jet lag is a bummer, and the air fare sure cuts into your savings. For local label whores, then, there's good news: A Prada outlet store has recently opened in Woodbury Commons shopping mall. Operating out of a temporary location called Space, the place still has a slightly covert feel to it (even during the post-Christmas shopping blitz, it was nearly empty). But the pickings are good, and will get better when the store moves into bigger digs nearby in February. The savings aren't bad, either: Clothing is half-price, bags and shoes 30 percent off (though given the original figures, that still makes for a steep Visa bill). Sources advise that new merch arrives on Saturdays.



Yo Yo Yo

What more fitting illustration of the up-and-down (and up again) fortunes of toy trendiness than the yo-yo, which after a few years of floor-level popularity has rolled back up to the top of its cycle. Duncan, the old-school master, is selling more of the classic item this year than it has since Kennedy was in the White House. It's no accident: The company has organized serious ad campaigns with Nickelodeon and ESPN, and even devised a yo-yo-based elementary-school physics curriculum. Fancy designers have been up to their own tricks, bringing out high-style versions—including a pointlessly techno model, full of decorative gears and flywheels. "There's not a trick you can do with one of them that you can't do with a Duncan," sniffs Mike Burke, a spokesman for the company.

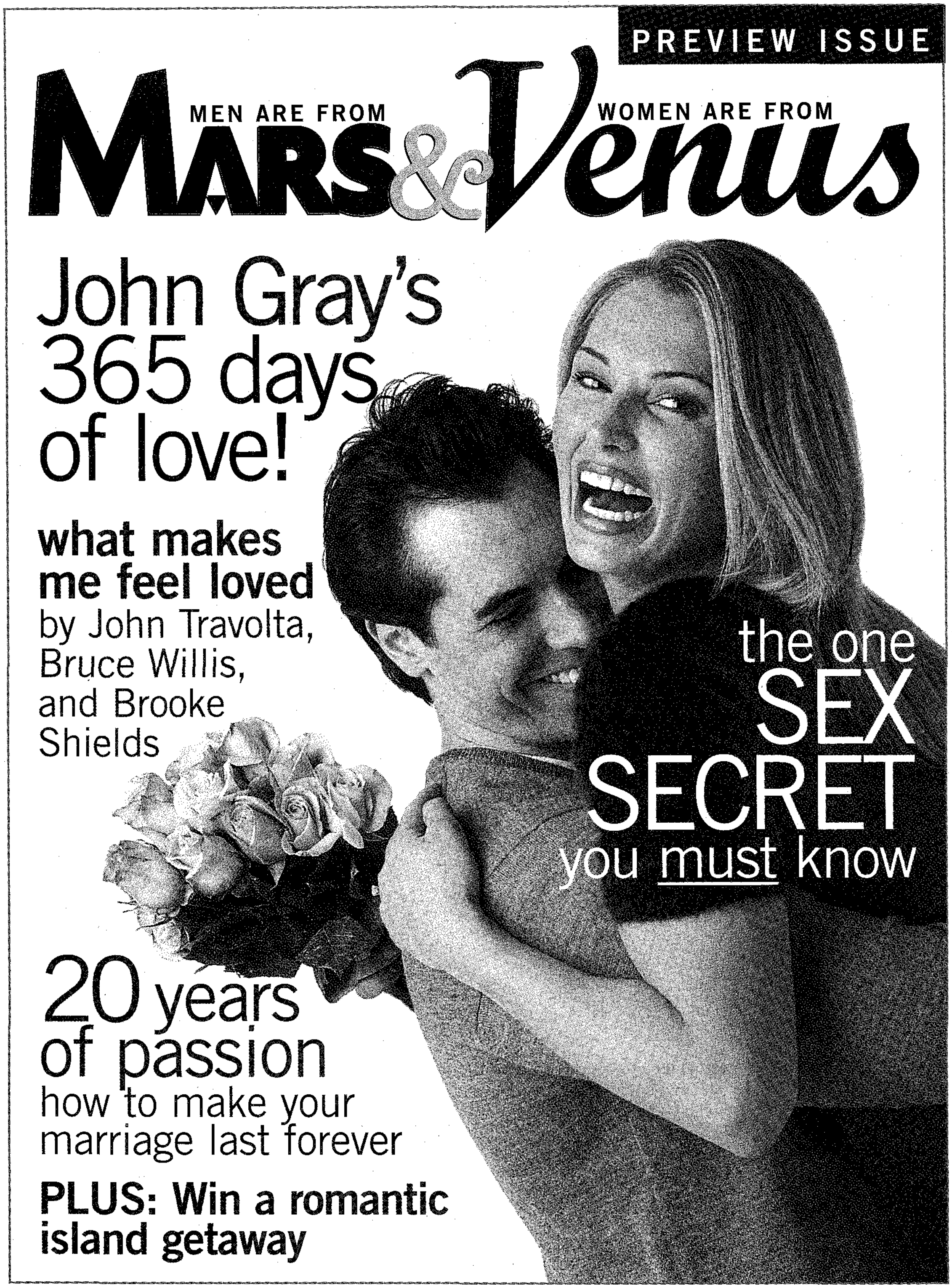


La Vie en Rose

In the world of fancy florals, everything is once again coming up roses. But don't go looking for the old standards; the season's hottest blooms come in colors so un-rosy they seem almost Fauvist. Such offbeat shades as chocolate and chartreuse are currently on display at Gramercy Tavern and Chanterelle, and other new hybrids like Estelle de Meiland, Barcarole, and Black Beauty are available around town. "There's always been the romance of the rose," says Ben Fischer of Fischer & Page, one of the leading suppliers of the new crop, "and in this case I think people love anything they haven't seen before."

Photographs: top right, Kristine Larsen; bottom, Norman.

First there was the **best-selling book,**
now...the **magazine.**


PREVIEW ISSUE
MEN ARE FROM MARS & WOMEN ARE FROM Venus
John Gray's 365 days of love!
what makes me feel loved by John Travolta, Bruce Willis, and Brooke Shields
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THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Dues & Don’ts

Freshly minted Democrat Betsy McCaughey Ross leads the field among gubernatorial challengers in name recognition (not to mention inexperience).

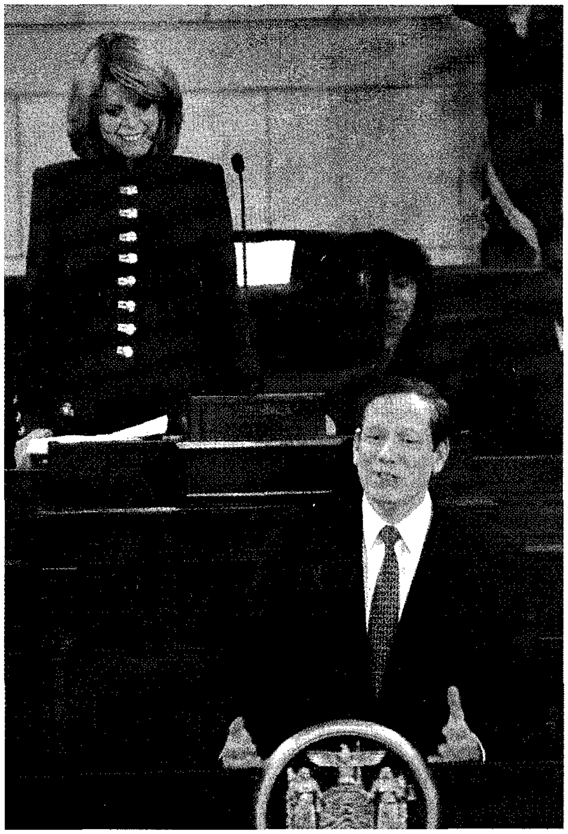
THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAY THAT the hardest thing about being governor is getting the job, and they have a point. Unlike the president, you don’t have the fate of the world and kindred follicle-changing matters in your hands. Unlike the mayor, you are not held personally to account for the deaths of citizens by fire or at the hand of a sociopathic cop, and nobody looks your way when disorder plagues the streets—Crown Heights was David Dinkins’s problem, not Mario Cuomo’s.

The one thing you *must* do as governor—produce a budget—represents a reasonably onerous task, although one made easier lately because no one cares anymore when the budget gets done. Otherwise, you come up with ideas (cut taxes, raise them, send money here, take it from there), let your minions craft them, speechify in their behalf, and have aides float your name when talk among the chattering classes turns to the presidency.

It’s a job, in other words, that most competent people with a healthy ego and a taste for the spotlight could handle. Which means, in turn, that any number of New Yorkers are, in the parlance, “qualified” for the job. Even, perhaps, a sitting lieutenant governor.

But, we must also ask, if the qualifications for governor are easily met, what about those for lieutenant governor? A governor must at least, in some sense, lead—make decisions, take responsibility, that sort of thing. His lieutenant, however, has exactly two jobs: Refrain from mussing things up too much during the campaign, and keep quiet thereafter.

Needless to say, the current occupant of that office, from her superior’s perspective, performed neither of those functions admirably. And as many arguments as we might make (and I once made them) in defense of Betsy McCaughey Ross against George Pataki—for example, that Pataki and Al D’Amato went well over the top in their campaign to destroy her—the moment for pondering them has passed. Now the question is this: Is she really qualified to run for, and be, the governor of New York?



In 1996 McCaughey Ross stood—while Governor Pataki delivered.

WHEN MCCAUGHEY ROSS CHANGED HER party affiliation to Democrat three months ago, the logical path seemed crystal-clear. New York’s First Congressional District, held by Republican Michael Forbes, contains the potato fields of the North Fork and the milk-and-honey ranges of the Hamptons. McCaughey Ross and husband Wilbur own a home in the latter precincts. A woman with a fraction of McCaughey Ross’s notoriety and money ran respectably against Forbes in 1996. The House of Representatives would be a fine place for an ambitious political parvenu to graze for a while. And most of all, every Democrat in New York, in *America*, would have been on her side.

Instead, she’s managed to make many leading Democrats despise her. State Democratic chairwoman Judith Hope didn’t want to say much for the record, but she recalls that after McCaughey changed affiliation, “I told her she ought to look at the congressional race on Long Island. I told her I thought it was inappropriate for her to go for the top spot on the ticket.”

Public Advocate Mark Green and East Side assemblyman Steve Sanders were the only New York City Democrats to stand with McCaughey Ross when she announced she’d rather switch than fight. Both profess degrees of admiration for her, but both say that she is overreaching here by a light-year or three.

“There is something about having to pay one’s dues in a party,” Sanders says. “You can’t join a political party one month and the next month expect to lead that party.”

Green, as is his custom, put it more pithily: “You don’t convert to Catholicism and become cardinal or pope the next month.”

They’re saying politely what others are saying more directly in private—that McCaughey Ross’s act is one of nearly incalculable chutzpah that could ruin the party. Against a relatively weak declared field consisting of four men, a woman with McCaughey Ross’s name recognition could win. But Pataki would dismember her and, with her, the Democratic Party, at least for another four years.

Indeed, Democrats are desperate enough that Assembly Speaker Sheldon Silver not long ago approached State Comptroller Carl McCall—the two are

Photograph by Jim McKnight/AP/Wide World.

far from close allies—and asked him if he'd think about changing his mind and running not for re-election but for governor. "I specifically said to him, 'Carl, you wanna reconsider?' " Silver says. "Recently. Probably in the last week or two."

THAT MCCAUGHEY ROSS WOULD SPELL DISaster on several levels seems so obvious as to barely need saying. But it does need saying, unfortunately, because so few Democrats are willing to come out with it publicly. McCall has stated flatly that he wouldn't back her if she were the gubernatorial nominee, because she's not qualified. This should scarcely be controversial; yet McCall stands alone.

You'd think a party freshly molested as the Democrats were in the mayoral election would own a somewhat stronger instinct for self-preservation. Peter Vallone, Joe Hynes, Jim Larocca, or Richard Kahan might not beat Pataki, but at least none of them would make half the party cringe in humiliation. McCaughey Ross would—not because she's a woman or an outsider, her two standard defenses against broadsides such as this one, but because she has little experience in politics, little familiarity with a vast array of issues, and no appreciation of the fact that there are 20 or 30—more likely 100—Democrats in this state who should be running for governor before she does.

Maybe Democrats are afraid to criticize a woman, or just maybe some of them have their eyes trained on Wilbur's wallet (this second suspicion applies to the Liberal Party as well, which may endorse her). Mr. Ross, a jolly fellow worth many millions, would be financing his wife's campaign and, or so some Democrats (and Liberals) evidently presume, would throw some money at the party organizations as well. "People wouldn't consider her as a candidate for governor if they thought they could *win* the governorship," says political consultant Phil Friedman. "But they are perfectly happy to give her the booby prize, particularly if she's willing to pay them for it. It's sort of like, take the money and run." They ought to check the records first: For the 1997 election cycle, Wilbur's political contributions came to a grand total of $1,000 (for Ruth Messinger).

McCaughey Ross isn't stupid. I actually read her dissertation, about Founding Father William Samuel Johnson, and learned things from it. But the Founding Fathers you can read about in books. Self-knowledge takes more time, and it is harder won. ▬

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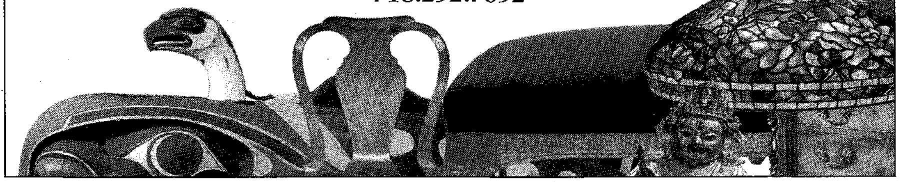

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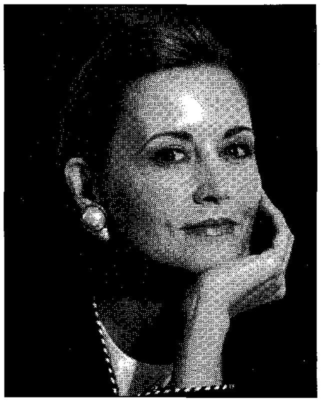
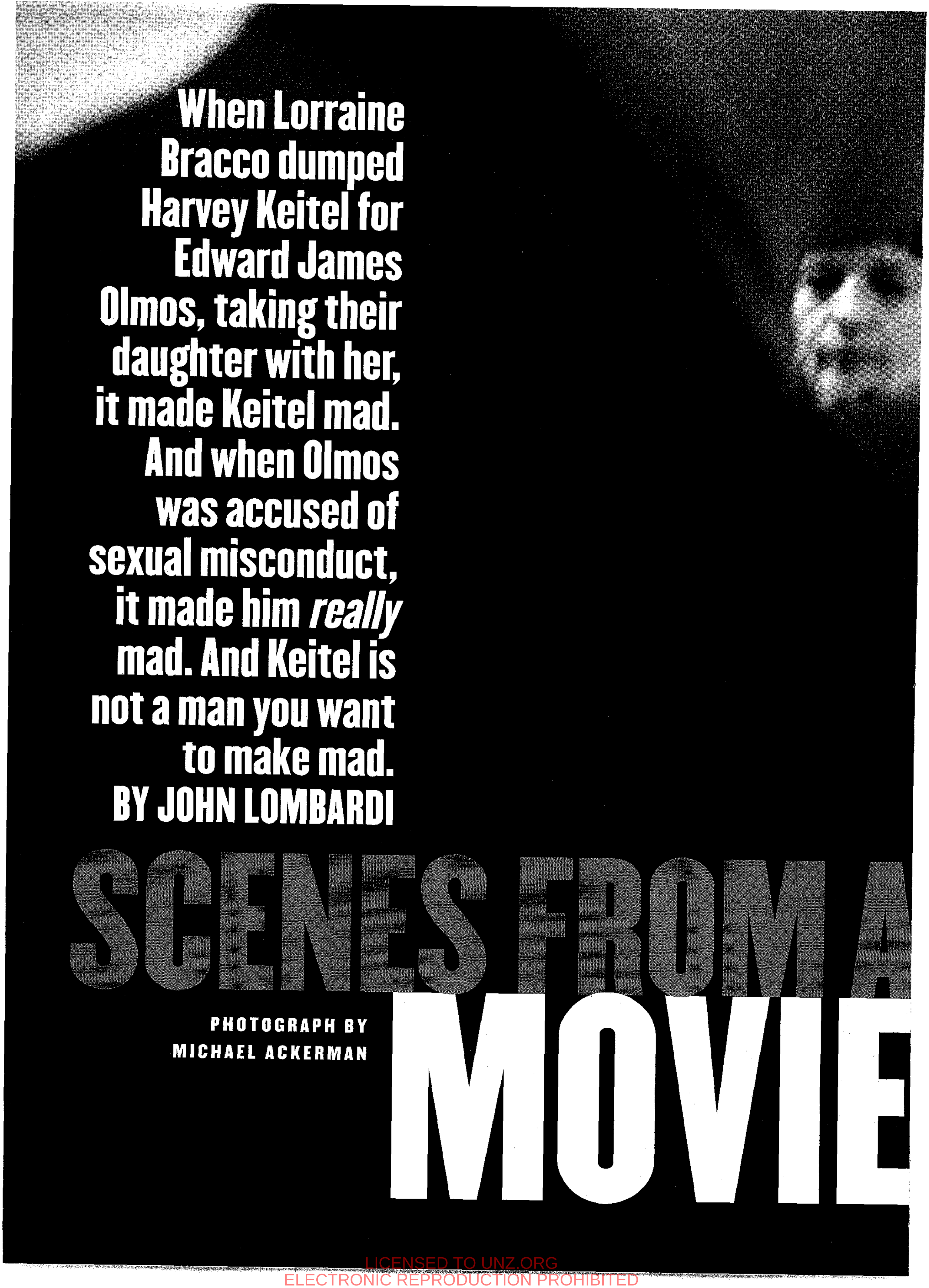


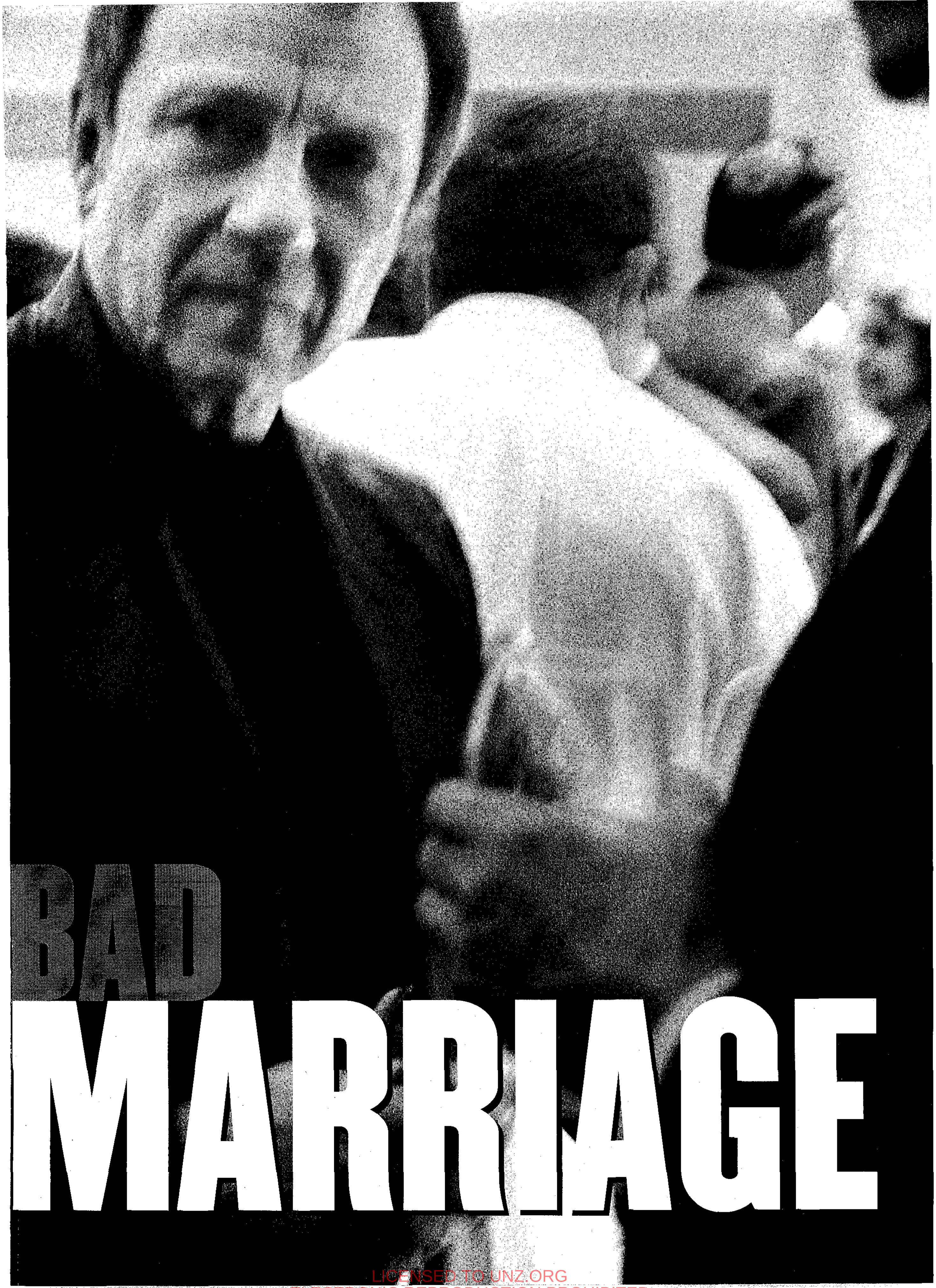


SCENES FROM A MOVIE

When Lorraine Bracco dumped Harvey Keitel for Edward James Olmos, taking their daughter with her, it made Keitel mad. And when Olmos was accused of sexual misconduct, it made him *really* mad. And Keitel is not a man you want to make mad.

BY JOHN LOMBARDI

PHOTOGRAPH BY
MICHAEL ACKERMAN



BAD MARRIAGE

NOT THREE MINUTES INTO HER LATEST CUSTODY-BATtle appearance against her ex-boyfriend, Harvey Keitel, Lorraine Bracco, erstwhile film star, feminist, and suburban mom, had flipped him the bird. She did it with panache, so that for a moment, Judge Margaret Garvey, an urbane blonde jurist in Rockland County's Family Court, wasn't sure she'd seen it; but Bracco, every bit as tough as Keitel, then barked out of the side of her mouth: "So ya don't think I can protect your daughter, huh, Har-vey?" Whereupon Judge Garvey banged her gavel and admonished Sandy Dranoff, Bracco's attorney, to control his client. Bracco flung herself back in her chair, tossed her luxuriant dark hair, and declared: "Margaritas for everyone!"

The Keitel-Bracco mismatch, which also involves actor Edward James Olmos, Bracco's current husband, has been blundering on for most of the decade—"Since my *bar mitzvah!*" quips the droll Dranoff—and has recently devolved into a kind of blue-collar *Roshomon* and Woody-Mia mess. Keitel, who'd given custody of his (now) 12-year-old daughter, Stella, to Bracco when she'd left him for Olmos in 1991, learned in 1993 that Olmos had been accused the year before of having fondled a 14-year-old family friend and sometime baby-sitter of Stella's. Keitel also learned that Olmos, while absolutely denying the young girl's allegations, had paid her family at least $150,000 to sign releases promising not to prosecute, and to keep quiet about the matter. (The court eventually ruled that Olmos could not be alone in a room with Stella.) Most maddeningly for Keitel, Bracco hadn't mentioned any of this to him, even though their legal agreement called for her to "reasonably consult" on matters crucial to their daughter's welfare; worse, he charged that, more worried about the effects of bad publicity on her own and Olmos's careers than about Stella's safety, she'd "covered up" the "payoff" in a "conspiracy of silence."

It was for these reasons that Keitel and Bracco were in Rockland County on October 15; Keitel was supporting a motion by his daughter's law guardian, investigating the degree to which Stella might be at "additional risk" in Olmos's company because of alleged threats to Olmos's life made six years ago by members of the Mexican Mafia, a California prison gang about whom he'd made the film *American Me.* Although Family Court had ruled in favor of Bracco's retaining custody in 1996 (against Keitel's contention that his daughter was in danger of being molested, too), Keitel was now carrying the battle to the appellate division and hoped Judge Garvey might give him additional ammunition to reverse custody there.

Accordingly, he swiveled his lower jaw and wrinkled his forehead in concentration as Olmos, a small, swarthy man, took the stand.

Mark Platt (counsel for Keitel): "Do you know someone by the name of Manuel Luna?"

Olmos: "Yes, sir . . . a lieutenant in the Mexican Mafia."

Platt: "Is he alive today?"

Olmos: "No, he isn't."

Platt: "Was he involved . . . with [the] production of *American Me?*"

Olmos: "I think that my staff may have consulted him. . . ."

Platt: "You testified that Anna Lizarraga . . . was a consultant [too]?"

Olmos: "Yes, sir."

Platt: "And she is also no longer alive today?"

Olmos: "Yes, sir."

Both parties, it turned out, had been killed by the Mexican Mafia subsequent to their participation in Olmos's movie; the film had portrayed the fictionalized homosexual rape of one of the founders of the MM, apparently a profound insult to the machismo of the real gangsters. *60 Minutes,* the L.A. *Times,* and the Washington *Post* had all run stories citing alleged threats to Olmos from the group, but the actor steadfastly denied them and swore that although he'd been subpoenaed by a Los Angeles grand jury as part of a federal probe of the MM, he'd never felt endangered. The people killed were in trouble with the Mafia for reasons having little to do with movies, he assured the court. In fact, the only time his life had ever been threatened was in a completely different context—here he paused dramatically—in phone calls "from Mr. Keitel!"

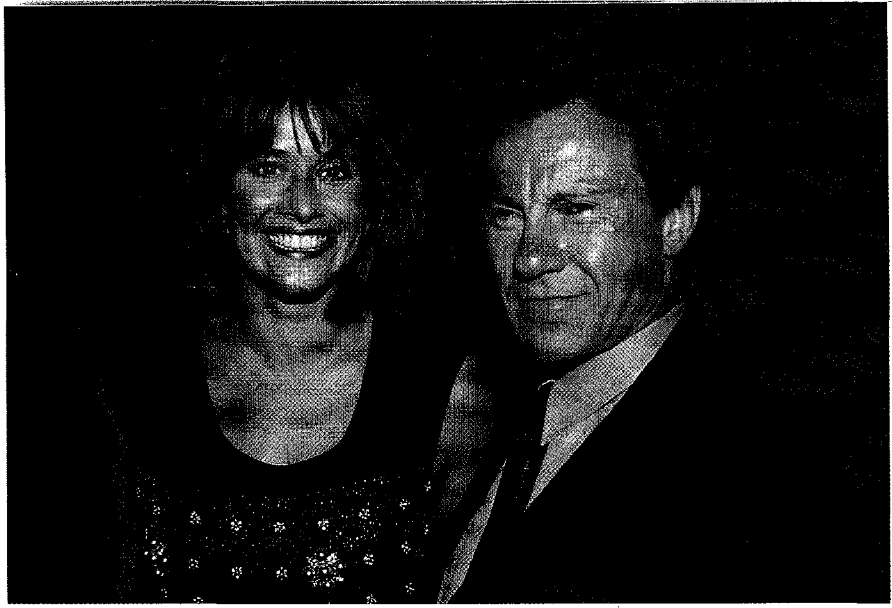
Platt objected, and after another hour of desultory testimony, Judge Garvey ruled that "Clearly there is no evidence . . . that Stella is in [additional] danger by being with Mr. Olmos."

She looked at Keitel quizzically. Then she threw out the motion.

JUDGE GARVEY HAD READ THE HISTORY OF Keitel's legal battles over the past five years and was, apparently, considering what drove him. After a rough period in the eighties involving pickup jobs on Italian TV and an infatuation with cocaine,

HARVEY HEARTTHROB
Keitel on the set of Scorsese's *Who's That Knocking?*

Photograph from the Everett Collection.



LOVE AND LORRAINE
Top, Keitel and Lorraine Bracco in 1990; bottom, Olmos and Bracco at Cannes, 1993.

he'd begun to behave like the obsessive characters in his movies; by the early nineties, however, he'd solved most of his troubles, but like Charlie, the doomed young mafioso he'd played in *Mean Streets,* he'd somehow brought his troubles with him, fixating on the alleged Olmos molestation and Bracco's "betrayal." "It was the saddest day of my life when she hooked up with *him,*" Keitel told me.

His anger might have gradually abated, had it not been for what allegedly occurred in Florida in July 1992. Lorraine; her two daughters, Stella and Margaux Guerard (the latter from an earlier marriage to a French hairdresser); her nanny, Ruth Bergman; and two friends of the family, 14- and 13-year-old girls whom the court has identified as "R.G." and "V.G.," were living in a rented house on Golden Beach, in Dade County, Florida, near Miami. Also present for part of the month were Eddie Olmos, then 45, and his sons Bodie, then 16, Brandon, 19, Mico, 19, and Michael, 20. Bracco was making a TV film, *Scam,* for the Showtime cable network and frequently had to shoot at night; so on those occasions, Olmos would take Bergman and the two sisters to visit Bracco on the set, eat dinner, then return to the house.

During the second week of July, according to R.G., she had driven back from visiting Bracco with Olmos, Bergman, and Stella, then 6 (who'd fallen asleep, it being after midnight). When Bergman and Stella went to bed, only R.G. and Olmos were awake in the house. R.G. had rented a Bogart-Bacall movie and went to watch it in Olmos and Bracco's master bedroom on the first floor. She later told Linda Fairstein, head of the Manhattan D.A.'s Sex Crimes Unit, and testified in court that she'd fallen asleep on her stomach, head at the foot of the bed, watching the movie, while Olmos reclined with his back to the headboard, in a sitting position.

Sometime after 1 A.M., R.G. alleges, she woke up on her back, her top and bra pushed up around her neck, her shorts and panties pulled slightly down, and with Olmos "peering" at her: "His hand was in my underwear and one hand was under my shirt," R.G. testified.

Dan Kornstein (counsel for Keitel): "And was he doing anything with his hands?"

R.G.: "Yeah . . . he was touching me."

Kornstein: "Did you say anything to Mr. Olmos?"

R.G.: "Well . . . I had woken up and he stopped. . . . I left the room."

"HE KEPT ASKING ME, 'WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT, THE LAW OR MY DAUGHTER?' I TOLD HIM—THE LAW."

TWO DAYS LATER, ACCORDING TO the girl, the scene was repeated, in exactly the same way, under exactly the same circumstances, except that this time, she'd gone into the bedroom reluctantly, after being coaxed by Olmos. When lawyers asked her why she'd told no one about the first incident, and why she'd put herself in danger again, she said she was "shocked" and "confused," and "didn't want to tell Lorraine . . . because I knew how much she liked Mr. Olmos." She also explained: "I didn't know how to avoid it." (Linda Fairstein testified that one reason she found R.G.'s story credible was that she hadn't tried to embellish her account, "harden the [case] against Mr. Olmos and make him more evil in other ways. . . .")

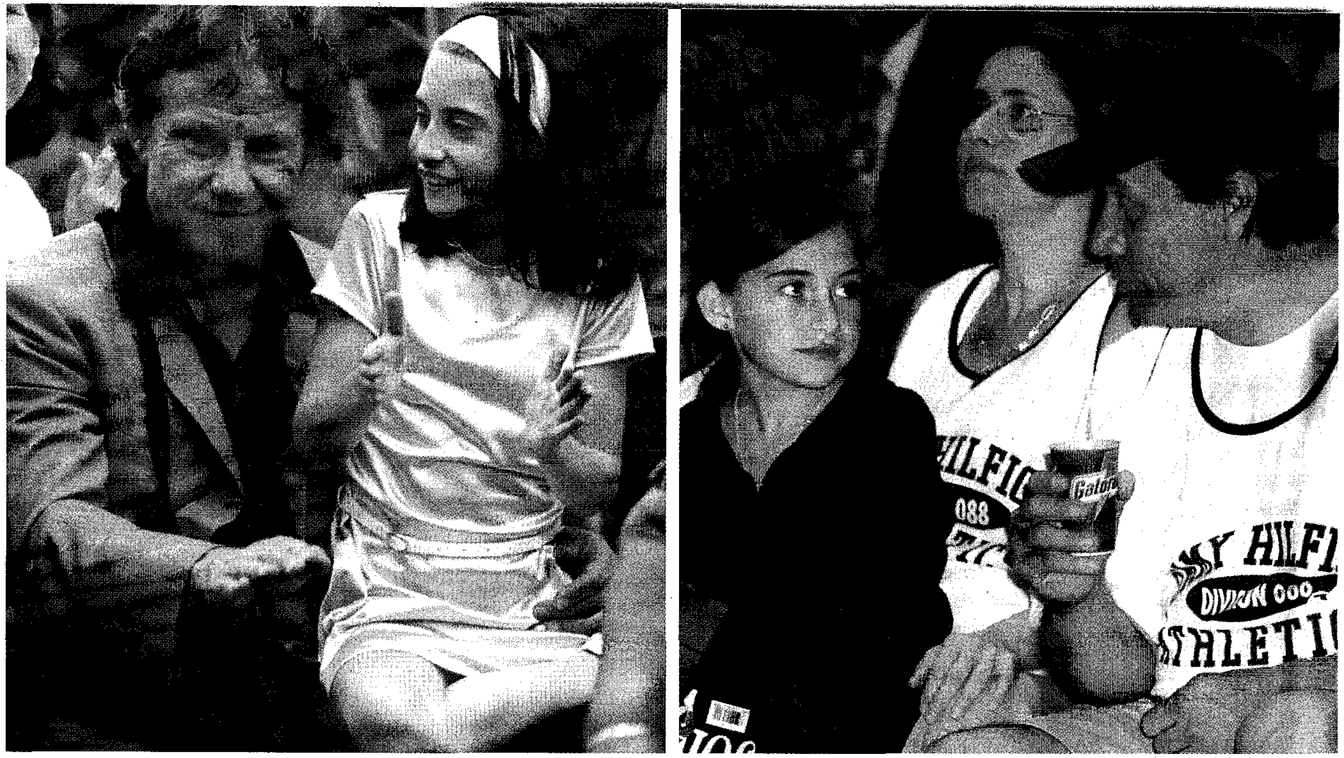
Olmos, on his side, admitted watching movies with R.G. alone in his bedroom but placed the times as much earlier, between 8 and 10 P.M., and he denied having ever touched her, except on daytime occasions when he said he might have put "suntan lotion" on her "back." He also testified that all the kids in the house had gotten into the habit of watching movies on his bed, and that there was nothing unusual about the practice.

On July 17, R.G. flew to Jamaica with Bracco and Olmos, turning down an offer to go back to New York with Stella and Keitel; there she worked as a production assistant on *Scam,* hung out, and had what she later described as "the best summer of my life." In late August, she flew to Los Angeles and stayed at Olmos's home with Bracco and the Olmos boys, one of whom, Bodie, later claimed to have engaged in some sexual "fondling" with her while they were in Florida. (R.G. denies it.)

By October, however, she was feeling traumatized and guilty, and she finally wrote her mother a letter, which she posted on an armoire mirror before leaving for the weekend. (Abuse experts testified that it was "not unusual" for child sex victims to wait a long time before reacting, and to exhibit "avoidance" symptoms when they did.) The letter read, in part:

"I was and am so angry at him and myself for not doing anything for being so scared. It's just that I felt so betrayed. I trusted him to be my friend and he real-

Photographs: top, Ralph Dominguez/Globe Photos; bottom, PAG/Stills/Retna.



STELLA AND THE FELLAS
At left, Keitel and daughter Stella at a 1996 Brooklyn festival. Above, Stella, Lorraine Bracco, and Edward James Olmos at an MSG basketball game.

ly wasn't. I didn't even know if I really was molested, but I guess I was. . . . I can't get it out of my head. . . . I feel like I betrayed you. . . . Please don't tell anyone. I love you."

ON A BREAK FROM SHOOTING Paul Auster's *Lulu on the Bridge* in lower Manhattan two months ago, Harvey Keitel showed up at his Franklin Street production offices to discuss his situation. Keitel has several rooms on the sixth floor of a postmodern building directly across the street from Robert De Niro's massive former coffee factory, now a movie studio with a glass roof and eight stories of offices, not to mention the trendy Tribeca Grill. Keitel's assistants tend to joke about the disparity in scale, but Harvey, a friendly rival of De Niro's (it's been 24 years since Martin Scorsese's *Mean Streets* launched them both), wasn't in the mood for trivia. "I don't wanna talk about that crap," he said definitively, lumbering into his reception area in custom sweats, a black leather jacket, and gym shoes without socks.

A Brighton Beach "poolroom guy" and product of Abraham Lincoln High and Alexander Hamilton Vocational in Bed-Stuy, Keitel has labored "like a monk," according to his business partner Peggy Gormley, to rise above the streets. As he struggled to express himself, the agony was palpable: "My only interest here, Lombardi, is my daughter's welfare. I'm not gonna bad-mouth Lorraine, and I'm not looking for publicity. We have a tragedy here—a man [Olmos] who passes himself off as a member of UNICEF, of various children's groups, a guy who goes to the White House and who addressed the Democratic National Convention, who paid money to silence a child from expressing her pain for an act she says he *committed*. . . ." He turned red and subsided, then pumped up again: "He took his finger and *stuck it in this girl's vagina.*"

Keitel seemed most interested in demolishing Olmos's "excuses": "He claims he paid the money not because he did anything but to 'protect' his son Bodie, who he says had relations with the girl. But who accused Bodie? There are no charges against him! Olmos is *hiding*. . . .

"Then he told Lorraine and my daughter that he passed a lie-detector test [in January 1993, with New York polygrapher Victor Kaufman]. But he doesn't mention another test [with Nat Laurendi] where he didn't make out so well. . . ." (Laurendi confirms that Olmos was in his office in January 1993, that "he didn't come for a haircut," and that he, Laurendi, "recommended" Kaufman but says Keitel was "furious" with him for refusing to reveal the results of his polygraph: "He kept asking me, 'What's more important, the law or my daughter?' I told him—the law. I can't talk unless I'm subpoenaed.")

"Then there was the $150,000 Olmos paid Lorraine [between November 1992 and January 1994], while she says she was 'investigating' R.G.'s claims, when she was broke," said Keitel. "How fucking 'objective' could she be? And then the hurry-up marriage [on January 28, 1994, just as] the custody trial began, and after Family Court ruled that Olmos and his sons couldn't be alone in a room with Stella! Was that a coincidence, too? Am I just being a wild man, an irrational fellow, as Mr. and Mrs. Olmos try to paint me?"

Keitel was up and pacing. His staff had gathered around him. He looked as haggard as the righteous detective, Rocco Klein, that he'd played in *Clockers.*

He brushed at his burr haircut. "Do you think the ruling about keeping Olmos out of the room is even enforceable? Is this Disneyland? Or what?"

HARVEY MET LORRAINE AT A PARIS CAFÉ IN 1983. She was winding up her Wilhelmina modeling career then, literally a Bay Ridge fishmonger's daughter who'd gotten lucky, but was "never glamorous, more the girl-next-door type," as she herself has said. When the affair with Harvey started, she quickly divorced and moved into his Hudson Street loft (bringing Margaux with her). In TriBeCa, Lorraine threw herself into acting classes and the downtown art scene dominated unofficially by Keitel's old buddies Martin Scorsese and Robert De Niro: "She had a lot of help," says character actor Victor Argo, a close friend of Keitel's. "In this business, everything's connections, even if you're Laurence Olivier. Did Harvey push her? He's a very generous guy."

In 1986, Harvey and Lorraine appeared together Off Broadway in David Rabe's *Goose and Tom-Tom,* and shortly after that she auditioned for Ridley Scott, who'd directed Harvey in 1977 in *The Duellists;* she landed her first American movie role in *Someone to Watch Over*

Photographs: left, Adam Nadel/AP/Wide World; right, R. Henry McGee/Globe Photos.

Me, with Tom Berenger and Mimi Rogers. It was a culture-clash part, with Lorraine fighting off a bid by the Fifth Avenue–bred Rogers for her Queens husband's services; it helped establish Bracco as an "incipient feminist" blue-collar screen presence, as Tyne Daley or, earlier, Shelly Winters had been, but she denies that Harvey "got the role" for her: "Harvey and Ridley had known each other, but I still had to be like Arnold Schwarzenegger to get in the door," Bracco said in 1993.

That film led to Scorsese's casting her as Henry Hill's frantic Jewish wife in *GoodFellas,* with De Niro and Joe Pesci. It was Lorraine's finest performance, and in 1990 she was nominated for an Oscar. After that, she was tapped by Richard Donner for the role of the wife in *Radio Flyer,* a film about child abuse (it screened just as she was going through the R.G. nightmare with Olmos), and handpicked by Sean Connery to play a feisty doctor working with him in the Amazon in a kind of post-tech *African Queen.*

"AM I JUST BEING A WILD MAN, AN IRRATIONAL FELLOW, AS MR. AND MRS. OLMOS TRY TO PAINT ME?"

The movie was called *Medicine Man,* and it undid the wonderful notices of *GoodFellas.* Bracco was screechy; she seemed preternaturally energized, bouncing around the set, demanding things; she complained that she'd accepted the role based on a script that had been abandoned, and so the "Bogart–Katharine Hepburn chemistry" that Connery was expecting never materialized. After six weeks in the Mexican jungle, where the film was shot, the production crew nicknamed it *Who'll Stop Lorraine?*

BRACCO'S BREAKOUT
Her performance in Scorsese's *GoodFellas* earned her an Oscar nomination.

Bracco had been extremely busy from 1989 through 1991, at one point spending seven months on the road making movies, with Harvey at home in the Hudson Street loft (and later at a country house in Sneden's Landing upstate), essentially minding the kids. His career had always been problematic. He'd been Scorsese's alter ego in *Who's That Knocking?* (1968) and *Mean Streets* (1973), a tough pretty boy in the John Garfield mode, but strangely, though *Mean Streets* quickly became a cult classic and made Scorsese and De Niro stars, Keitel had been out of work until Scorsese re-employed him (for $3,000) in 1974's *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore,* and for a small part as a pimp in the smash *Taxi Driver.* Then he worked on and Off Broadway until Francis Ford Coppola took him to the Philippines to do *Apocalypse Now.* It was the role that was to put him up there with De Niro, but the frat brother Coppola and the Avenue X pool hustler Keitel didn't get along; Harvey was replaced by Martin Sheen after two weeks' work.

Through the seventies and into the eighties, Harvey did worthy but marginal films like James Toback's *Fingers* and *The Pick-Up Artist,* and Paul Schrader's *Blue Collar,* but he had to go to Europe to make the rent, and in 1980, when Hollywood and the moviegoing public were declaring Scorsese and De Niro's *Raging Bull* the greatest American *film noir* since *On the Waterfront,* Harvey was gratefully collecting $90,000 for a schlock sci-fi flick (in which his voice was dubbed) called *Saturn Three.* It wasn't long after this that he met Lorraine.

Intimates describe their relationship as a *Honeymooners* version of *A Star Is Born,* if you can imagine Alice as a careerist climber and Ralph with a cocaine jones. During their lower-court custody battle over Stella, both alluded to drug-taking, Harvey presenting a therapist's report that acknowledged his problem, tying it to chronic depression from an unhappy childhood and to "a period . . . when things weren't going well for him in terms of work," but also stated that he'd sought help and had been drug-free after 1991. "The truth is that they did some toot during a time when everyone in the country was into it," says a longtime acquaintance. "Very big deal . . ."

But Bracco, while acknowledging that she, too, formerly indulged occasionally, largely blamed Keitel's "binges" for their breakup, although she told the court that cocaine did not incite him to the "verbal" and "physical" violence that sometimes scared the kids: "Cocaine has a very different effect on Mr. Keitel," Bracco testified. "He gets very introverted [and] nervous."

Their main problem, apparently, was career trajectories. While Lorraine was hot after *GoodFellas,* Harvey's *The Two Jakes,* with Jack Nicholson—yet another shot at major stardom (as *Mean Streets, Apocalypse,* and *The Last Temptation of Christ* had been)—bombed out in mannered inconsequentiality. With Sean Connery and Michael Douglas (producer of *Radio Flyer*) ringing Bracco up, Keitel grew furious: "When Michael Douglas was calling . . . me, in my excitement I cut off a phone call for Harvey," Bracco told the court. "[He] came flying upstairs, pushed the door open . . . and [screamed] that I should go and suck Michael Douglas's dick, and everybody else's dick in Hollywood."

There were pushing and slapping incidents in Malibu and Sneden's Landing that predated Bracco's announcement that she wanted Keitel to move out, but mutual acquaintances also think that after Bracco met Eddie Olmos in Idaho in 1990, where they made *Talent for the Game* together, she was "trading up." Of course, once she'd admitted that she'd been having an affair, "there were three years of raging about Eddie," says Bracco, with Keitel at one point allegedly determined to "tell Stella that I'd lied and [was] sucking someone else's dick."

Olmos, off his signature role as Lieutenant Martin Castillo in the eighties *policier Miami Vice,* had parlayed his image as a "Pacific Rim man," part actor, part activist, representing the rising Hispanic-Asian minorities of California, into a hybrid career. Its main dividends in 1991, when he'd literally replaced Keitel in his own home, had been *Stand and Deliver,* a critical success about an inspirational math teacher in East L.A.'s barrio, and *American Me,* but he was becoming prominent in Democratic national politics. He presented Bracco with a welcome change from Keitel's bluesy angst. Where Harvey was chronically upset, Eddie was relentlessly up. He was such a great talker that he'd once persuaded the warden of Folsom

Photograph from Photofest.

prison to let him film inside the walls, using inmates as extras. Clinton invited him (with Bracco) to the 1993 inauguration.

He'd been dividing his time between his Encino home and his life with Bracco about two thirds to one third when the R.G. allegations broke. During custody hearings in 1995, he admitted he'd chosen "the worst of two evils" by opting to pay R.G.'s family and not tell Keitel, but characteristically, he cited good reasons: "Fear" had kept him from facing down R.G.'s charges, he told the court, because he'd wanted to protect his son and because "I knew this young woman had an assistant district attorney from the Bronx [her uncle, who negotiated the money settlement with Olmos's lawyer, Jim Schreiber] and the . . . Sex Crimes prosecutor [Linda Fairstein] defending her [*sic*]. I knew it would cost an extraordinary amount . . . to defend myself . . . that the press would be on this [and that] the truth never catches up to an allegation like this." Olmos also contended that Bracco had begged him not to tell Keitel, fearing his violent reaction.

So from November 1992 to October 1993, Keitel was unaware of the alleged molestations. During that time, R.G.'s mother, an old friend of both Keitel's and Bracco's, had asked Bracco for $75,000 to help set up a catering business. Purportedly, this was *before* she knew of R.G.'s problems, and Bracco turned her down; then, after the mother received R.G.'s letter, she informed Linda Fairstein. The family originally asked for $750,000 to settle out of court. Although the published amount of the final settlement, in May 1993, was $150,000, a former associate of Olmos's, in a position to know, maintains the figure was "successful press spin" and that Eddie actually paid $300,000 over a period of time, then "got out ahead of Harvey on damage control" when Keitel went public in October 1993. Keitel was, Olmos told various media, "out of control," "the real Bad Lieutenant," "vicious and disturbed," and didn't even "want Stella" but was "using the situation to hurt Lorraine and myself." Later, sources close to the Olmoses told Cindy Adams they had "written documents" to "prove" that Keitel had enlisted De Niro, Scorsese, and Joe Pesci in a "conspiracy" to blacklist Olmos and Bracco in Hollywood.

In fact, Bracco hasn't been working. "But that," says Victor Argo, "has to do with her talent, not some conspiracy." "You ride a kind of surfboard of publicity for a while after you've had a hit," says Peggy Gormley, "but if there's nothing substantial to keep you afloat, you sink." "It's too stupid to discuss," scoffs Keitel. "Fuhgeddaboutit, all right?"

"BY DESCENDING INTO PAIN INSTEAD OF TRYING TO AVOID IT, I LEARNED SATISFACTION," SAID KEITEL.

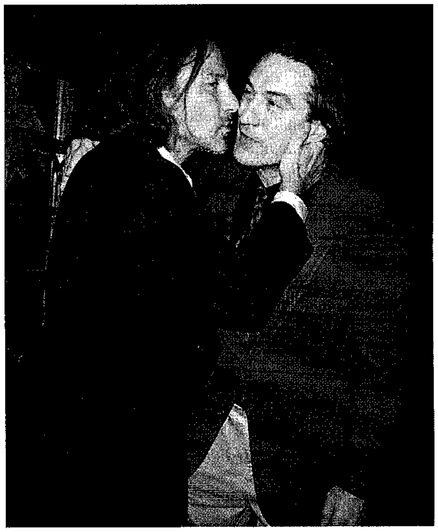
FAME, AT THE END OF THE CENTURY, is a resonating chamber of media echoes, some as acute and sharp as Keitel's performances in *Mean Streets* and *Bad Lieutenant,* some as dull and miscast as his romantic aristo in *The Duellists* or his "noble" Judas in *The Last Temptation of Christ.* What surprised him and De Niro and Scorsese when they started out together so long ago is that Keitel didn't "make it" first.

He was the golden boy, a crystallization of Scorsese's Elizabeth Street fantasies—they even lived together for a while in Hollywood—while De Niro was the geek, the crazy outsider, "Johnny Boy" of *Mean Streets.* But in the early seventies, geeks became glamorous—Michael J. Pollard, Dennis Hopper, Barbra Streisand—as the culture mutated and transposed standards of talent and attraction; somewhere between the final reels of *Mean Streets* and his alchemical weight loss for *Godfather II,* Bobby turned beautiful. And the power dynamic of the three friends altered.

It wasn't that Scorsese and De Niro abandoned Keitel; they'd just removed to a higher plane. For real working-class artists like them, it was necessary to develop a remorseless sense of their careers—"If I'm not working, I'm nuts," Scorsese told me while shooting *Taxi Driver* in 1975. De Niro used to ride around town on a bicycle to audition in order to save money, and Keitel worked for eight years as a court stenographer. The desire to not repeat such experiences is understandably powerful, and the anxiety it causes can warp perception and behavior, especially in the hyper-narcissistic force field of the movies.

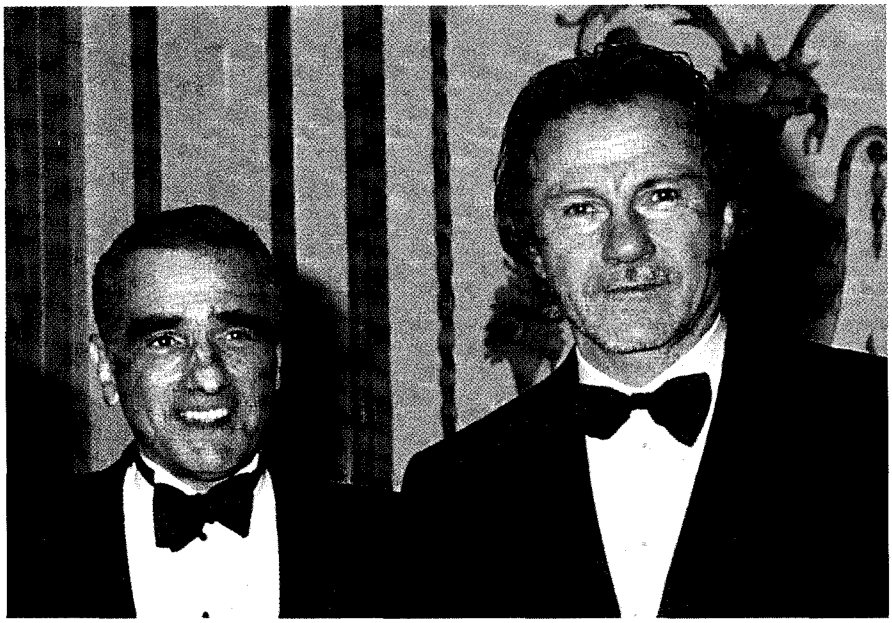
And so the strange tales: Scorsese's calculated distance from the children he's fathered (they might lessen his concentration), all being raised by ex-wives and girlfriends; De Niro's "obsessive" portrayals and pathological reluctance to express himself, even with pre-screened, surgically neutered celebrity journalists; Keitel's one-note fixations on seemingly minor details, like wigs and makeup or the peccadilloes of people he once cared for, that have gained him a "difficult" reputation in Hollywood. "Harvey's an unbelievable sweetie, very loyal and forgiving," swears Kerri Courtney, his longtime amanuensis, "but of course he's had his traumas."

Despite all of the above, Harvey Keitel's life, since he broke up with Bracco, has generally improved. He's been in hit after hit: *Mortal Thoughts,* with Bruce Willis and Demi Moore; Ridley Scott's feminist *Bonnie & Clyde, Thelma & Louise;* Warren Beatty's *Bugsy* (for which he was finally nominated for an Academy Award), Quentin Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs* and *Pulp Fiction;* and Jane Campion's *The Piano.* He's had a number of romances with young women—Heather Bracken, Toni Welsh, Embeth David—and has overcome his chronic press discomfort long enough to cooperate fitfully with, among others, *Playboy, Esquire, Leatherneck* (Harvey's



TOUGH GUYS DANCE
From top, Keitel and De Niro on the set of the smash *Taxi Driver;* Keitel and De Niro at the 1993 Gotham Awards.

Photographs: top, Everett Collection; bottom, Gerardo Somoza/Outline.



UP FROM *MEAN STREETS*
Scorsese (left) and Keitel at the 1996 Salute to Scorsese in New York.

Photograph by Kelly Jordan/Sygma.

an ex-Marine), and *New York.* On the street, people stop him constantly, and he seems more gratified than annoyed—"It was a lot worse when no one noticed"—all of this culminating last June in a triumphant appearance on the Bravo channel's *Inside the Actors Studio,* where host James Lipton plied him with softball questions designed to mellow Keitel into a sort of punch-drunk beneficence: "Satisfaction was unknown to me as a young man," the 58-year-old told his rapt student audience. "You could say the pain of my journey led me to satisfaction. By descending into pain instead of trying to avoid it, I learned satisfaction." And though the effect of such pronouncements from a person like Keitel is startling, like listening to "Crazy Joey" Gallo, the late Colombo-family hit man, quoting Nietzsche, they appear to be true.

He was certainly experiencing satisfaction on Friday, December 12, at Frank's Steak House on Tenth Avenue, where some retired narcotics agents threw him a celebratory dinner. He was coming off several days' worth of lurid headlines—FAN CLAIMS SEX ATTACK—in which Olmos's name had been blackened again, this time for the alleged "sexual assault" of a married 38-year-old South Carolina woman who'd followed him back to his hotel in Rock Hill after Olmos spoke there at Winthrop University on October 18; local police had "investigated" the matter for nearly two months without filing a charge when a leak to Keitel's press coordinator, a sharp young lawyer on loan from Robert De Niro (who spoke on the condition that he not be named), blew the affair up. But the woman, Patricia Harris, quickly withdrew her complaint, attorneys on both sides characterizing it as "a misunderstanding between adults" and refusing to discuss whether a financial settlement had been reached. Still, damage had been done:

"We're going to take this into Rockland County [for use in the appellate-court appeal]," vowed the sharp young lawyer, who has assisted De Niro (Stella's godfather) in *his* ongoing custody fights with former girlfriend Toukie Smith. "I can't wait to get Eddie on the stand."

All of this, however, was in marked contrast to Harvey's mood in early November, when he'd been wrapping *Lulu on the Bridge* before heading off to Vietnam to make yet another movie. Then Keitel had seemed irredeemably pessimistic about his custody chances in appellate court:

"Did you see those women judges [at a petitioner's panel hearing October 28 in Brooklyn]? They weren't going for *me.* They were asking about those Academy Award photos Stella took again, and that damned phone tape of Lorraine's."

He was referring to a pre–Academy Awards impromptu Polaroid session in the Presidential Suite of the Beverly Hills Four Seasons while Harvey and his friends were getting dressed for his *Bugsy* nomination. Stella, then 6, snapped some shots of Jerry Keitel, Harvey's older brother, in a towel, and Argo and others in shirts, ties, socks, and shorts, sans tux pants; Harvey insists everyone was "just horsing around, nobody was drunk or indecent—these guys are like my daughter's extended family," but Judge Elaine Slobod, the custody jurist who'd ultimately ruled against him, had found the incident showed "poor judgment." Likewise, a recorded phone message, left by Stella on Bracco's answering machine while Stella was with Keitel, said: "Hi, Mom—this is a joke . . . don't get upset. Dad taught me: 'You bitch, you fucking bastard.' Bye, Mom. You fucking bastard, fuck you . . . bye-bye."

"It was a *joke,* for fuck's sake! When I was little, older guys in the neighborhood would give me quarters to say curse words," Keitel had explained.

But the judge had "misinterpreted," just as she and the law guardian and "everyone else" had misunderstood when Keitel told writer Nick Tosches in 1993: "When my daughter has a problem, how will she cope with it? That is my focus, to discuss ideas with her, to discuss divinity with her, to discuss hell with her, and I mean hell in whatever form it might rear its head, in fucking or coking, [in] books or [in] ignorance. . . . Hell has many heads, and it's such a slight step from here to descending into that hell. . . ."

Based on Keitel's "frankness," the law guardian had recommended that Stella remain with her mother because "clearly, [this man] has no limits. . . ."

In Family Court, Judge Slobod had "misconstrued" a story Keitel told about prodding Stella to go down a dark hallway she was afraid of, and had "tied it up" with his having questioned her "obsessively" about Olmos and Bracco, to the point of tears. After months of this, Stella had "voiced suicidal ideation," in the court's infelicitous phrase, and had developed "juvenile rheumatoid arthritis," a stress-based disease in children. The court had had to restrict Keitel's conversations to make him stop.

Keitel's dressers and makeup people had abruptly besieged him in his trailer at 24th Street and Eighth Avenue that November day, and by the time they'd finished and he was trucking toward 25th Street, where he would act a farewell scene with Mira Sorvino, he'd withdrawn perceptibly:

"Harvey, is anything wrong? Am I, like, messing up your concentration?"

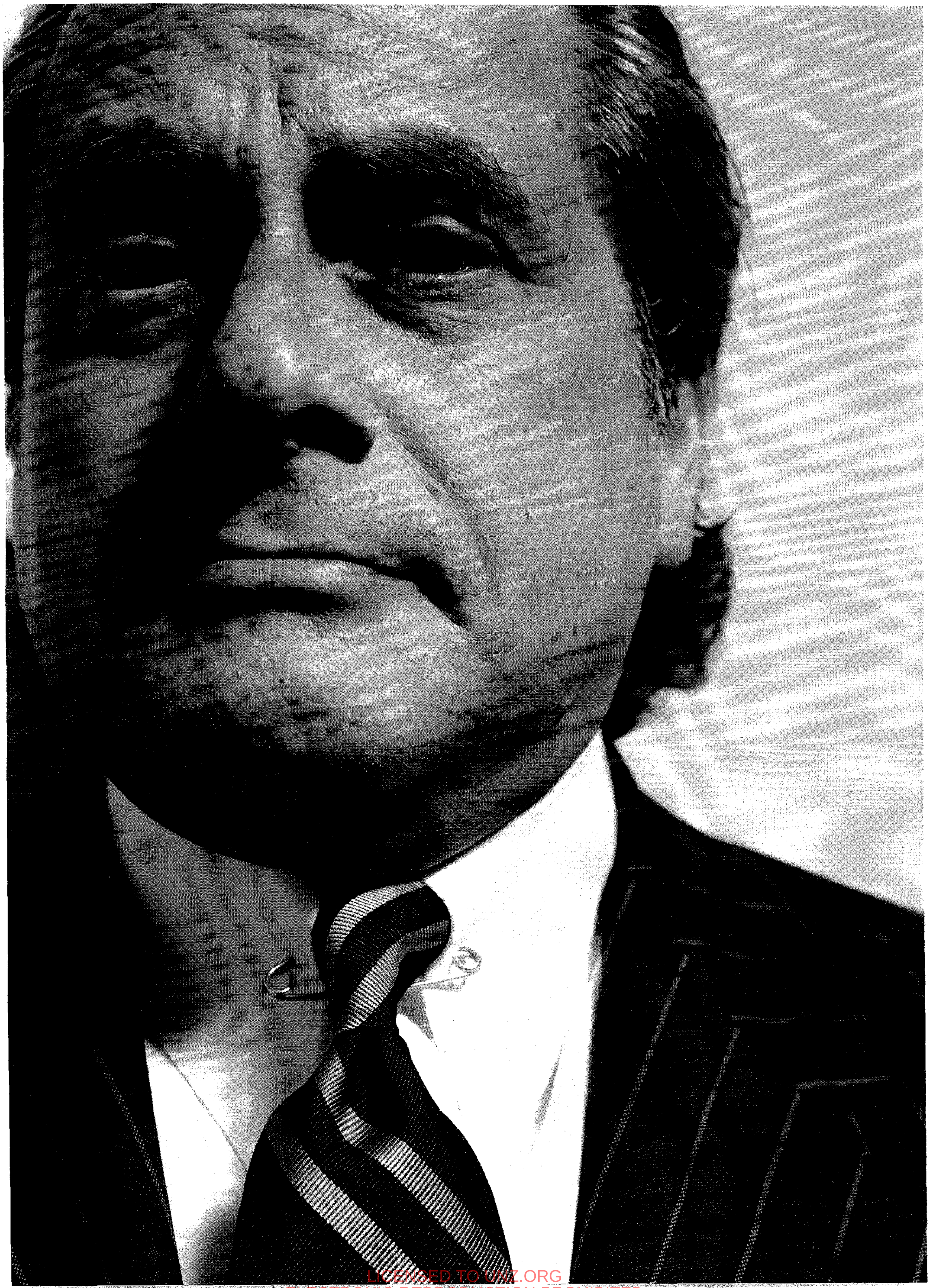
He'd flashed me a sidelong look: "I just hope I'm gonna come out the good guy in this story."

"Well," I'd joked, "you never know. Do you think, for argument's sake, that there might be a chance that Olmos didn't do anything? Or that even if he did, he still might not be a serial molester? I mean, there's no *pattern.* . . ."

"I knew it!" he'd exploded. "I shoulda got Jimmy Breslin! *He'd* have the balls . . ."

"Harvey!" yelled an A.D. "We need you!"

Keitel had stopped, his chin jutting, his shoulders hunched: "What if the kid [R.G.] *is* lying," he'd said angrily. "He's *still* a prick! He still paid a young girl a bribe!" His expression had twisted in frustration. His brown eyes were very unhappy, like those of a man who'd long ago recognized something relentless in himself but couldn't do anything about it. ■



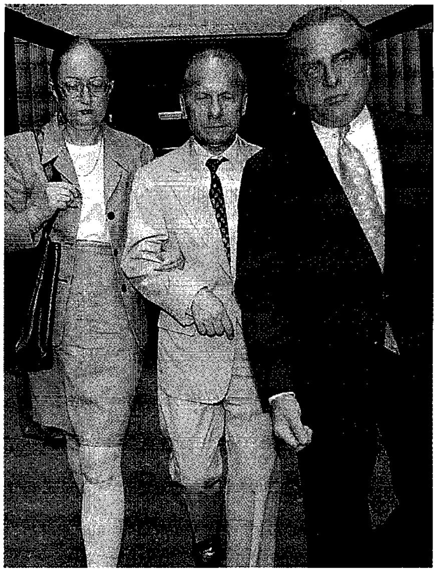
little BIG man

A self-described "short Jewish guy" who slept through yeshiva and did stand-up in the Catskills, **BEN BRAFMAN** has become one of New York's toughest defense attorneys, winning surprising acquittals for rather long-shot clients. Can he do the same for Daphne Abdela and Peter Gatien? **By Meryl Gordon**

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANA LIXENBERG

as the bailiff

unlocked her handcuffs, Daphne Abdela twisted in her seat to look around the courtroom. Seeing her parents, the 15-year-old brightened and, with a wistful I-hope-you're-not-really-mad-at-me smile, mouthed, "I love you." ■ Charged with the savage stabbing murder of Realtor Michael McMorrow in Central Park, Daphne and teen pal Christopher Vasquez, labeled the BABY-FACED BUTCHERS by the tabloids, have been jailed at the Spofford Juvenile Center since June. Curiosity about this unlikely pair of defendants, the rich wild child and the nerdy altar boy, remains so strong that even their most minor court proceedings provoke attention. ■ Daphne's lawyer rose to speak, and a middle-aged woman in the back turned to her more knowledgeable companion and asked in a stage whisper, "Who's that?"—surprised she didn't recognize the man defending such a notorious client. "Oh, that's Ben Brafman," came the reply. "He's handled a lot of big-time mob cases. He's one of the best lawyers in the city."



wild child: From top, Daphne Abdela at her arraignment last May; Brafman leads Abdela's parents out of court the following month.

Few criminal-defense lawyers have the kind of media-superstar status of a Johnnie Cochran or a Barry Scheck, who log endless airtime on Court TV. But while Brafman, a former Manhattan Assistant D.A., isn't yet a household name, he's developed a reputation as the man to have on speed-dial when you're in really big trouble.

Small wonder that Angelo and Catherine Abdela pray he can save their troubled daughter from a long jail term. Brafman has won acquittals for people whom no one expected to walk. Take James Patino, cleared in 1990 of another murder that shook New York, the slaying of black teenager Yusuf Hawkins in Bensonhurst. Or Vincent Basciano, one of ten men charged in the 1994 Blue Thunder heroin-distribution trial, who got off after Brafman persuaded a jury that his client had actually been bragging about illegal gambling, not drugs, in wiretapped conversations. "I thought we had Ben's client cold," admits Roland Riopelle, the assistant U.S. Attorney who tried and lost the case.

"What Ben manages to do is wrap his clients in his own credibility," says Paul Shechtman, a veteran federal and state prosecutor who recently entered private practice. "Jurors wind up saying that the defendant couldn't be that bad if Ben's speaking for him."

not guilty: Brafman with client James Patino in 1990 after Patino was cleared of the murder of Yusuf Hawkins.

It's not surprising that Brafman, 49, a man who played bar mitzvahs and the Catskills as a youthful stand-up comic, knows how to charm juries. He's worked his way into the defense elite through sheer whatever-it-takes drive and relentless self-marketing, using humor as a weapon. The son of Holocaust survivors, Brafman grew up in Brooklyn and Queens and went to Brooklyn College night school and Ohio Northern University Law School. Okay, so it's not Harvard, but Brafman uses his down-to-earth pedigree to put people at ease. He'll even joke about his equally down-to-earth stature (he boldly claims five feet six) to score points with juries. "He's short, and he uses it well," says criminal-defense lawyer Fred Hafetz, recalling a multi-defendant bid-rigging case he tried with Brafman. "Ben told the jury: 'The prosecutor wants you to believe this story. I want to be six inches taller. But neither one of us is going to get our wish.' "

His detractors see a darker side, accusing Brafman of using underhanded, albeit legal, courtroom tactics to win, and cynically manipulating the press with carefully orchestrated leaks. It's fair to say that Perry Mason had a gentler style. But Brafman is effective, even if he doesn't always play by Marquess of Queensbury rules. So fearsome is his reputation that critics, talking on the phone, sound a lot like Brafman's Mafia clients fearing a wiretap. "I could trash him," sniffs one antagonist, "but I'd rather take the high road."

Brafman is handling so many high-profile cases these days that his librarian wife, Lynda, has nicknamed him H.P. It's an eclectic roster: a Talmudic scholar–businessman accused of laundering money for the Cali drug cartel; a retired cop charged with murder; a rabbi charged, with Assemblyman Dov Hikind, of misusing federal funds; and the nightclub impresario Peter Gatien, who goes on trial January 5 on federal charges of running his popular

Photographs: top, Jim Alcorn/AP/Wide World; center, Robert Spencer/*Daily News;* bottom, courtesy of Ben Brafman.

nightspots, the Tunnel and the Limelight, as anything-goes drug supermarkets.

While this particular morning Brafman's attention is focused on Abdela, late in the afternoon he's huddling with Gatien at his twenty-sixth-floor midtown office overlooking the East River. Slouched in a chair in a wood-paneled conference room, Gatien exudes the exhausted, dazed calm of a man who still can't quite believe how quickly his life has unraveled. "I've never been in trouble before," he says. Out of jail on a steep $1 million bail (recently reduced by half), Gatien is charged with aiding and abetting the distribution of ecstasy at his clubs to lure customers. In black jeans and a gray pullover, he looks more like an aging college student than the king of the night. His ominous-looking trademark black eye patch (he lost his left eye in a childhood hockey accident) has been replaced with silvery reflective tinted glasses. "The government has told people they're going to get me at all costs," Gatien insists. He may have softened his image, but the seamier side of the Limelight scene was back in the news in September, when promoter Michael Alig pleaded guilty to dismembering club kid Angel Melendez, apparently in a dispute over drugs or money.)

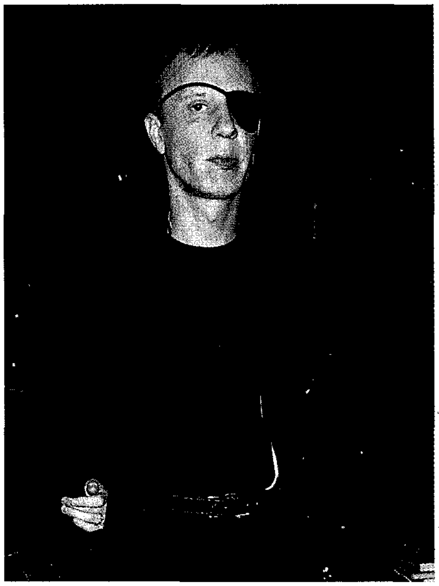
Gatien met Brafman socially through friends well before his legal problems began. "Frankly, I never anticipated that we'd ever be doing business," he says, matter-of-factly. But in May 1996, when drug-enforcement agents raided his home one day at 6 A.M., Gatien decided to trust his first impression of Brafman rather than go lawyer-shopping. "I know Ben believes I'm innocent," he says. "I feel totally comfortable with my whole destiny in his hands."

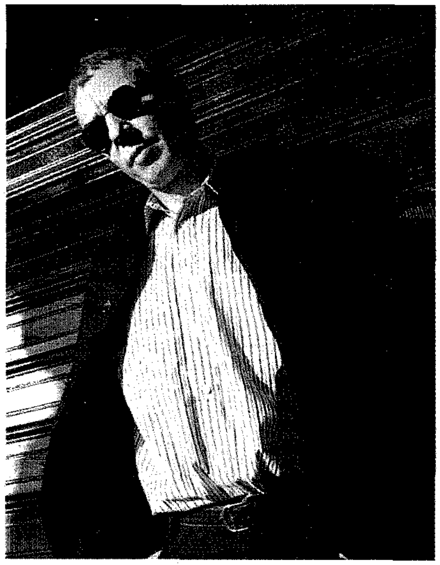
The case has more twists and turns than *The Big Sleep*: Gatien was one of 40 people (party promoters, security guards, alleged dealers, etc.) originally indicted on drug-related charges. Roughly 30 cut deals with the government, limiting their prosecution by agreeing to testify against their former boss and colleague. Then things got even stranger: Three defendants turned informants flipped again and are now *backing* Gatien, claiming the U.S. Attorney's office and drug-enforcement agents fabricated evidence. According to court papers, a DEA informant named Sean Kirkham offered to sell Gatien a peek at the government's confidential files for $10,000. Gatien and Brafman turned him over to the FBI; Kirkham pleaded guilty to lying to a federal agent and awaits sentencing.

Brafman is using bare-knuckle tactics to win this case. In a June affidavit, he inserted a footnote claiming that Kirkham alleged "a tale of a rather extraordinary personal relationship with one of the members of the Gatien-prosecution team." Having planted this gem, at least in part for the benefit of the tabloids, Brafman went on to note piously that "because of the sensitive nature of this specific allegation, counsel does not detail that information at this time, as we have not been able to corroborate that allegation and do not wish to damage anyone's reputation." (*The Village Voice* reports that a recent Justice Department inquiry found the charges baseless.)

Apart from the legal maneuvering, the case has been played out in the press so acrimoniously and intensely that Assistant U.S. Attorney Eric Friedberg took the unusual step of demanding a gag order against Brafman. Declining an interview request, Friedberg referred *New York* to the legal papers he filed, in which his rage is evident on every page. He charges Brafman with making "improper," "inflammatory," and "scurrilous" remarks to reporters in order to taint the jury and damage the credibility of witnesses. Federal District Court judge Frederic Block instructed both lawyers to stop talking to the press. The normally loquacious Brafman—well acquainted with the court of public opinion—is now watching his tongue. "High-profile cases like Gatien and Abdela bring extra pressure, because everything is in the public eye," he says. "If you make a mistake and the world press is watching, it's a bigger mistake."

newly clubbable: Beleaguered nightlife impresario Peter Gatien (below, in 1995; bottom, last October) goes on trial in Manhattan this week.





INDEED IT IS. ON A CHILLY DAY LAST month, outside the courthouse at 100 Centre Street, Brafman looked positively pained when approached by two camera crews to comment on a case that did not end well: the sentencing of Dr. Richard Zinaman, a Central Park West dentist, for sexually abusing three women patients. "I want to go on TV for this case as much as I want to go through root-canal surgery," Brafman quipped to me, then rolled his eyes and said, "Uhhh, bad metaphor."

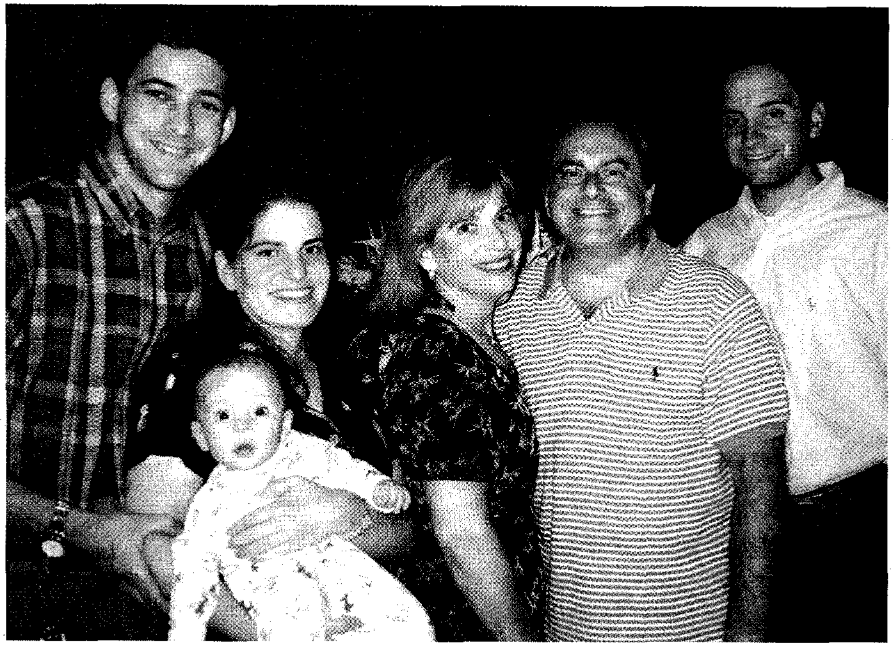
This was a case that should never have gone to trial. The dentist had been offered a good deal, a plea bargain with a guarantee of no jail time. Instead, he'd insisted that Brafman take his case to a jury, in hopes of discrediting the women and proving his innocence. The penalty for losing was steep: On this Friday morning, Judge Harold Beeler handed down a sentence of three to six years.

"Today, it is not fun to be Ben Brafman," Ben Brafman declared unhappily. He insisted that he had cautioned the dentist that a trial might be risky, adding that clients don't always believe him. "The baggage that comes with a remarkable track record," he observed, "is that people feel that you can pull off an acquittal despite what seems overwhelming evidence. But you can't do it every time."

Curiously, Brafman made a good impression with the people who had reason to dislike him—the dentist's victims and their families. "He did his job and did it well," said the father of one of the women. "He could have been much harder on my daughter, but he seemed to care." His wife chimed in, "I was very impressed."

Mention this, and Brafman beams like Sally Field winning an Oscar. "They really said that?" he wants to know. One moment, he's all preternatural self-confidence and braggadocio; the next, he's insecure and hungry for acceptance and approval. Even people who feel warm toward Brafman find him hard to take at times. As former Assistant U.S. Attorney

Photographs: top, Arnaldo Magnani/Gamma-Liaison; bottom, Gerald Herbert/*Daily News*.



homeboy: Brafman with (left to right) son-in-law Mordecai Lent, daughter Jennifer (holding grandson Max), wife Lynda, and son David on Long Island last summer.

Walter Mack puts it, "He's an egomaniac. Like the best defense lawyers, he has a very high opinion of himself."

IT WASN'T ALWAYS THAT WAY. BRAFMAN was the class clown, a lazy, directionless student who dozed through yeshiva classes. Aaron Brafman, Ben's studious older brother, now an Orthodox rabbi in Far Rockaway, says, "Our mother always worried: *What's Ben going to turn into?* I was the goody-goody; he used to always be in my shadow."

The two boys and their sisters, Malkie and Shevy, grew up in a house with shadows, the impermeable sadness of a family shattered by the losses of the Holocaust. Their mother, Rose, who died in 1996, fled Czechoslovakia for New York in 1938 at 16, the only one in her family to get papers to leave; her parents and sister were later killed in concentration camps. Ben recalls that he said in her eulogy, "This is the first day my mother is not afraid." Their father, Sol, escaped Vienna with his parents after Kristallnacht in 1939. Shortly after meeting and marrying Rose, he was drafted into the U.S. Army.

After the war, the Brafmans settled first in Williamsburg, then in Crown Heights, and finally in the more upscale Belle Harbor. Sol made a modest living as a production manager for a lingerie company. This was a strict, deeply religious Orthodox household with a classic immigrant work-hard-my-child ethos. To this day, Brafman remains observant, scheduling trial dates around Jewish holidays, taking Saturdays off from work, and leaving the office early on Fridays to try to get home before sundown. "I figure God will understand if I'm trying to save someone's life and I'm home five minutes late," he says. Brafman's brother Aaron rolls his eyes at such liberties, saying dryly, "It doesn't quite work that way."

As a kid, Brafman wanted but couldn't afford the finer things in life. Now "they roll out the red carpet at Ralph Lauren when Ben arrives," jokes Avi Lebor, a mortgage banker and close friend. Brafman began working at age 10, helping waiters set tables at a Rockaways hotel. "I saved and worked for years to buy a bicycle, and it was stolen two days after I got it." (Ah, another illustration that behind every successful man is a sled called Rosebud.)

Putting himself through Brooklyn College night school, Brafman waited tables in the Catskills during summers and got his break one night when the entertainment didn't show. "I went out onstage with another guy and we did all this waiter humor, and we weren't killed," he says. Brafman liked performing so much that he printed up business cards and hustled a series of stand-up gigs, bringing his wife-to-be, Lynda, along for moral support. "He was the *shul* cutup," says Lynda, 45, a pretty and petite woman. She met Ben in a very old-fashioned way: "When I was 14, I went to synagogue with my grandmother, and she pointed to Ben and said, 'Here is the man I want for you.' "

Brafman put his comedy aspirations aside after taking a political-science class from one Stephen Solarz, who was running for State Assembly (and later served in Congress). "Ben was my best student, very eager, very conscientious," says Solarz. Upon winning, Solarz hired Brafman, still in night school, to run his district office. That's when Brafman first learned how to work a tough room. "When Steve Solarz had fifteen community events, I'd cover five," said Brafman. "I'd come in, this short Jewish guy, and people would be really disappointed that the person they had expected didn't show up. I'd have to win over 50 or 60 people."

Brafman decided to apply to law school, but his grades weren't so hot: Good-bye New York, hello Ada, Ohio, home of Ohio Northern University, which offered a scholarship. For the newly married Brafmans, small-town white-bread Ohio was a shock. As Lynda puts it, "We were totally insulated before we moved out there. I had never had a conversation with a non-Jew in my life before then."

Determined to land a summer job at the Manhattan criminal-defense firm of Robert McGuire and Andrew Lawler, Brafman read up on cases the firm was working on, and called McGuire from Ohio to pass along a memorandum. The lawyer politely brushed Brafman off with a "Thanks—call if you're ever in New York and we'll have lunch." The next day Brafman hopped a plane to claim his meal. "We couldn't get rid of him," McGuire recalls with a laugh. "He was certainly the most aggressive interview I've ever seen. It was easier to hire him than figure out how not to hire him."

Brafman spent two years at the firm after law school, then jumped to the Manhattan D.A.'s office for trial experience. "He had a reputation for trying everything that moved," says a veteran prosecutor who worked with him in the rackets bureau. Brafman even took on the office joke, the "pigeon-shit case": prosecuting a Parks Department employee for perjury over the poisoning of pigeons in Prospect Park. "How do you get a jury to take this case seriously?" says the prosecutor. "Ben won. He has the disarming ability to get people to take almost anything seriously."

As an assistant D.A., he tried 24 cases over a four-year period (many involving mob extortion in the moving industry, police corruption, and labor racketeering) and lost only one. At night, Brafman took classes at New York University, earning a master's of law in criminal justice, a fancier degree to hang on the wall. In 1980, he borrowed $15,000 from his wife's grandfather, rented space from a lawyer practicing in an elegant townhouse at 74th and Madison, and went into private practice. "I began to hustle work, to talk to lawyers I knew," he said: "I told people, 'If there are cases you don't want to bother with, if the fee's too small, I'm that guy.' "

By that time, he and Lynda had two children, Jennifer (now 23) and David (now 19), and they were living in a cramped two-bedroom apartment in Forest Hills. "I

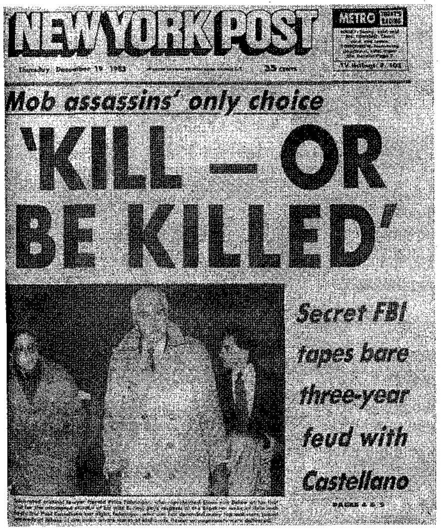
Photograph courtesy of Ben Brafman.

knew we'd get there someday," Lynda says, "but I didn't know we'd get as far as we did." Lynda and I are having this conversation in the Brafmans' enormous Long Island brick mansion, newly renovated and decorated with Jennifer's paintings, dozens of family photos, and comfortable modern furniture. The rooms are twice the normal size; in the basement is a fully equipped gym. In keeping with Lynda's profession, there are walls of books. Scan the titles in Ben's study and a telling theme quickly emerges: *Gangland, Mafia Cop, Mobbed Up, Last Days of the Sicilians,* and, of course, *The Boys From New Jersey.*

"I've read all these books because I know these people," says Brafman, with an ain't-I-bad grin. The legal fees from "these people," in fact, helped pay for this sumptuous home, since Brafman's career was jump-started by a famous Mafia case. The year was 1985, and ten members of the so-called Gambino crime family were on trial, including boss Paul Castellano; Brafman was representing one of the lesser-known defendants, Anthony Senter, on murder and stolen-car-ring charges. So eager was he to take the case for its publicity value that he lowered his fee (he may be the first lawyer who regarded the mob as a pro bono defendant), explaining, "It was my chance to break into the big leagues."

He did. After Castellano was gunned down outside Sparks Steak House, a front-page New York *Post* photo of the mob leader's wake prominently featured Brafman. This raised eyebrows among Brafman's former colleagues in the D.A.'s office, who saw the visit as a sleazy way to attract new clients. "He was looking for mob business when he went to Castellano's funeral," grumps a prosecutor. "There are those who say, 'Why are you showing respect for this man?' "

on deck: Rabbi Naiman, left, charged with embezzling (and pictured here with one of his alleged beneficiaries, Assemblyman Dov Hikind), is a Brafman client.



NEW YORK POST

METRO

Mob assassins' only choice

'KILL — OR BE KILLED'

Secret FBI tapes bare three-year feud with Castellano

career move: Defending one of the Gambino gang in 1985, former assistant D.A. Brafman, right, ended up on the *Post's* front page when he attended mobster Paul Castellano's wake.

Brafman insists that it felt like the right thing to do after weeks spent sitting next to Castellano at trial. "He was a sophisticated, intelligent man. We'd talk about music and art," he says. "When someone dies, you don't pass judgment on his life." What brought Brafman new friends in low places was not so much the house call as the verdict after the trial resumed: His client, Senter, was acquitted on 21 out of 22 counts, while six other defendants received jail time. (Senter later received jail time himself when he was convicted on other counts related to the trial, but Brafman's reputation was already made.)

As organized-crime cases began rolling in, Brafman became known for working wonders with wiretapped conversations, finding in the hours of government evidence snippets to convince a jury his clients were entrapped or innocent. "The government accuses people of being associates of mob families, but not everyone targeted as a mobster is one," he argues. And even if they are mobsters, so what? "If a person like me begins to pass moral judgment," he says, "you shouldn't be in this business." Brafman won a series of acquittals for people like George Sciascia, an alleged Gambino family member charged with heroin trafficking. "There was a time when the phone would ring at 3 A.M. and people would talk in code," says Lynda. "They'd say, 'Tell Benjy that I got to meet him at the place we met last time.' "

His son, David, now studying at a yeshiva in Israel, thought the whole thing was cool. "I loved it," he says. "Everyone at school was asking, 'Do people drive by your house and shoot?' " Ben's mother was concerned that it might actually happen. "When there were rumors that Ben was going to defend one of John Gotti's sidekicks," Ben's brother Aaron says, "my mother called and warned him, 'Just make sure when you leave the courtroom, don't stand next to him.' " (Gotti's sidekick was Sammy "The Bull" Gravano—charged, ironically, with whacking Paul Castellano. Brafman was thrilled to represent Gravano, but at the last minute his services were no longer needed when his client decided to sing.)

Lawyers who defend the Mafia are typically viewed by the rest of the legal profession as morally compromised. And it's hard to reconcile the persona of Brafman the committed and religious man with his chosen role as mouthpiece for the underworld. "Ben's not working for the Mafia; they're clients," insists his brother Aaron. Brafman's rabbi, Kenneth Hain, the leader of Congregation Beth Sholom, also defends him, saying, "The nature of the system is bad guys and good guys get defended. Like all decent people, it's not real comfortable for him."

Brafman is extremely sensitive about the notion that he's married to the mob, pointing out that of the roughly 500 cases he's handled in private practice only a dozen have involved organized crime. "You'll hear people say, 'This is a real white-shoe kind of case—he was Gravano's lawyer, maybe he's the wrong guy,' " he complains. "I bristle at that. I represent the president of a Fortune 500 company, bond traders, doctors, lawyers, actors, sports celebrities." He claims to have turned away mob business at considerable financial sacrifice. "It's one thing for a prosecutor who gets a check every week to say, 'Oh boy, I'd never represent that guy,' " he says. "It's another thing for me to pass on a case when the person is walking out the door with $250,000." Brafman wants it both ways—craving respectability and prominently displaying a painting of a thug, labeled *Tough Guy,* in his office—and doesn't fully understand why the world doesn't work that way.

One potential client who was put off by the mob connection was Marv Albert. The sportscaster initially contacted Brafman to defend him on the Virginia sexual-assault charges, but after 24 hours brought in Roy Black instead. "Marv was concerned about how a big-city boy was going to do in a small town in Virginia," says private investigator Les Levine (who worked for Albert and is also employed by Brafman on the Gatien case), adding that as far as he knows Black doesn't have organized-crime clients in his portfolio. Miffed at the lost opportunity, Brafman takes some satisfaction in the disastrous public-relations outcome. "It's always easy to second-guess someone else," Brafman says, "but I was surprised by how the case ended. If you're going through the humiliation, see it

(continued on page 80)

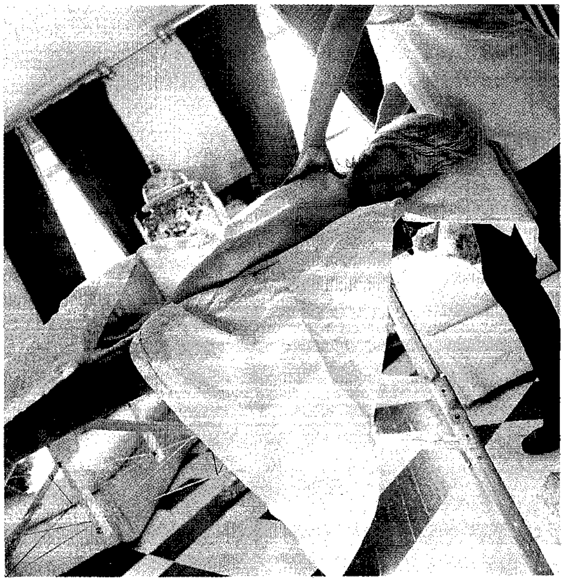
Photographs: top, New York *Post;* bottom, Misha Erwitt/*Daily News.*

pressing the flesh

Faster than therapy, safer than sex, easier than working out, massage (at home, at the office, in a spa, or on the street) is *the* indulgence of choice for the stressed-out. **By Joanne Kaufman**

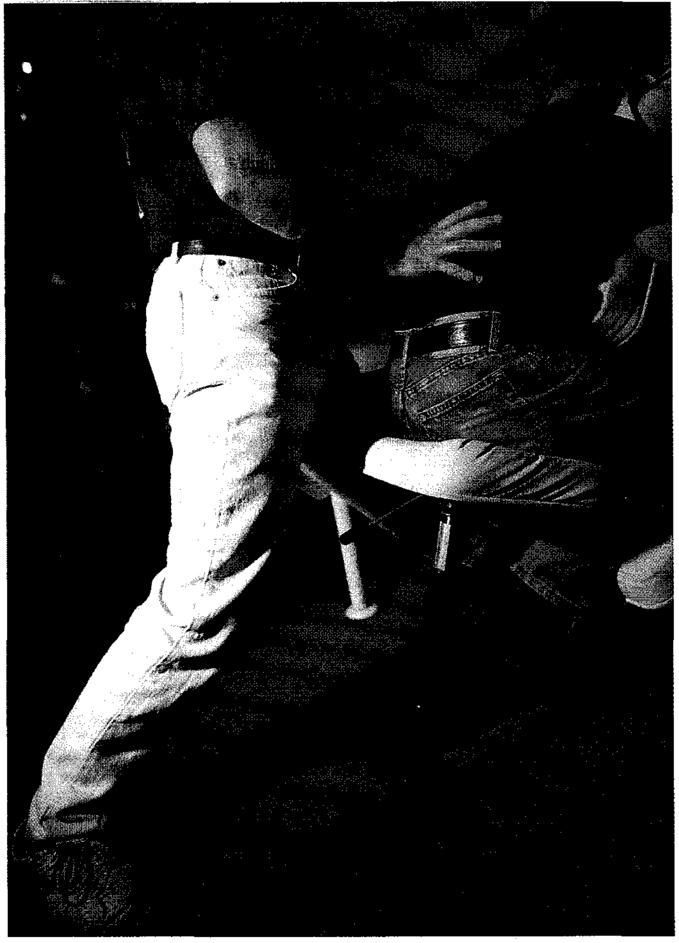
IT'S 1:30 ON A FRIDAY AFTERNOON AND PARIS GORDON IS HAVING A MASSAGE, HER third this week. The mid-thirtyish designer usually has one daily (in times of off-the-charts angst and aches she'll have a double session or recruit two therapists to work on her in stereo), but she was out of town on business for a couple of days. Gordon, who often spends more than $400 a week on rubdowns, typically holds off until after work. But what with the arrival of a raft of dresses with the labels off-center, the jackets that showed up with stones absent from the buttons, and the marketing and P.R. people yipping at her, and what with last night's big awards affair, where she kind of overdid it in the drink and dance departments, Paris is yearning. "Ooh," she gasps, "that foot is *so* tight." ▪ "I noticed at the beach that my girlfriends have cellulite," she reports to ponytailed masseur Gino Khalis, of the midtown "holistic and relaxation center" Healing Hands. "And I don't have it. And I really believe it's because of massage."

There are 7 million complaints in the naked city. Half of them are about aching backs. And now massage, for years the perquisite of the privileged, of pro athletes and prima ballerinas, has been co-opted by working stiffs seeking to banish soreness, stress, and—okay, why not?—cellulite.



Hands on: Designer Paris Gordon often spends $400 per week (or more) on massage.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KRISTINE LARSEN



There's the rub: Therapy, Great American Back Rub–style.

"I get shoulder and neck problems, and massage is very beneficial," says Abby Cohen, 56, an editor at the *Journal of the Audio Engineering Society*. "I've gone many times when I could barely move and I leave and I'm pain-free. At first it sounded like an extravagance, but to me this is a necessary expense."

"My clients used to be type A's, high-strung professionals," says masseuse Carrie DeMers. "Now the people I see are often self-employed, or your average word processor or office assistant, or people who are just considerate of themselves. But," she adds, "of course I still have type A's."

These days, the massage therapists at Elizabeth Arden, who for years rubbed the shoulders of the idle and well-fixed, are working over "professional women," says Kelly Weber, senior marketing vice-president for Elizabeth Arden Salons, Inc. "It's no longer someone coming in to be pampered."

As demand has increased, so has the number of suppliers. In the past, those who wanted a massage often had to make an appointment days or weeks in advance; that problem has been solved by the Great American Back Rub walk-in chain and by Healing Hands, which promises a massage therapist at your door within an hour.

"Our business plan originally just took in baby-boomers," says Bill Zanker, founder of the Great American Back Rub. But in a classic case of tickle-down economics, "we're getting everybody," he says. "It really cuts across all lines. I get people who come in limos, and I get people who look as if they don't have the money to pay."

Even the massage boutiques that traditionally catered to an upscale clientele are now kneading middle-class muscles. "Fourteen years ago, I would see high-profile people, celebrities who would have massages regularly," says Robin Ehrlich-Bragdon, owner of the Eastside Massage Therapy Center. "Those people still get massages, but now I see corporate executives, people in advertising, marketing, sales, people who have a lot of stress. And on Friday nights, we get a lot of doctors, surgeons who are on call for the weekend and need to gear up, and a lot of psychiatrists. I see executive assistants, payroll workers, and administrative assistants."

"Massage has come out of the closet," says Bill Zanker. "People aren't afraid of it. They're **passing on the name of a massage therapist** the way they did with shrinks in the old days."

If you're lucky, you don't even need to leave the office: A number of companies—G.E., Goldman Sachs, Young & Rubicam, and American Airlines among them—are inviting massage therapists on-site as an employee perk and as a means of reducing stress and absenteeism.

"Companies are looking for more creative rewards for folks, and massage is a nice little reward for relatively little money," says Teri Lukin, manager of health services for Time Inc., which has a masseuse on call two days a week for deployment anywhere around the company.

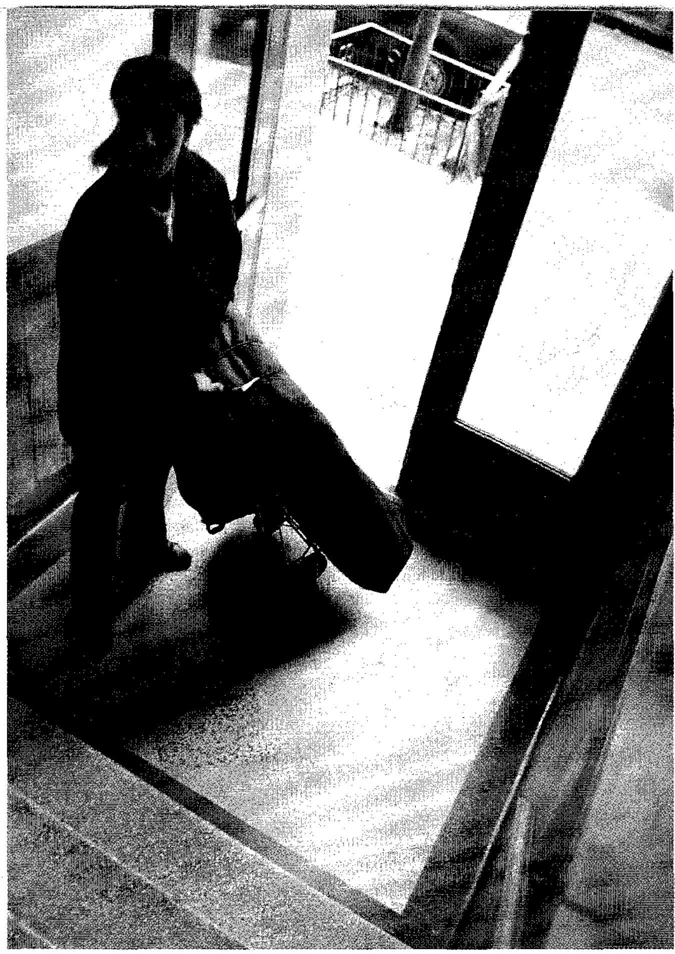
When Landon Y. Jones took over as editor of *People* in 1991, morale was low and stress high. Bringing in a massage therapist on the magazine's weekly closing night "was kind of a way to help people hang in there, and it became a great success," says Jones, now Time Inc.'s vice-president of strategic planning. "It was very democratic. If a copy person signed up before an assistant managing editor, he had the spot."

"MASSAGE IS NOT A LUXURY anymore," says Dolores Cannella, placement director at the Swedish Institute, one of two accredited massage schools in the New York area. "It's a necessity for all of us who are under some kind of strain. More people are realizing that, and more people are using massage to prevent illness or disease." Cannella fields 300 calls a month from people in search of a therapist. There is, she adds, particular interest currently in sports, myofascial, and lymphatic-drainage massage, along with classic Swedish.

People can service their trapeziuses or rhomboids through traditional means—a private practitioner—or through a group practice; through the office of a chiropractor or physical therapist working with a massage therapist; or at health clubs and day spas like Elizabeth Arden, which has nearly doubled its massage staff from ten to nineteen and expanded its offerings to include Shiatsu (a form of Japanese finger-pressure therapy), Reiki (an ancient method said to free blocked energy), and craniosacral therapy (a light-touch technique that addresses the membranes of the central nervous system). There's a two-week wait for Thursday, Friday, and Saturday appointments.

And less traditional massage venues are spreading like sciatica. The menu at Korean nail parlors frequently includes neck and shoulder rubs in five-minute increments for around a dollar a minute. Bloomingdale's, in partnership with Healing Hands, is building a "wellness bar" in the store's cosmetics section where in alternating seats customers will be able to get a chair massage and a little lecture about breathing techniques and the Healing Hands product line of oils, creams, and candles. The store has already set up massage chairs for various evening shopping events and procedures.

"The customers have really liked it," says Anne Keating, Bloomingdale's vice-president of public relations. "They'll stand in line for ten or fifteen minutes to have it done and then say, 'Oh, now I can shop more.' I try to go twice a month myself," she adds. "I thought about it as an extravagance until I saw the results."



Have table, will travel: Licensed massage therapist Lacey Wheat makes house calls.

THE MASSAGE EXPLOSION can be attributed partly to the growing population of tired, aging, not-quite-as-limber-as-they-once-were baby-boomers, partly to an increased awareness of the effects of stress and of the physiological benefits of pressing the flesh. "I think massage has come out of the closet," says the Great American Body Rub's Zanker. "It's nice, it's clean, people aren't afraid of it. You've got them passing on the name of a massage therapist they way they did with shrinks in the old days."

"As we moved into the nineties with the health-care crisis, people have been made more aware of how the health system works in this country, and that has made them more aware of the system's deficiencies," says Elliot Greene, a spokesman for the American Massage Therapy Association. "I think it's tapped into a feeling of dissatisfaction with health care, particularly with its losing the dimension of the personal touch. This made people more open to alternative medicine, and massage therapy got a big boost from that interest in health alternatives." What's so convenient about this explanation is that it provides high moral ground for those who've been having massages for years—simply because they feel good. But the observation is underscored by Oxford Health Care, a health-maintenance organization that has been a leader in covering alternative health-care practices like acupuncture and that covers 25 to 40 percent of the fee for in-plan massage therapists.

> "Women are more accustomed than men to being touched," says massage therapist Chloe Maglietta. "Men's relationship to touch has generally been **sexual or football.**"

VAN MORRISON POURS OUT OF THE RADIO AS Carrie DeMers, a compact brunette with hands you suspect could easily break boards, applies lotion and elbow pressure to Alexander Alimanestianu, 38, the executive vice-president of Town Sports International, who's been suffering for several months from tennis shoulder. While DeMers works on his back, 3-year-old Charlotte works on her father's feet, and Charlotte's mom, Sally Maca, works on getting the child out of the living room, DeMers's usual area of operation, "because it generally has the space and the sound system."

"I definitely think you're loosening up," she tells Alimanestianu as he relinquishes the portable massage table to his wife, a ritual performed increasingly around the city as harried couples seize on relaxation that can be ordered in.

"It took Alex three months before he'd see Carrie," notes Maca. "Then he'd only see her for half an hour. Then he'd start to say, 'When's Carrie coming?' Now he says, 'I wish Carrie were coming tonight.' "

Though most massage therapists say their practice is pretty evenly divided between men and women, some of the initial resistance may be gender-related. "Women are more accustomed than men to being touched," says Swedish-Shiatsu-Reiki therapist Chloe Maglietta, whose client pool consists largely of "folks on a spiritual path" and business executives. "I think men are afraid sometimes because their relationship to touch has generally been sexual or football."

"I have a lot of women who tell me, 'I would love my husband to come, but he would never do it,' adds Upper East Side therapist Anat Raz. Paris Gordon has no truck with this attitude. "If, when I start to go out with someone, he says, 'I wouldn't have a massage; I don't want anybody to touch my body,' that tells me something about him," she says. "I wonder how cuddly he can be."

But it's the cultural resistance—*massage is too self-indulgent, I don't need it, I don't like strange people touching me*—that practitioners would like laid to rest (along with the idea that there's something seamy about massage, which is the main reason the Great American Back Rub isn't called the Great American Massage, according to Zanker). "I can't just go and book a massage, because I feel it's decadent and I should be spending the money on my kids," admits one Upper East Side art appraiser. "So I try and make up a reason to go. I say, 'Gee, I hurt my back when I lifted a heavy box.'

"When I used to see a therapist, I would cheerily tell people where," the art dealer adds. "But massage is different, because it isn't like you have a problem and that's why you're going. You're going because you want to be indulged."

BILL BELLAMY IS HAVING A LITTLE CAVITY anxiety, so he's having a little massage. The aggressively cuddly actor and MTV V.J. is just now getting comfortable in the massage chair at the foot of the steps leading to dentist Marc Lowenberg's examining rooms when massage therapist Michael Taylor Cameron is called upstairs to tend to a patient with taut nerves and bad gums. "I get anxious," admits rug dealer

Vivian Collins, opening wide as Cameron kneads her neck and shoulder.

"In terms of patient response, this has been amazing," says Lowenberg, estimating that 75 percent of his patients take advantage of the free massage service that's offered from ten to six every Tuesday and Thursday. "Patients who used to give me a lot of problems because of their anxiety now like to come. Sometimes, they stop by on days they don't have appointments just to get a massage."

THE ALBANY OFFICE IN CHARGE OF STATE board examinations for massage also administers the licensing tests for psychologists. "There's a connection between the two, don't you think so?" says a staff member. Sure, one could point out the obvious similarities between psychoanalysis and massage therapy: Both require you to lie down. Both touch on sore spots.

"I've heard about eating obsessions, parents' struggles with their children, marital difficulties," says Anat Raz. "This is like a little haven, so people come, they get their treatment, and they can fall apart on the table. Occasionally, people cry. There are those who believe that the soft tissues store memories, and as you do physical work it may release those memories.

"For me, [as for] a therapist, it's important to keep everything private," adds Raz, who uses a Swedish-acupressure blend. "I see husbands and wives; I see mothers and daughters or people who are close friends, and everything that is said here stays here."

AT THE GREAT AMERICAN BACK Rub one recent Friday afternoon, four massage therapists in blue T-shirts with the company logo are standing, squatting, bending, kneeling through an eighteen-step sequence that covers the neck, arms, shoulder, back, and lower back—all in full view of sometimes startled passersby.

"At first I thought it was weird to do it out in the open like this," says Ann Heimberger, 27, a law student who has just topped off her monthly massage with a reflexology session. "But you get so lost in the massage you don't even notice. So much weird stuff goes on in New York that someone getting a massage in a storefront is the least of it."

The idea for the Great American Back Rub began nibbling at Bill Zanker almost ten years ago during a morning jog in San Francisco when he saw a man on a park bench giving massages for a dollar a minute. "He looked kind of dirty, but people were lining up. I waited and I got a massage and it felt really good. I would try to go for a massage before work, but it took too long and I kept thinking of the guy in San Francisco," Zanker says. "Then in a Sharper Image store, I saw those massage products and thought to myself, 'Why don't you put those two things together?' "

There are those in the business who dismiss Great American Back Rub, who view it as the McDonald's of massage. "I find it degrading even to use the words *back rub,* because it's so unprofessional," says Anat Raz. "A back rub is something you give your spouse for five minutes before you make love."

But Zanker takes the big-tent approach: Massage—any kind of massage—is good.

"We're in a generation of people who are saying, 'What else is there to do?' " he says. "You're not smoking, you're not drinking, you're not taking drugs. You can't have sex. This is something you can do and nobody is getting hurt. And you feel jazzed afterward."

the lowdown on rubdowns

The training: As of March 31, 1996, the last date for which figures are available, there were 4,319 licensed massage therapists in New York. Those applying for a license—and if you practice in New York, you've got to have a license—must have 605 hours of classroom training from an accredited school, including instruction in anatomy, physiology, pathology, first aid, and CPR as well as hands-on work. The cost: Fees for a one-hour massage begin at around $60 and can go as high as $100 for house calls, though some massage therapists have a sliding scale based on ability to pay. Prices at the Great American Back Rub start at $16.95 for a 10-minute massage and top out at $49.95 for 45 minutes. The choices: "Massage therapists quite often will utilize more than one technique and sometimes several, as opposed to being devoted to one technique or being a purist," says Elliot Greene, spokesman for the American Massage Therapy Association. "What skillful therapists will do with that portfolio of techniques is ascertain the needs of each client and tailor their work accordingly." Just so you know what you're getting into:

CONNECTIVE-TISSUE WORK: The massage therapist subtly hooks fingers into the skin and superficial connective tissue of the client while performing a dragging or pulling stroke.

CRANIOSACRAL THERAPY: A light-touch technique that addresses the membranes of the central nervous system.

DEEP-TISSUE MASSAGE: Focusing more on specific muscles than does Swedish massage, it has a much more localized effect. The practitioner is literally working through the top layers of muscles, using friction techniques. "It would be used on people who complain of chronic tension and old sprains and strains," says the American Massage Therapy Association's Greene.

MANUAL LYMPH: Employs strokes that are intended to stimulate the movement of the lymphatic fluids in order to assist the body in cleansing. "A lot of doctors will prescribe it for people who've had plastic surgery or liposuction or people with swelling from mastectomies or prostate surgery," says Dolores Cannella of the Swedish Institute.

MYOFASCIAL RELEASE: A technique utilizing prolonged light pressure intended to affect the body's connective tissue.

REIKI: Founded by Japanese Christian educator Dr. Mikas Usui and based on the principle of chi, or universal life energy. A practitioner's hands are placed gently on the clothed body of a client in a variety of established places.

ROLFING: Developed in the forties by biochemist Ida Rolf, it utilizes deep-tissue-massage techniques to bring head, shoulders, thorax, pelvis, and legs into vertical alignment. "It fell off in the early eighties, but it's starting to have a resurgence," Cannella says.

SHIATSU: A Japanese form of body work that uses finger pressure. It purports to balance the body's chi. The idea is that when the body's energy is flowing evenly, then harmony and balance will follow. Usually, Shiatsu is done with the client lying fully dressed on a mat.

SPORTS MASSAGE: A subset of Swedish, using a compression stroke as if to pump the muscles.

SWEDISH: Application of gliding, kneading strokes, usually with oil, lotion, or cream.

TRAGER APPROACH: Involves deep but nonintrusive work, consisting of gentle, fluid rocking movements in conjunction with simple exercises called Mentastics.

J.K.

spa vs. spa

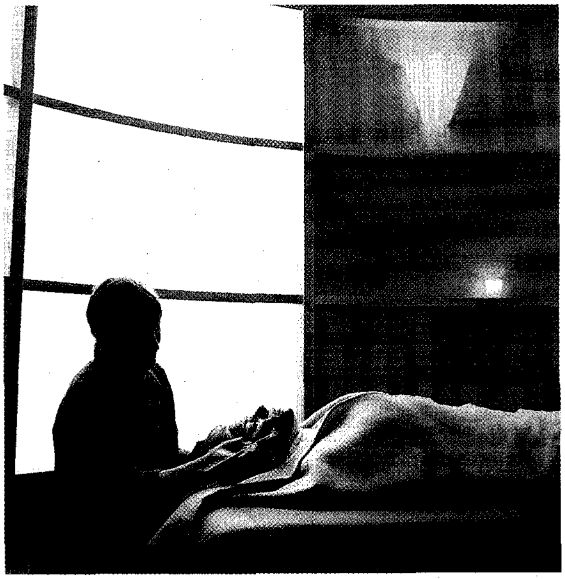
While some urban oases see beauty in herbs and mud, others swear by a power plug and a steady electric current. A guide to New York's facial relations.

By Beth Landman Keil

A SIGN AT THE STRESSLESS STEP, an Upper East Side massage haven, is emblazoned with the following directive: NO TIPPING PLEASE. OUR STAFF PREFER TO BE TREATED AS MEDICAL PROFESSIONALS. Over at the Upper West Side's health-club behemoth Reebok, the Paul Labrecque Salon & Spa has hired three practitioners of Eastern medicine; its competitor Equinox counts chiropractors, dermatologists, and nutritionists among its staff. What happened to sweet-smelling creams and warm booties? As might be expected in a luxury service that started out catering to socialites and the Hollywood elite, spas are going high-concept, with treatments like Reiki—a spiritual massage in which the therapist's hands barely touch the client—being offered alongside techniques like galvanic currents, abrading acids, and transepidermal therapy. This arsenal of tools was not developed with the mere aim of pampering the clientele—instead, urban spas consider long-term stress relief, anti-aging, even spiritual healing their more lofty objectives.

Whether the wonders of modern spa science can defy genetics, stress, and sleep deprivation is still, of course, up for debate. "There is a real proven benefit to lymphatic massage and ultrasound massage for the face and body in promoting healing," maintains Alan Matarasso, one of the country's best-known plastic surgeons, who offers ultrasound treatments to his patients after surgery at no extra charge (lymphatic massage helps reduce swelling; ultrasound massage can promote healing by softening tissue). Some dermatologists question the merits of electronic-muscle-stimulation facials, which are usually performed with ionic and galvanic currents (the concept: to improve circulation and tighten muscles). But Dr. Steven Victor, a dermatologist who has studied the electronic facials carefully, is considering providing them as a service to his clients. "We took masks of 25 women before and after electronic stimulation, and the computer showed 46 percent improvement in visible wrinkling and an average of about a quarter of an inch in picking up sagging," he reports.

Spas' movement into treatments that border on the medical has not gone unnoticed by private physicians, some of whom are adding sanctuaries to the services they offer. Dr. Fredrick Valauri, a plastic surgeon, has just divided his East 76th Street office in half—one side is for his regular practice, the other for a day spa that will feature facials, massage, aromatherapy, cellulite treatments, seaweed wraps, and hair removal. Dr. Lionel Bissoon, an osteopath, has hired top massage therapists like Equinox's in-demand Ken Tucker, and he is in the process of adding on a space for herbal, seaweed, and mud wraps and a cellulite-busting endermologie machine (designed to break down the fibrous bands thought to cause the condition). "I see a real battle brewing between salons and doctors over domain," says Dr. Victor. "Even now, many salons are doing acid peels, and doctors are not happy about it."



Sloughing it: SoHo Sanctuary's mud facial mixes herbs and other organic substances.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT WRIGHT

OLD SCHOOL, NEW TRICKS

THE AESTHETICIANS—DON'T CALL THEM beauticians, please—at these traditional European spas have skin care in their DNA and are strong in facials, scrubs, and seaweed or mud body treatments. Now their artful hands are getting a grip on their field's Machine Age.

BIOLOGIQUE RECHERCHE

26 East 64th Street (755-5270)

At this exclusive, if clinical, spa, your aesthetician greets you in a white doctor's coat and leads you into a lablike room filled with beakers and ampoules. You may notice that her face has an otherworldly iridescence—that's the liquid silk, applied as a final step in the spa's popular remodeling facial, intended to lock in moisture, protect you from environmental hazards, and add an extra glow. Among the other steps in the one-hour, $165 session are cleansing, exfoliation, toning with electrical currents, and applications of fresh plant and trace-element serums.

DORIT BAXTER DAY SPA

47 West 57th Street, third floor (371-4542)

"First, we will take a picture of your face with a wooden camera," explains the owner of this midtown spot. "It shows everything we can't see with our eyes." One could argue there are some things better left unseen, but be a sport and pose. Her latest addition—Sonocare—is an ultrasound facial machine well worth the $70 it costs for a half-hour. (One other spa in the city, Helen Lee, offers ultrasound facials, but only in 90-minute sessions, for $150.) After various gels are applied to your face, the machine begins its mission in a relaxing motion, a procedure meant to tone muscles, reduce puffiness, diminish broken capillaries, and reduce dark circles and discoloration. On the way out, you will be presented with your "before" photo. When you look in the mirror and see the "after" version, you'll wish they'd taken the shot on the way out.

Soft petals: Elizabeth Arden's rose-infused pedicure.

THE ELIZABETH ARDEN RED SALON & SPA

691 Fifth Avenue, between 54th and 55th Streets (546-0200)

A lot has changed behind the red door. To start, it's no longer pink—instead, expect tasteful taupe walls and rooms with an Armani–meets–Lenox Hill look, all stainless-steel cabinetry and sterilizing units. The $95 oxygenating French seaweed facial (it's the technique that's French; the seaweed is actually Italian) is the salon's fifteen-step program for a revitalized complexion. For sore muscles, try the self-heating herbal mud masque, which bubbles nicely on your skin like an overactive heating pad. Pedicures here go the extra step: The water is strewn with rose petals and stocked with marbles to roll your feet over for tension release.

Spas' arsenal of tools isn't being wasted on a couple of hours' worth of indulgence—instead, **the industry is focusing on loftier goals** like stress relief, anti-aging, even spiritual growth.

GEORGETTE KLINGER

501 Madison Avenue, between 57th and 53rd Streets (838-3200)

"Electric facials? We don't have anything so nouveau here," says the receptionist at this day spa for the debutante-at-heart. The skilled aestheticians (I met Miss Claudia and Miss Ruth) do things here the old-fashioned way: During their steam treatment, for example, they drape a towel around your head and position your face above a pot of steaming chamomile tea. Face and décolleté massage is long, luxurious, and delivers, at long last, the cream of spa memory. The spa has made at least one concession to the approaching millennium: an intensely cleansing oxygen facial that begins and ends with a heavy misting from a mini oxygen tank.

LIA SCHORR

686 Lexington Avenue, between 56th and 57th Streets (486-9670)

Lia Schorr's pristine, no-nonsense day spa offers twelve facials (including one geared for teenagers with problem skin). Skilled hands move with precision across your face, and strong European aestheticians perform body massage. If you don't have an afternoon to kill in the name of beauty, the accommodating staff will surround you for a 75-minute-long wonder session that includes a facial, a manicure, and a pedicure for a very reasonable $118; an ionic treatment to perk up tired eyes is an extra $35.

SKIN AND BODY CARE, INC.

50 East 78th Street (585-4228)

When Denise Margulies and Diana Ward opened their small, personalized boutique day spa this fall, they decided to keep it strictly state-of-the-art. Their gizmos include an endermologie machine and an electronic facial-toning device that works with galvanic and ionic currents. "I asked the electricians to install a big power box so I can start using all my gadgets," says Ward. In another room, they offer cellular-memory-release massage—deep kneading that aims to release tension stored from the frustrations of childhood. Are you crying from catharsis? It might just be pain. This bone-reaching massage may be worth it, but brace yourself.

URBAN SPAS, UNPLUGGED

CHARACTERIZED BY CANDLELIGHT AND whiffs of essential oils, L.A.-style spas prefer to go the natural route. Therapists at these places are ready to strangle Enya.

AVEDA INSTITUTE LIFESTYLE STORE & SPA

233 Spring Street (807-1492)

The New Age music has you unwinding before you even hit the Aveda sanctuary, separated by a door from the SoHo apothecary that's made aromatherapy a household word. You might opt for the $45 stress-relieving half-hour of neck, shoulder, and scalp massage, but the splurge here is the Himalayan Rejuvenation Body Treatment, available for $125. "First there's a dry, rough exfoliating massage to get rid of dead skin," explains an employee. "Then the person lies down and water is dripped in the middle of the eyebrow." Didn't there used to be another name for that? Actually, it's warm essential oil of your choosing that's dripped onto your third eye.

BLISS

568 Broadway (219-8970)

If you could get an appointment at Bliss, you might be treated to its carrot-sesame exfoliation; or its new Pulp Friction (another near-edible scrub, with fresh grapes in the mix); or its papaya scrub, during which the fruit enzyme begins to break down your epidermis like meat tenderizer. Sad to say, your yearning for facial fruit salad will likely go unmet—Bliss's staff is generally too busy sloughing the skin off celebrities like Uma Thurman and Julia Roberts (several calls made in November yielded no appointment until January).

The collagen try: Plastic surgeon Fredrick Valauri at work.

SOHO SANCTUARY

119 Mercer Street (334-5550)

There's an emphasis on earth-mother power at this women-only spa, which features a spa package called the "Goddess Sampler" and displays images of female nudes on the walls. Reflexology comes with a sage foot bath; the heated mud wrap (the Moor Spa minifacial) mixes 1,000 herbs and organic substances meant to purify, tone, and relax the body; the "perfect facial" uses wild herbs intended to restore the skin's balance. Befitting its name, the SoHo Sanctuary also offers yoga, meditation, and a reading room.

STRESSLESS STEP

48 East 61st Street (826-6222)

Sixty-first Street between Park and Madison. The address may be swank, but industrial flesh-tone walls, dingy shag carpeting, and treatment rooms the size of a broom closet decorate this spartan day spa with a post-hippie feel. Questionable décor aside, this spa's great massages make it one of the most popular around. Whoever does the hiring at Stressless Step is choosing well, and at $60 an hour, $35 for a half-hour, it's a great value. Unfortunately, the "half-hour" massage clocked in at just over twenty minutes, and they're strict on the cancellation policy.

SUSAN CIMINELLI

754 Fifth Avenue, between 57th and 58th Streets (872-2650)

Ciminelli, who recently moved her scented spa to the top floor of Bergdorf Goodman, is renowned for her crystal treatment, which, as one staff member described it, is "like a magnified healing thing," meant to balance your chakras by positioning the crystals in various places on your face and body. (As an aesthetician once explained when a crystal slid from face to floor, "It was probably time for it to leave.") Visualization, meditation, Reiki, and more hands-on Swedish and Shiatsu are also available. The masseur's interest in astrology (the moon was apparently in retrograde that day) didn't detract from his strong work. Prices are steep—one-hour facials and massages start at $115, and the "ultimate hour," a body wrap, aromatherapy, and reflexology combo, is $295.

THE SPORTING SPA

WE'VE COME A LONG WAY SINCE A MASSAGE at the gym meant locker-room-style treatment spaces. Today's top fitness spas have soft lighting and serious massage therapists who use hard-core deep techniques like myofascial and neuromuscular release.

THE SPA AT EQUINOX

205 East 85th Street (396-9611)

Equinox offers eleven types of facials (including the one-two punch of electronic muscle stimulation and acupuncture), very strong deep-tissue massage, hot-oil aromatherapy, hypnotherapy, even a men's sports pedicure. Now comes this: American Indian hot-rock therapy ("La Stone therapy"), during which heated smooth stones are placed on different parts of the body, first to balance energy, then to knead out knots of tension. The warmth from the stones relaxes the muscle before the rocks sink in for the deep work, pinpointing tough-to-reach places under the shoulder blades. At the end, the therapist follows the Indian custom of tapping the rocks together as he walks around you in a circle. "This is the rocks saying good-bye to you," he explains. No such farewell came from the Stairmaster I passed on the way out.

PAUL LABRECQUE AT REEBOK

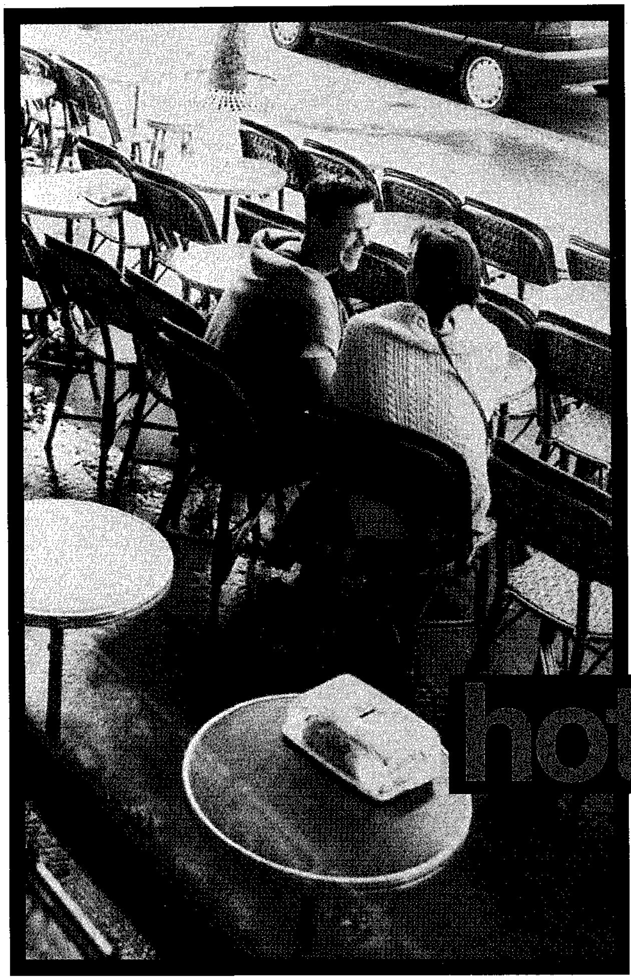
160 Columbus Avenue, between 67th and 68th Streets (595-0099)

"Oh, good, the latissimus dorsi are giving way," reports massage therapist John Wehr as he digs in deep, just before he actually climbs onto the table to work on some particularly intractable knots. The current house special—a luxurious 90-minute, $175 massage—begins with a muscle meltdown using hot fango (otherwise known as mud) mixed with volcanic ash and paraffin. An energizing facial is carried out with a new acupressure tool, which looks something like a space-age pen. Spa director Regina Viotto is cautious about her clients' expectations: "It finds trigger points and helps clear blocked energy. I don't promise any lifting. But if that happens, great."

THE ORIGINS FEEL-GOOD SPA

At Pier 60, 23rd Street and the West Side Highway (336-6780)

Head over to the Hudson River, past clusters of children en route to bowling parties, through blocks of sports complexes and a dreary locker room, and finally you hit the Origins spa. Its pine-scented candles and softmoss-green interior make for a welcome refuge at that point. While Origins offers mineral crystal baths, seaweed and mud wraps, energizing and relaxing massages, and a myriad of facials, it also has unique "mindful treatments" that, it is claimed, will stimulate your creativity. Settle into an MRI-like pod that heats up and vibrates while full-spectrum light does what it can to relieve you of the winter blues. During "Lost in Space," meant to "balance your alpha and beta brain waves," dark goggles emit a series of rapidly flashing light patterns as you lie on a free-love-era water bed that rocks vigorously as it delivers a pummeling hydromassage. No more stimulating than a so-so amusement-park ride, "Lost in Space" is enough to make you long for a restorative steam facial.



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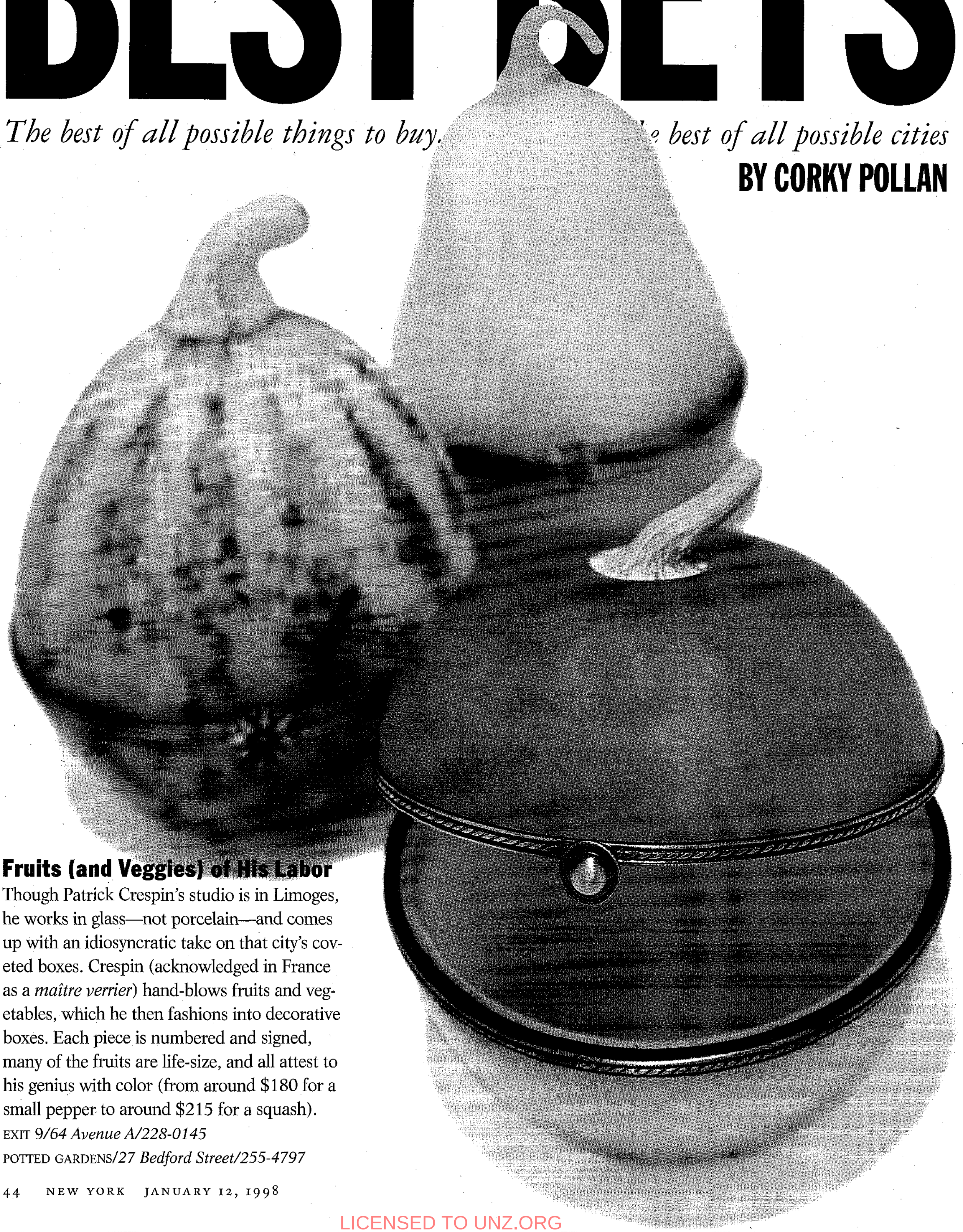


Fruits (and Veggies) of His Labor

Though Patrick Crespin's studio is in Limoges, he works in glass—not porcelain—and comes up with an idiosyncratic take on that city's coveted boxes. Crespin (acknowledged in France as a *maître verrier*) hand-blows fruits and vegetables, which he then fashions into decorative boxes. Each piece is numbered and signed, many of the fruits are life-size, and all attest to his genius with color (from around $180 for a small pepper to around $215 for a squash).

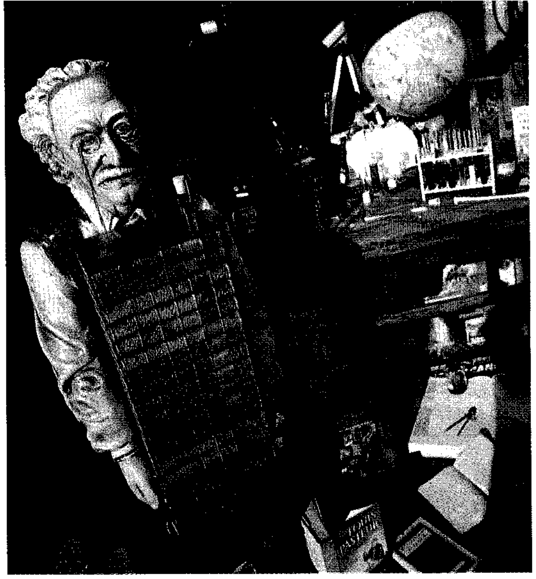
EXIT 9/*64 Avenue A/228-0145*

POTTED GARDENS/*27 Bedford Street/255-4797*

Tricks and Truths

Unique Science is a crowded little depot brimming with all sorts of science-related stuff for kids: telescopes and microscopes, grow-your-own-worm and -frog kits, weather devices and chemistry sets, globes and planispheres. But owners Steve Ronson (a professional magician) and his wife, Barbara (an optometrist), are not only smitten with science but mad about magic, and they have scads of rope, coin, card, and stage magic tricks. Though many are professional-quality, they're all kid-friendly (from 65 cents for a Hubbel Telescope eraser to $19.95 for an optical-illusion kit to $59 for a Galileo thermometer to $700 for a Celestron telescope).

UNIQUE SCIENCE/*410 Columbus Avenue, at 79th Street/712-1899*



Fire and Spice

Instead of chestnuts, it's now cinnamon sticks roasting on an open fire. David Becker, responsible for last year's fad for grilling with grapevines, traveled to Sri Lanka and brought back cinnamon logs for those cozy evenings at home. Toss one or two into the fireplace, and the heat evaporates the natural oils and fills the room with a subtle, romantic scent. No fireplace? Just place a couple in a 350-degree oven for half an hour ($15 a bundle).

PLATYPUS/*126 Spring Street/219-3919*

I Can Ski Clearly Now

These French Air-Tube Reflex ski goggles are more than the look of the moment—they're high-performance. Their rims are lined with foam-padded cushioning for comfort, the polycarbonate mirror lenses provide 100 percent UV protection, and they have an adjustable elastic band for a perfect fit and a three-way aeration system to prevent fogging. An added plus: They can be fitted with prescription lenses ($150).

SHEER OPTICS/*1268 Madison Avenue, near 90th Street/987-9898*

Photographs: clockwise from left, James Worrell (2); Steffen Thalemann; James Worrell.

SALES & BARGAINS **ONDINE COHANE**

European Community

Of great import: *Dublin's hippest émigré, Daryl K; Floris of London's English rose scents; and Italy's best hides* **at Bottega Veneta.**

A MAJOR SUCCESS STORY STRAIGHT OUT of Dublin—she got a CFDA award for Best New Designer in 1997 and editorials full of accolades follow each of her collections—Daryl K has secured her position as the designer of cutting-edge urban chic. Sale includes: denim and corduroy boot-cut, straight leg, and parallel pants, retail $120–$140, here $40–$70; K-189 skirts, retail $88, here $40; sweaters and pullovers, retail $117–$128, here $70–$80. *Daryl K, 21 Bond St.(674-5316); cash only; Wed.–Fri. 10–6; 1/7–1/9.*

Art in Form

ARTE SALON ON LAFAYETTE STREET STANDS out for two main reasons—the staff is super-friendly but not clingy, and prices are very reasonable for the quality. For those of you who need some hair color, David Reisson offers great suggestions to complement your skin tone. Included in the sale: haircuts, were $75, now $50; highlights, were $150, now $90; single process, was $65, now $40. *Arte Salon, 284 Lafayette St. (941-5932); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Sat. 10–7; 1/6–1/31.*

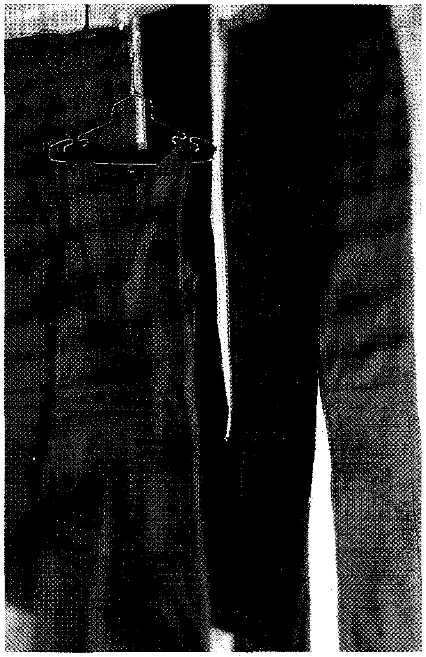
Bottega Bodega

AT BOTTEGA VENETA, ONE OF THE SUPER-swank European boutiques that dot Madison Avenue, the biannual sale offers all items at substantial discount. For example, signature woven handbags, were $1,000–$1,500, now $600–$900; women's day and evening shoes, were $210–$500, now $40–$250; women's ready-to-wear and coats, were $200–$1,900, now $100–$950. Also on sale: small leather goods, scarves, sunglasses, luggage, and selected men's items. *Bottega Veneta, 635 Madison Ave., near 59th St. (371-5511); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; 1/5–1/24.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Cherished Chemist

THE DEARTH OF BANK MACHINES IN SOHO IS perhaps matched only by its lack of neighborhood drugstores. Thankfully, Thompson Chemists is one of the best in the city, and despite its rather small size is full of domestic and imported finds. At its post-holiday sale: Manuel Canovas candles, retail $85, here usually $75, now $60; Badedas bath gel, retail $38, here usually $34.95, now $29.95; Mason Pearson brush, retail $93.50, here usually $84.15, now $75. *Thompson Chemists, 137 Thompson St. (598-9790); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 8:30–9, Sat. 10–9, Sun. 11–7; 1/5–1/31.*



Hip, hip, hooray: Daryl K's renowned low-riders.

Hothouse Flowers

ENGLAND'S CLIMATE MAY DEPRESS SOME, BUT it makes gardens thrive. Floris of London evokes these expansive Edens in its numerous English-flower perfumes and toiletries: concentrated bath essence in florissa, was $69, now $17.25; English ceramic soap dish with Edwardian bouquet toilet soap, was $45, now $22.50; James Bodenham perfumed candle, was $25, now $12.50. *Floris of London, 703 Madison Ave., between 62nd and 63rd Sts. (935-9100); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–6, Thurs. until 7; 1/5–1/24.*

Good As Gold

WOLFMAN-GOLD & GOOD COMPANY—AN upscale store filled with (among other things) tableware and display furniture—likes to clear its stock out after the holidays by having a big sale. For example, wineglass, was $25, now $12.50; sofa with slipcover, was $1,800, now $1,299; big vintage mirror, was $1,450, now $970. Also, all china, porcelain, and ceramics will be 40 to 50 percent off. *Wolfman-Gold & Good Company, 117 Mercer St. (431-1888); M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Wed. and Fri.–Sat. 11–6, Thurs. till 7, Sun. 12–6; 1/10–1/31.*

Ken Doll

ANOTHER YOUNG TALENTED DESIGNER TO open up shop in SoHo, Kenneth Richard intuitively knows when to talk up his clothes and when to let you wander by yourself. His sale includes tailored stretch pants, jersey tops, cut-velvet dresses, and lace camisoles. For example, black three-quarter-length leather coat, was $2,400, now $600; camel sleeveless matte-jersey dress, was $375, now $110; red lace camisole, was $450, now $65. *Kenneth Richard, 68 Thompson St. (625-0265); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Sun. 12–7; 1/6–1/16.*

Pipe Dreams

ED BURAK'S STORE, CONNOISSEUR, IS A MUST-stop shop for pipe lovers. Among his carefully assembled stock: Featherweight pipes, were $125–$225, now $93.85–$168.75; one-of-a-kind pipes, were $225–$3,500, $168.78–$2,625; Connoisseur Classics (Bent Apple, Sherlock Holmes, etc.), were $125–$225, now $93.85–$168.75; slightly irregular shapes, were $37.50, now $30. *Connoisseur Pipe Shop, 1285 Sixth Ave., near 52nd St., concourse level (247-6054); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10:15–5:45; 1/5–1/30.* ■

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

The Gospel Truth

When Hollywood showed no interest in a preacher who wasn't a demagogue, Robert Duvall said 'Amen'—and made a great film anyway.

IN **The Apostle,** EULISS “SONNY” DEWEY (Robert Duvall), a Pentecostal preacher in rural Texas, is driving along the highway with his elderly mother when he comes across a gruesome multi-car accident. For Sonny, it's good times—he gets to work. Pulling over, he hops out of his car, Bible in hand; skips past the highway patrol; and sticks his head into the window of one of the wrecked automobiles. The driver, a teenage boy, is stunned and bloody, and so is the girl sitting next to him. But Sonny tells them that God loves them, that they have to take Jesus into their lives so they can be saved. “There are angels, *angels* right here in this automobile,” he insists, badgering the boy, who stares before him with dead eyes. Duvall keeps his voice low, but Sonny's intrusion is meant to be an outrage: These two sinners need an ambulance. Yet as the boy stirs and begins to weep, Duvall half convinces us that the teenagers may need Jesus too. *The Apostle* (which played a week in December to qualify for the Oscars and is opening again at the end of January) is the best movie ever made about a man of God—which is to say, the most honest and morally the most ambiguous. Sonny is egotistical and manipulative; a con artist, a brawler, a womanizer; a man who falls into bathos as easily as a soldier falls into erotic reverie. Yet he's a kind of genius, too, a gifted, sometimes inspired preacher who rounds up isolated and demoralized people and forges them into a community. Sonny is a warrior against forlornness.

OAD TO HEAVEN

Duvall wrote and directed the picture himself, using some of his own money when no one in Hollywood was much interested in bankrolling him. In truth, his past efforts as a director, *We're Not the Jet Set* and *Angelo, My Love,* would not have sent me reaching for my checkbook, either. Nor can I say that I've always been a fan of his acting. I see what other people admire—the clarifying hardness and power, the edge of mockery, the muscular grip on reality. You certainly can't catch Duvall in false moments. But you also don't catch him relaxing and giving the audience a good time. It's not always easy to look at his mean slit eyes and evil grin, and I think actors who bellow are a pain in the neck, even when they're meant to be playing blowhards. Duvall can be dry and overbearing, almost priggish, as if he thought the mere absence of charm were a virtue in itself.

But in *The Apostle,* he's completely on top of what he's doing. Sonny bellows, but with professional skill, in the rhythmic, incantatory style that he has copied from the black preachers he heard as a boy. He's overbearing, all right—devastating as he zeroes in on whatever person is before him. Duvall makes him fast, very fast, a shrewd and enterprising man, spry as a water bug, who senses what people want and adjusts instantly. This noisy super-salesman for God—the world's greatest shouter, a tent-revival spellbinder—is capable of modulating his voice to a whisper when he needs to get intimate with someone. At times, the performance has an almost effervescent gaiety. Now in his middle sixties, Duvall has never seemed to enjoy himself so much. There's a little hop of anticipation in Sonny's step; he rushes out of his house in the morning, thrilled with himself, thrilled to be doing God's work, chattering and revving himself up—he's scoring a touchdown for the Lord. Sonny pulls depressed people out of their torpor; he makes the quest for Jesus about the most exciting adventure anyone ever heard of. Even when he's at his most outrageously self-serving, he's sure he's doing God's work, and Duvall gives him an edge of bravado and merriment. He's almost daring God not to admire Sonny's effectiveness.

And Duvall has picked up speed as a director, too. Right after the opening, there's a montage of Sonny preaching to different congregations that turns into a kind of musical revue. In one sequence, Sonny rushes back and forth across the stage and then hands the microphone off to different preachers, who, like star tap

Answered prayers: Robert Duvall as “The Apostle E.F.” in *The Apostle.*

Photograph by Van Redin/October Films.

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dancers, surge forward one at a time and do their own supercharged riffs; in another, he's working with a Hispanic woman who's having a glory fit, and he translates her words and moves with her as they march in triumph together through the valley of the shadow of death. Hallelujah! *The Apostle* openly acknowledges that the heat and excitement produced by charismatic showmanship are a major part of Pentecostal evangelism; it acknowledges as well how much black speech rhythms dominate the style of the religion. Like Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction* and *Jackie Brown,* it is one of the new movies in which whites and blacks do something together and race is not much of an issue. White people think Sonny sounds black, and they like his style; black people accept him as a man with a gift. Duvall puts some of the black church women he's met in the South into the picture; they are exalted people with the strangeness of those lost in a dream of God.

At night, on the road, Sonny has a vision: His wife (Farrah Fawcett, who is perfectly good) is sleeping with a handsome young minister. He returns home in a drunken rage, and, with half the town watching, takes a baseball bat to the minister's head. Sonny has to disappear fast—in any case, there's nothing holding him to the town, since his wife has already persuaded his church to throw him out as pastor. After deep-sixing his car, his past, his identity, he hits the road and emerges as a newborn itinerant man of God, a preacher without a congregation. The movie slows down and Duvall opens himself to the softer beauties of the southern landscape—for a while, *The Apostle* becomes a middle-aged *Huckleberry Finn.* Sonny finally settles into a bedraggled but pleasant Louisiana town called Bayou Boutte, where, identifying himself as "E.F., The Apostle," he joins forces with a retired black minister and builds a congregation from the ground up.

This is Sonny's period of grace—the time of his time. Committing an evil act and then escaping from it delivers him into goodness. He's not so much a hypocrite as a man perfectly able to re-create himself without losing a step. The last third of *The Apostle* is not as exciting as the rest, and the movie sags a bit as Duvall romances Miranda Richardson, who plays a genteel southern lady both attracted to and repelled by the dynamic preacher. Still, *The Apostle* gets at something authentic and challenging—the insistent goodness of a man never free of dishonesty or sin. Compared with this movie, films like *Elmer Gantry* that "expose" the evangelist figure as a phony seem shallow and beside the point. For whatever judgment you might make of Sonny, he certainly delivers the goods. And so does Robert Duvall, who has made a movie devoid of both illusion and cynicism. In his own life, Sonny is too much a sinner simply to possess God. He remains an eternal suppliant, a candidate for blessedness, and therefore, despite everything, a hero.

In brief: JUST AS THE IRISH TROUBLES SEEM to have gone on forever, movies about the Irish Troubles have also gone on a bit, and so I may, perhaps, escape censure if I merely salute **The Boxer** in passing as yet another forceful, honestly made drama about Belfast, fanaticism, explosions, and the blue-gray light of desperate hope. Like *In the Name of the Father,* this picture was written by Terry George and directed and co-written by Jim Sheridan, and it's about an IRA man, Danny Flynn (Daniel Day-Lewis), who comes out of prison after fourteen years and no longer feels hatred for anyone. Danny wants to get back into the ring, where he was once a promising Irish fighter. He likes the discipline of training, and after so many years of numbing self-suppression, he actually needs to feel the pain of being hit. Day-Lewis brings to the role his usual rapt physical and mental absorption in what he is doing. Silent and wary much of the time, with hawklike eyes and a closed-off face, he bursts out, now and then, in tirades of memorable bitterness. The movie's acts of violence and betrayal may be familiar, but the filmmakers' obvious contempt for people given over to fanaticism is enormously welcome—a call for the most elementary kind of sanity. Even in the smallest roles, the acting is exceptionally strong. As long as such English and Irish powerhouses as Emily Watson, Brian Cox, Gerald McSorley, and Ken Stott are ready to make these movies, they will continue to be made. . . . The first hour or so of **Tomorrow Never Dies,** the new Bond, is laced with the usual satisfying sexual innuendo and insolent humor. Pierce Brosnan, of course, will never possess Sean Connery's aura of menace—Brosnan is Bond lite ("Bond . . . *Jim* Bond")—but Jonathan Pryce is self-amused and amusing as a Rupert Murdoch–like media entrepreneur who foments a war between Britain and China. There is a fine BMW 750IL that can be driven by remote control (i.e., from the backseat), but much of the action—explosions, more explosions, men firing at one another with machine guns—is just as boring as the action in ten other big movies of the past year. You won't miss a thing should you leave well before the end. If more can't be found in Bond than this, I wouldn't object, in principle, to that tuxedo's being hung up in the closet for good. ▬

David Denby's 1997 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com,** *along with movie news, a schedule of upcoming openings, and more.*

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Death of a Stevedore

Despite some fine acting, Arthur Miller's 'The View From the Bridge' suffers from the same poetic pomposity that has afflicted much of his work.

THE MORE TRAGIC OR POETIC ARTHUR MILLER strives to be, the worse he gets. In **A View From the Bridge,** the demon of pomposity has Miller well in its clutches: Both the poetic and the tragic vein are open and bleeding all over the place. The longshoreman Eddie Carbone is unaware that he is carnally in love with his niece, Catherine (Miller shies away from making her the daughter, though there are hints in that direction), and his craving and self-deludedness are his undoing. A real tragic hero achieves final awareness, even redemption, in his downfall; Eddie is as dumb in death as in life.

Then there is the lawyer Alfieri (named after Italy's premier tragic playwright!), surveying the Brooklyn shipyards and environs from his Olympian bridge, and acting as Greek chorus. Twice he tells us that Eddie's "eyes were like tunnels," and the guy certainly has tunnel vision; after Eddie's death, Alfieri eulogizes him: "Something perversely pure calls to me from his memory—not purely good, but himself purely, for he allowed himself to be wholly known," and so, unsyntactically, on. But if that is a virtue, it is one Eddie shares with that other tragic hero, Adolf Hitler.

The play makes its points as subtly as nails being hammered into a coffin lid. Though we can feel something for the other characters, we find it hard to accept Eddie's blind stupidity as an appropriate tragic flaw. This makes the performance of the Australian-born Anthony LaPaglia all the more miraculous. A total actor who can play any kind of role to the hilt without overstepping the boundaries of the permissible, he has done wonders in all media without yet getting the roles he deserves. Here LaPaglia's acting manages to do more for Eddie's humanity than the writing does: It is dedicated to showing without the least showing off.

Keeping right up with LaPaglia is Allison Janney, as Eddie's long-suffering (the cliché must not be avoided) wife. In a much more passive role, Miss Janney nevertheless radiates understanding and empathy. And when she is allowed to let go, her pleading is without plaintiveness, her passion brims over into compassion. Her dignity remains magnificently intact.

David Gallo's inventively panoramic scenery and Kenneth Posner's searing lighting also rate praise, but this is where the good stuff ends. Michael Mayer, the director, fresh from making *Triumph of Love* even worse than it is, makes a shambles here. Two main roles are monumentally miscast. Alfieri has to be the sturdy, morally and physically unswerving embodiment of reason, a man both above and of the people, the humble Italo-Americans of his background. To cast in this role the spindly Stephen Spinella—a specialist in effetely homosexual roles in Kushner and McNally plays—borders on dementia. Effeminate of aspect, voice, and demeanor, he vainly affects a George Raft hairdo and would-be virile gestures that go soft before they are half over. He is the last person the homophobic Eddie Carbone would pour out his heart to and seek advice from.

A small, unhappy family: Anthony LaPaglia, Brittany Murphy, and Allison Janney.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

No less absurd is the casting of Brittany Murphy as Catherine, which leaves her as a cast-off on a sea of incomprehension. An actress who made her dubious mark in the movie *Clueless,* Miss Murphy turns a sweet, complaisant blossom of the Eisenhower era into an affected, hyperactive San Fernando nerve-grater. With her anachronistically fidgety mannerisms and Valley-girl speech, not to mention general gracelessness, she makes Eddie's longings for her less incestuous than inane.

Adam Trese is a cipher as the quietly forceful Marco, and Gabriel Olds's Rodolpho *(continued on page 73)*

DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Something Else

For the 'Nutcracker'-averse, the primordial ooze of Eiko & Koma, Ralph Lemon's fusion experiments, and scary daredeviltry from Elizabeth Streb.

IT'S A NEW YORK TRUISM THAT YOU CAN GET ANY sort of cuisine here; the same might be said for the dance menu, which ranges from standard to exotic. Recently, while the middlebrowed were shepherding their young to *The Nutcracker,* nonconformist choreographers were providing vital alternatives.

At BAM's Majestic Theater, **Eiko & Koma** weighed in with the proscenium version of *River,* which started life in '95 as an outdoor environmental piece performed on the Delaware in Pennsylvania. The Japanese-bred husband-and-wife team has been showing its unique brand of butoh dance in the States for more than twenty years, so it wasn't surprising to find the pair lying nude in shallow water, attempting slowly, clumsily, and doggedly to reach land, to breathe air, to grasp with hands that were lately fins, to mate. The earliest stages of life—the eons-long prehistory of the human race and the blind persistence of the thrust toward evolution—are Eiko & Koma's chief (perhaps only) subject. Like the couple's previous pieces, *River* requires vast patience from its viewers, who are duly rewarded with ravishing visual images and a poignant feeling of empathy toward the nameless creatures that were our ancestors and whose story each of us has echoed as a fetus.

Jeff Fontaine's extraordinary lighting of the work made the spectator believe he could see in the dark. The sights I'll remember longest are that of Eiko (the more eloquent of the two artists) reflected in the murky water from which she struggled to emerge, as if she were being mirrored by a conjoined twin, and that of Koma, finally erect on dry earth, his stalwart figure swathed in a cloak, his rough-hewn face unmoving, waiting for his partner to clamber toward him. He looked like Rodin's Balzac—a monumental figure of unyielding will.

Onstage, the Kronos Quartet played Sômei Satoh's sparse commissioned score, which lent atmosphere, if not innovation, to the choreographic element. The group specializes in forward-looking music—old in its repertoire means Bartók, Ives, Webern—but the experience of perching on a mobile mossy bank, clad in evening dress, as if a natural part of the scenery, when the theme is evolution at its most primal, may be new even to these adventurous musicians.

WHIMSY WITH AN IRONIC ELEMENT ATTRACTED ME TO THE work created by the postmodernist **Ralph Lemon** in the decade—'85 to '95—in which he maintained his own company. Other viewers saw him primarily as a formalist. Few, if any, thought of him as a "black choreographer." Though Lemon is African-American, the particular concerns and experiences of his ethnic group were not (at least not obviously) central to his downtown–New York–style choreography. With *Geography,* presented at the Majestic, Lemon, who now works on a by-project basis and in several media, shifted focus to examine a part of his cultural heritage he was finding increasingly relevant, both personally and aesthetically.

A rambling, ingratiating spectacle, the new piece unites native African dancers and drummers with Lemon—a sly, fluent mover—and Carlos Funn, a black youth from Virginia who's adept at a fusion of colloquial and academic dance forms. Each of the performers has ample opportunity to explore his own familiar dancing turf as well as that of his colleagues. (The African artists are masters of complex polyrhythms and communal efforts.) Vocabularies and styles are thus set forth, juxtaposed, and temporarily borrowed—with miraculous evenhandedness. No group colonizes another; there is no patronizing and no false sentiment, just an almost feral attentiveness to the unfamiliar.

As is typical *(continued on page 52)*

The evolution will not be televised: Eiko & Koma in *River*.

Photograph by Johan Elbers.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC **GAEL GREENE**

Hogs and Kisses

Tennessee Mountain slings surprisingly good country grub in the theater district; Elvis would gladly wallow in the Hog Pit on Ninth Avenue.

IT STARTED IN THE LATE SEVENTIES WITH PERFECT LITtle dinners to celebrate my birthday. The dedicated cook in each of four couples—myself included—would produce the most astonishing, difficult, and exquisite dish ever tasted or ever imagined. The grape nuts would dig deep into their cellars for rare old Burgundies and knock-your-socks-off Bordeaux.

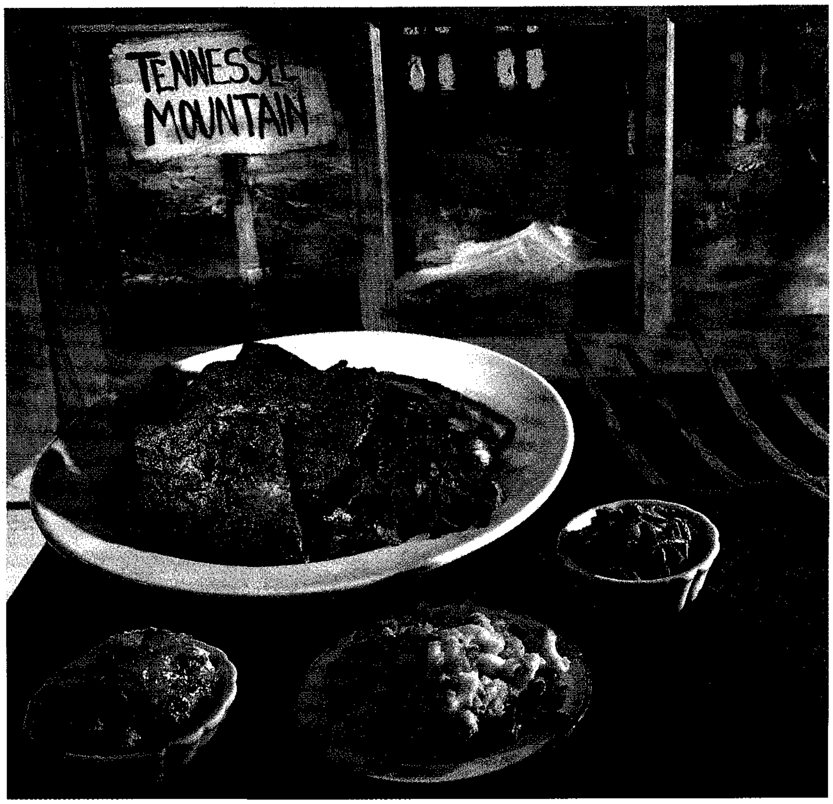
Over the years, the guest list has grown. Not all my friends and confidants are Olympic-gold-medal cooks. I haven't had time to poach a pear in years. The once-obsessed acolytes of Julia and Troisgros no longer want to bard a bird or peel a turnip. Instead, my friends do carry-out. Each year, they put together whatever I want to eat.

Barbecue ribs and beans, cole slaw, and an ice-cream cake from Baskin-Robbins have been inevitable these past few years. In December, the greatest cook of the perfect little dinners reported that her husband's cousin had just opened a rib joint in midtown. In a tense and fiercely objective tasting, she had decided the ribs were first-rate and worthy of the fussiest mouth. That got me thinking. New Yorkers are throwing discipline to the wind, I know. For some, the indulgence is prime cow. For others, it's foie gras. But if cash is tight, ribs are the way to go. Better check this out, I decide, and that's how I arrive at **Tennessee Mountain** before the crowd.

I recruit a few pals who know that life isn't just Arctic char in a sweet-pea emulsion with fried seaweed and dried cherries. We settle into a big booth behind the bright-red working stove and struggle to get dinner. The sweet and sincere young man running interference for us might make a fine son-in-law, but he's not ready to be a waiter in the lowliest hash house. If we were two-fisted drinkers, perhaps we wouldn't notice the staff's slapstick. One busboy puts down forks. A second whisks them away just as food arrives. Never mind.

What matters is the meat. The ribs are great. Six of us are sharing two rib samplers, $17.95 each: Pork, both dry-rubbed-slow-smoked and St. Louis–style, oozing a decent house sauce. Juicy baby-backs too. And big, meaty beef ribs. My mate, a new convert to free-form vegetarianism (he eats seafood too), eyes the carnage longingly but has to admit he's happy enough with excellent chili (clumsily served in a hollowed-out bread), more-than-respectable crab cakes, and the pickled-cucumber salad that comes with Cajun shrimp. Alas, the shrimp are salty and dry. And the ribs need to be warmed up. Is the kitchen in Memphis?

There are rules in this genre, all of them observed here. Wonderful corn muffins with kernels inside mean you can avoid the warm and crumbly but too salty biscuits. You get to pick two sides with each entrée ($8.50 to $18.95): Garlic mashed potatoes and the cheesy grits soufflé are the winners, over collard greens that taste as if they were braised in Coca-Cola.



Smoking section: Ribs, beans, grits, and macaroni and cheese at Tennessee Mountain.

For some reason, I never got to the SoHo mother lode that spun off this Times Square outpost, so I haven't a clue what the kitchen does there. But here, in what looks mostly like a canned, out-of-the-catalogue saloon setting—jazz posters, old musical instruments, folk-art pigs, and an homage to Elvis in the party room off the balcony—someone's got a mighty fine country touch, although not without inconsistencies. The pulled-pork sandwich is fine. The fries that won raves at dinner are still good but less crisp at lunch. Macaroni and cheese is properly mucky but fails to live up to my icon, Mom's crisped-on-the-top Friday-night staple.

No one has the strength for dessert, but that never stops my pals. I guess we've all got a second wind, because there's a big dent in the sensational pecan tart and the Granny Smith–apple crisp. And there's barely a trace of banana pudding left.

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon, 121 West 45th Street (869-4545). Daily, 11:30 A.M. to midnight. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.

The Hog Pit FEELS LIKE REAL RURAL TENNESSEE, A COUNTRY bar where you might stop to ask a question and never be seen again, like Sean Penn in *U-Turn.* There are boars' heads on the wall, a flag memorializing prisoners-of-war

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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missing in Vietnam, and a sultry beauty tending bar. I stop by the kitchen-window cutout for directions to the pay phone. Tennessee-born chef Terrie Mangrum looks up from under her cowboy hat and points with a fourteen-inch chef's knife. There's an aggressive jukebox, a private party out back, a film crew from the just-wrapped flick *Row Your Boat,* and a clientele so hip and eclectic that it's proof positive the meat-packing district is happening. An assemblage of stylish lesbians, one-eyed bikers, uptown vagabonds, Japanese tourists, and neighborhood regulars stoned and sober is pretty convincing on this industrial stretch of Ninth a do-si-do from Manhole night at the Vault. Aliens terrorizing Sigourney on the suspended telly seem positively tame.

The men at the table instantly revert to adolescence when our waiter, Eli, shows up. Eli? She is twice as pretty as *Pretty Woman,* and has a perfect *y'all* accent. "After four girls, my family expected a boy," she explains, delivering biscuits and chewy corn bread. One of us asks for vinegar. "It's in the Corona carrier," says Eli, indicating the cardboard six-pack carton on every table, a repository for all the cosmic condiments and a long-stemmed red rose.

The fried-green tomatoes are dangerously hot out of the pan. Wait a minute so you can taste how good they are without burning your mouth. Fried pickles are more a curiosity than an addiction one might acquire, a jolt of sour in fat-soaked cornmeal that slides right off. I got my ideas about hush puppies during an illicit weekend in Biloxi, so I can offer expert testimony: These are tasty. But the ribs are oversteamed and the meat loaf is soft and bland as baby food. Salt helps. Is that ketchup or barbecue sauce in the chili? Forget it. As for chicken and dumplings, I have a weakness for gummy, doughy things—gnocchi, matzo balls, Hungarian galuska—so I don't mind this version at all. And there's not much to lose, with entrées just $10.95 to $12.95. Terrie's corn salad needs help. Vinegar, maybe. The menu crows that desserts are $4.50 "because they're all home-made." More evidence that homemade doesn't always mean great.

So maybe you won't slouch on down to the Hog Pit in search of gastronomic epiphany, much less good grub. Instead, drop by and be nourished by the scene. Order green tomatoes, dills, a numbingly generous plate of fried chicken with cole slaw and mashed potatoes, and Grandma's blissfully lumpy banana pudding. If you're lucky, Eli will not yet have been tempted by Hollywood or discovered by Woody.

The Hog Pit, 22 Ninth Avenue, at 13th Street (604-0092). Tuesday through Sunday, 4 P.M. to midnight. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ■

Tobias *continued from page 50*

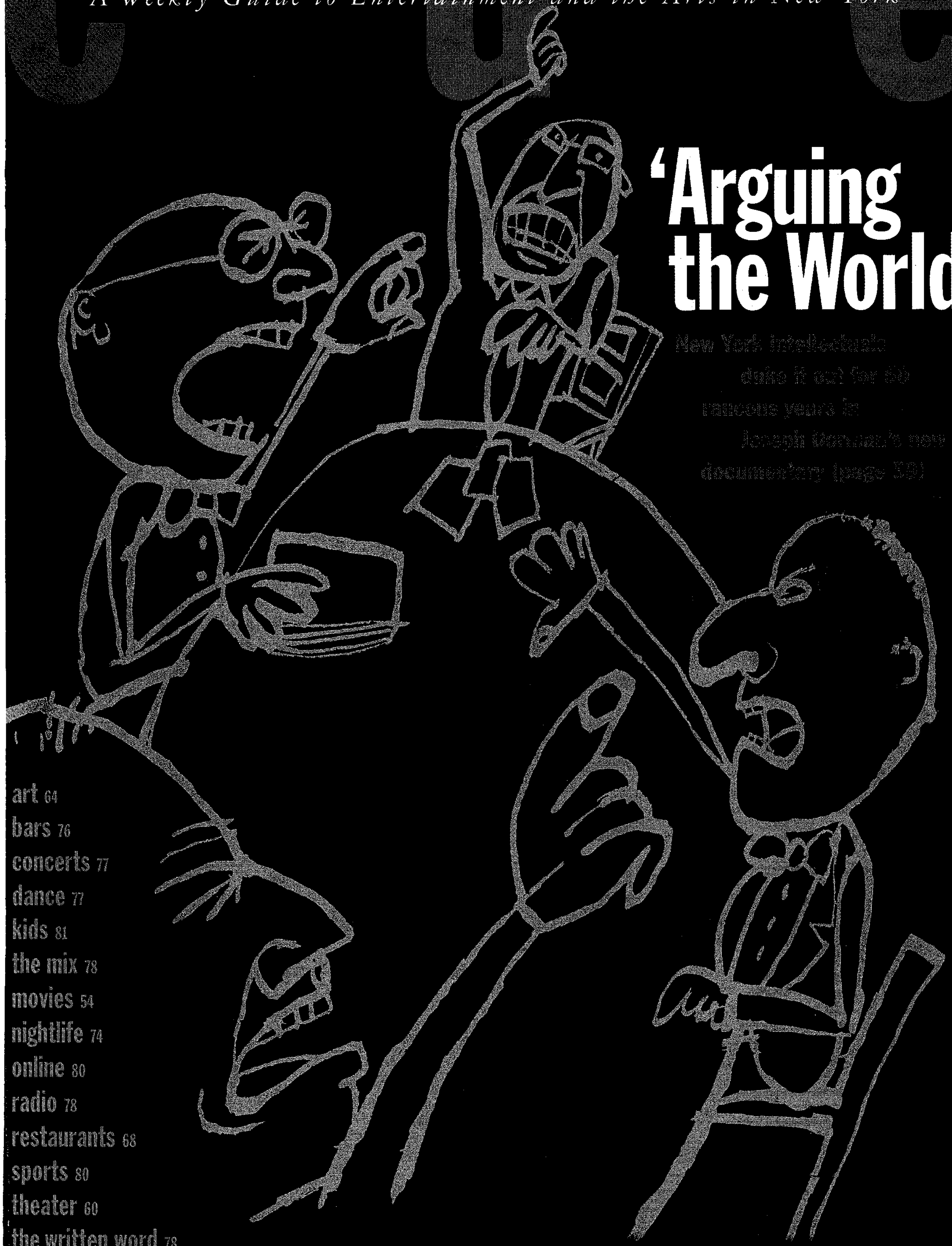
of Lemon's productions, the costumes and scenery are elegant. Liz Prince designed the clothes, which range from suave street garb to ceremonial robes. The set, by Nari Ward, is based on a mobile group of wire rectangles, each with a different repetitive pattern that might be seen in African cloth. Its tour de force is a huge curtain made of strung-together tinted bottles; it might be a stained-glass window in a cathedral dedicated to recycling, and it works as a metaphor for the dance.

TO THE DELIGHT OF THOSE WHO ACHIEVE their pleasure via danger and masochism, **Elizabeth Streb** moved into the Joyce for three weeks with a ton of equipment—metal scaffolding, trampolines, harnesses for flying—and eight brave and muscular stalwarts. The members of this troupe entertain the crowd with brief vignettes that challenge both gravity and the perception of pain. They hurtle through the air like guided missiles, dodge one another's caroming bodies, plunge from heights, slam themselves against walls or—rib-crushingly, groin-punishingly—flat against the floor. Albert Elmore Jr. (sweetly nicknamed Junior), a running back and wide receiver in his football days, goes so far as to charge horizontally, headfirst, through a pane of breakaway glass. In their most relaxed mode, the performers bounce from trampolines to execute gymnasts' feats aloft, intermittently seizing monkey-bar poles overhead and holding hands in space. The circusy feats are performed with an awkwardness of form—and sometimes even timing—that is unnerving. You have to assume the rough edges are deliberate, but still you worry (and I think Streb intends you to worry) that one of these derring-doers is going to be injured or even killed.

Streb contends, via interviews and program notes, that her concept of dance (or, as she revealingly prefers to call it, "popaction") values the sheer visceral execution of a move over attention to form. Her approach, she claims, offers a heightened sense of living in the here and now—presumably experienced by her performers and communicated to their audience. For me, that simple thrill of doing is best experienced firsthand, in the physical activities of ordinary life, or in participatory dance genres like folk dancing. When I'm in the position of spectator—having chosen to watch *expert* movers—I prefer to see them operating in highly evolved techniques such as classical ballet, which crystallize far more effectively the sensation of leaping, spinning, balancing on a razor's edge, allowing acute timing to make the difference between disaster and ecstasy. ■

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



'Arguing the World'

New York intellectuals duke it out for 60 raucous years in Joseph Dorman's new documentary (page 59)

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Behind the Scenes of *Titanic*...Irving Kristol

New Films

Afterglow—Two marriages hit the skids, and, seeking comfort, the unhappy spouses unknowingly swap partners. With Nick Nolte, Julie Christie, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Jonny Lee Miller. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Regency.*

Alien Resurrection—Sigourney Weaver is back in the gunk again as Ripley, the indefatigable fighter against the dastardly Other. There is some visual excitement early on—steamy corridors in a black spaceship, an exciting underwater sequence. But a franchise becomes a franchise because it delivers certain staple pleasures, and payoff time comes soon enough in the usual form of dripping, fanged, death's-head creatures with iron teeth ripping through bodies. Welcome to the movies of the late nineties: rage without purpose, threat without meaning, horror without relief. (Denby; 12/1/97) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; 86th Street East.*

An American Werewolf in Paris—Julie Delpy is a French werewolf whose efforts to stop a more sinister breed are assisted by an American on vacation. With Tom Everett Scott. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street; Centre Sunnyside.*

★**Amistad**—Steven Spielberg has made a stiff but powerful film about an actual revolt aboard a slave ship in 1839 and the constitutional struggle that followed in its wake. The best thing in the movie is very violent indeed, though it's not the revolt itself, which appears right at the beginning of *Amistad*. The Africans slaughter most of the crew, ordering the two Spanish survivors to take them back to Africa. But the Spaniards trick them and steer the *Amistad* north, and the ship is finally intercepted off the coast of Connecticut by the American Navy. Put on trial for murder and piracy, the Africans are defended by abolitionists, who hire a real-estate lawyer, Roger Baldwin (Matthew McConaughey), to try the case. The question arises: Were they born as slaves—on a plantation, say, in the West Indies—or as free men in Africa? Silent until then, Cinque (Djimon Hounsou) finally speaks (through a translator) and recounts the entire tale: The Africans, mostly from the Mende tribe, were kidnapped by rival tribesmen, kept in a slave fortress off the coast of Sierra Leone, and then taken across the ocean in an illegal Portuguese slaver, the *Tecora*. As Cinque speaks, we see it at last—the voyage, the excruciating transit in the cargo hold known in accounts of the slave trade as "the middle passage." Spielberg stages these scenes with a power that perhaps he alone in film history is capable of. Just when *Amistad* is about to perish from nobility, Anthony Hopkins, as John Quincy Adams, saves the day. There are, I suppose, less sensational ways of doing this material, but Spielberg's way is astonishing, and the shock for us lies both in the images themselves and in the realization that we have never really seen this primal American story. By contrast, the comparable passages in *Roots* are no more than genteel. (Denby; 12/15/97) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

Anastasia—The animated adventures of the Romanov princess. Voices by Meg Ryan, John Cusack, and Angela Lansbury. (1 hr. 36 mins.; G) *Waverly; 59th Street East; Criterion Center; Ziegfeld; 84th Street; Kingsway; Movieworld.*

The Apostle—See Denby, page 43. (About 1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *19th Street East.*

Arguing The World—The lives and contributions of four New York intellectuals (Irving Howe, Daniel Bell, Nathan Glazer, and Irving Kristol) are documented, from their days at City College to the present. Written and directed by Joseph Dorman. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**As Good As It Gets**—In James L. Brooks's new picture, Helen Hunt plays Carol, a straight-talking single mother obsessed with the care of her severely asthmatic young son. Carol has neglected herself, and she falls into the one thing in the world that she needs least—a relationship with a matchlessly rude writer, Melvin (Jack Nicholson), who suffers from obsessive-compulsive disorder. Melvin torments his neighbor in Manhattan—a gay artist (Greg Kinnear)—but the movie, as we can tell early on, is a Scrooge story. The question is not when Melvin will melt but how. Brooks avoids commonplace sentiment by cultivating his idiosyncratic sense of character and a series of unstable moods. A superbly written and acted tearjerker. (Denby; 12/22–29/97) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Kingsway; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

The Boxer—See Denby, page 43. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Beekman.*

Deconstructing Harry—There are some excruciatingly funny moments in Woody Allen's new movie, but scandalously entertaining as parts of it are, the picture still left me in the foulest of foul moods. Ostensibly, it's about a selfish writer, Harry Block (Woody Allen), who travels to his alma mater in order to accept an honorary degree. Harry is at an impasse in both his creative and his personal life, and as he tries to get someone to accompany him on his trip, various women show up and tear into him. Since Harry is self-serving, dishonest, and weak, the literal-minded may also be induced to see the picture as Woody Allen's mea culpa. But "mea gloria" might be a more proper description. Harry may be an utter dog, but he attracts and disappoints one beautiful young woman after another—and what could be a greater ego blast than that kind of "self-criticism"? Woody Allen has wound up making a fetish of himself, and it's beginning to be embarrassing. Yes, we accept that he has built, over the years, a comic persona onscreen, and we hardly expect that figure to look like Alec Baldwin. Still, it's getting a little creepy to watch a short, pale 61-year-old man kissing (in one movie) Elisabeth Shue, Judy Davis, Hazelle Goodman, Amy Irving, Kirstie Alley, etc., etc. I have nothing against egocentricity, but Allen doesn't seem to realize that he's left the impression that women are drawn to Harry only because his creator is a famous movie director. (Denby; 12/22–29/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Criterion Center; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Pavilion Theatre.*

Eve's Bayou—A little girl in Louisiana discovers the mix of fact, fiction, and fantasy in her family's lives. Starring Samuel L. Jackson, Lynn Whitfield, Diahann Carroll, Branford Marsalis, and Kasi Lemmons. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Fast, Cheap & Out of Control—The stories of four obsessives—a lion tamer, a topiary gardener, a rat specialist, and a robot designer—are documented by Errol Morris (*The Thin Blue Line*). (1 hr. 22 mins.; PG) *Film Forum.*

Flubber—Robin Williams stars in an update of 1961's *The Absent Minded Professor*. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG) *Village East; Eastside Playhouse; Guild 50th Street; 62nd and Broadway; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld.*

For Richer or Poorer—Kirstie Al-

Series

Dazed and Confucian

In the eighties, filmmaker Edward Yang led Taiwan's new wave by toying with his favorite subject: the search for identity among the country's young, affluent, and bored. *A New Day in Taiwan* presents four of Yang's movies about modern rootlessness, including 1985's *Taipei Story*, above, at the Brooklyn Museum of Art starting January 10. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Photograph courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago

'CUE' COVER ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT MENCHIN
FOR *NEW YORK*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

ley and Tim Allen are Manhattanites hiding from the Feds in Amish country. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; Chelsea; National Theatre; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Kingsway; Movieworld.*

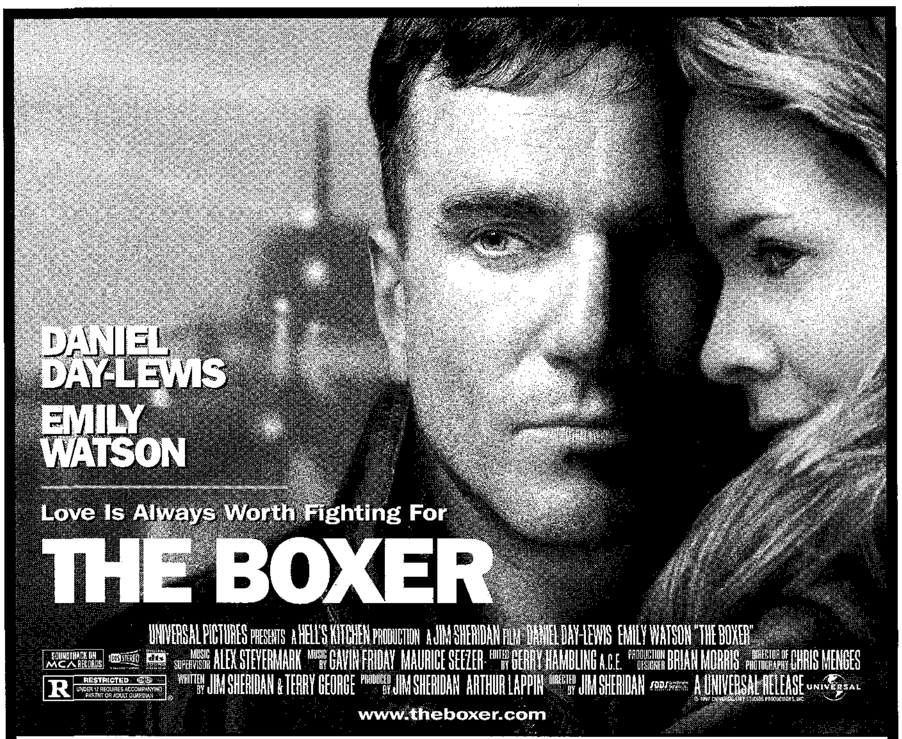
The Full Monty—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaz, an out-of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, who rounds up his unemployed friends and persuades them to put together a male strip troupe. Directed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Good Will Hunting**—What if an extraordinary mind was put into the body of an orphaned, abused South Boston blue-collar worker, a boy contemptuous of career and status, a boy with a violent streak—even a bit of a thug? Mopping up at M.I.T., Will Hunting (Matt Damon) casually solves problems left on the blackboards, problems intended to stump the best mathematical minds in America. The formidable Professor Lambeau (Stellan Skarsgard), recognizing Will's uncanny talent, takes the boy under his wing, keeping him out of jail by agreeing to get him into therapy. Will lands in the office of Lambeau's old friend and rival Sean McGuire (Robin Williams), a bit of a screw-up himself but perhaps the one shrink in Boston who can understand Will. The boy doesn't want to be "saved." He wants to be left alone. At night, Will and his buddy Chuckie (Ben Affleck) drink with a couple of friends at a neighborhood pub, and the four of them, a white-boy gang—Southies—drive around in an old car, egging one another on to brilliant flights of profanity. People turn themselves inside out trying to help him, but he repels them all. Affleck, Damon, and director Gus Van Sant don't condescend to the Southies, but they don't sentimentalize them, either. This movie has wit and temperament to burn—there isn't a dead scene in it anywhere. In the end, however, the script takes a disastrous turn toward conventionality. What I will always remember is an edge of temper. The film persuades us that genius is of incalculable worth but utter hell to live with. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea West; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Home Alone 3—Young Alex D. Linz steps into Macaulay Culkin's shoes. (1 hr. 50 mins; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; National Theatre; 86th Street; Gemini; New Coliseum; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

The Ice Storm—It's the early seventies and two families are falling apart. The husband and father (Kevin Kline) in one of these families, the Hoods, is having a tepid affair with Janey Carver, the wife and mother (Sigourney Weaver) in the other. At the same time, Hood's 14-year-old daughter, Wendy (Christina Ricci), who likes to expose herself, is fooling around with Janey's two sons (Elijah Wood and Adam Hann-Byrd). Paul Hood, Ben's 16-year-old son, is the narrator. Paul's bemused face and hapless attempts to bed a prep-school girl are, in the performance by Tobey Maguire, about the movie's liveliest elements. These people are just pathetic; they behave badly, and they don't even get any fun out of it. Director Ang Lee's touch is very delicate, and the movie's perfection of bleakness offers a refined pleasure (of a sort). But the material doesn't quite play. If, at one end of the spectrum, *The Ice Storm* is like Mazursky without the laughs, at the other it's like Bergman without the anguished brilliance. (Denby; 10/6/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Jackie Brown—Quentin Tarantino has written some scandalously funny lines for Samuel L. Jackson, who plays one Ordell Robbie, an egotistical L.A. gun seller. Ordell keeps a number of people in his em-



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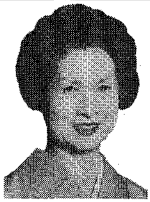

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ploy, including a libidinous white surfer girl (Bridget Fonda); a mangy ex-con (Robert De Niro); and a stewardess, Jackie Brown (Pam Grier), who carries cash for Ordell back and forth between Los Angeles and Mexico. The movie is about Jackie's attempt to break free of Ordell and fleece him of his money. The picture is actually an elongated and ambitious B movie—a dogged homage to the kind of atmospheric minor crime picture that Tarantino, having grown up in a video store, enjoys more than he does prestige movies. Most of the time, Tarantino pairs Grier with another B-movie actor, the somber, stone-faced Robert Forster. These two actors, sitting across a table in some dim bar, don't open anything up; they're not particularly expressive. Perhaps Tarantino is saying that this is what people in the crime world are really like—sly, mean, and limited. The plot is enormously complicated and never speeds up. At the climax, in fact, it slows down: Tarantino shows us the same sequence of events three times consecutively, each time from the point of view of a different character. After the formal bravura of *Pulp Fiction*, it's as if he were saying, "Look, no tricks; everything is exactly as it seems." So it may turn out that Quentin Tarantino is not, after all, the American Godard, not a mall-rat pop genius eager to transform pulp into formally demanding art. He really likes pulp for its stiff, repetitive, bullheaded qualities. He likes it so much, he's made his own sober version of it. (Denby; 1/5/98) (2 hrs. 34 mins.; R) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Nova; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

Kundun—Unlike the fatuous, conventional *Seven Years in Tibet*, this movie has been made with love. It has an assured beauty and an exquisite formality that honor the subject. And yet, lovely as it is, *Kundun* is of very little dramatic interest—it's an extremely beautiful, boring movie. A boy grows into a gracious and modest young man, a man not always sure that he's up to the role of leader; but still, he has no great spiritual crisis, no awful time of testing, and everyone in Lhasa gathers around and tutors and protects him. It may seem odd to Westerners that Tibetans recognize this teenager as Buddha's representative and, at the same time, instruct and correct him as if he were an ordinary young man, but it's part of the meaning of the film. Spiritual grace is something given; the boy matures into the near-divinity that was there inside him from the beginning. Approaching an alien tradition, Scorsese is entirely respectful, and the respectfulness dulls out the movie. But what, I wonder, can any director do with the subject of Buddhism and the Chinese invasion of Tibet? This nonviolent, religious country gets assaulted by a totalitarian dictatorship eager to extirpate religion. A slimy, patronizing Chairman Mao tells the Dalai Lama that "religion is poison" and proceeds to destroy a good part of Tibet's heritage and culture. Except in a few of the Dalai Lama's dreams, Scorsese won't show the torment and death brought on by the Chinese. The elements of hope in this movie look rather wistful, even wan. I can't escape the feeling that Buddhism is an impossible subject for the movies. After all, great movie characters are men of overbearing will—Charles Foster Kane, or Vito and Michael Corleone, or Scorsese's Jake La Motta—not characters who renounce will. (Denby; 1/5/98) (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG) *Lincoln Square.*

Ma Vie en Rose—The incredibly appealing story of a little boy who thinks he's a little girl and the emotional upheavals this stubborn belief creates among his family and neighbors. Winner of a 1996 César award. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil**—Kevin Spacey plays Jim Williams, the real-life Savannah plutocrat and antiques dealer who empties a gun into his nasty young lover (Jude Law) and goes on trial for murder. The movie, adapted from John Berendt's best-seller by screenwriter John Lee Hancock and directed by Clint Eastwood, preserves Berendt's portrait of Savannah as an odd but vibrant moss-hung backwater of the old South. There's nothing vulgar or forced or too explicit in the movie, and he shares and even amplifies Berendt's live-and-let-live manner. *Midnight*, however, suffers from a rare fault: It's a little underpowered and almost too pleased with its own easy affability. Berendt's autobiographical writer figure has been given a name, John Kelso (John Cusack, charming as always), given a love interest (Alison Eastwood, Clint's appealing daughter), and made more active than the author's modest, recording "I." Berendt gives quite a bit of space to the witty black transvestite Lady Chablis, who has only a marginal connection to Jim Williams and his lover, and Eastwood uses her heavily, too—uses the real Lady Chablis (né Frank Deveau), who grabs at her moment of cinematic glory with upraised talons. The movie compresses four trials stretching over eight years into a single trial (dominated by Jack Thompson, the superb Australian actor doing an expert imitation of a good ol' boy). In the end, *Midnight* is a meditation on the unknowability of the truth. (Denby; 12/1/97) (2 hrs. 35 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Sutton; 72nd St. East.*

Mouse Hunt—Nathan Lane and Lee Evans inherit a mansion and square off against a mouse. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Bayside.*

Mr. Magoo—Leslie Nielsen is the nearsighted millionaire. With Kelly Lynch. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG) *Village East; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Main Street Cinemas.*

O Amor Natural—In this funny documentary, writer-director Heddy Honigmann asks elderly Brazilians what they think of the erotic poems of Carlos Drummand de Andrade. (1 hr. 16 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Oscar & Lucinda—Two gamblers—one a man of God and the other an uncommonly independent Australian woman—find that love is the hardest risk to take. Starring Ralph Fiennes and Cate Blanchett. Directed by Gillian Armstrong. Based on the book by Peter Carey. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Postman—Kevin Costner brings a post-apocalyptic America together by jump-starting the postal service. (2 hrs. 50 mins.; R) *Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Ziegfeld; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld.*

★**The Rainmaker**—Matt Damon is Rudy Baylor, a just-out-of-law-school southern boy, gallant by instinct, with a streak of natural piety. Rudy is also a lawyer, and therefore it's his business to consort with crooks and sellouts, and in general to work within a corrupt system that favors the wealthy and the powerful. Adapted and directed by Francis Ford Coppola, the film is essentially a David-and-Goliath tale. In Memphis, Rudy and his scapegrace helper, Deck (Danny DeVito), take on a huge insurance company, a crooked outfit that won't pay the claims made by a family with a boy dying of leukemia. It's not exactly a moving target, and unfortunately the picture falls into caricature now and then. The company's CEO is a desiccated moron (Roy Scheider), its chief lawyer (Jon Voight) a beautifully coiffed swine who gives himself away at every turn. Rudy's first employer is a cuff-linked gangster played by a bearded Mickey Rourke with his early modesty and precision. Despite its moral simplicities, the movie is highly watchable. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 62nd and Broadway.*

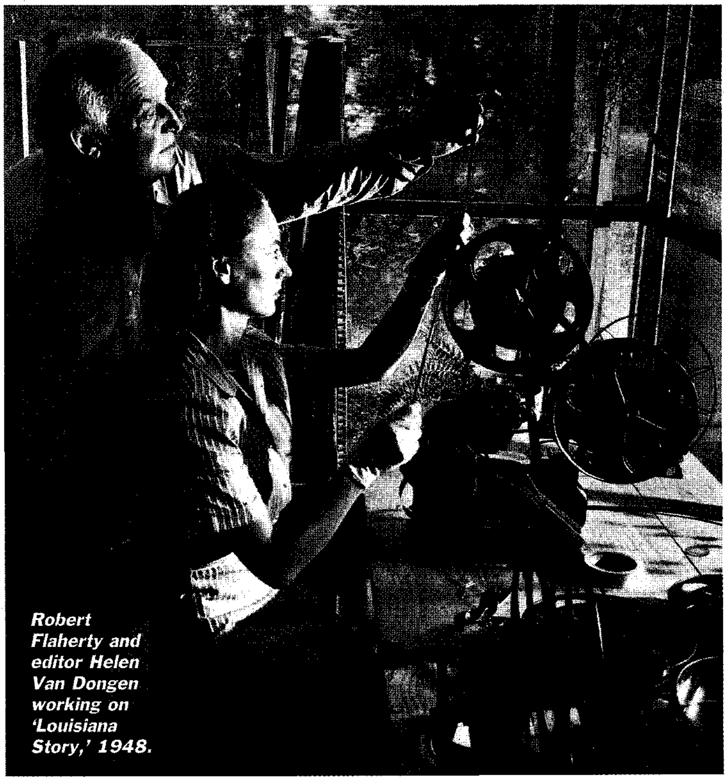
Scream 2—The sequel to last year's famously clever *Scream*. Starring Neve Campbell and Courteney Cox. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas.*

Shivers—Residents of a high-rise apartment building contract a venereal disease that causes them to get gruesomely violent with each other in David Cronenberg's 1975 horror film. This was the most financially successful film ever funded by the Canadian government. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

★**The Sweet Hereafter**—Atom Egoyan's film is a rarity. Adapted from Russell Banks's 1991 novel devoted to the aftermath of a dev-

Retrospective Reel Life

Robert Flaherty was just a Michigan nature lover with a new toy: a motion-picture camera. But the instrument—along with a bit of clever staging—resulted in the world's first-ever documentary film, 1922's 'Nanook of the North.' "Father of the Documentary," a collection of Flaherty's films (including the bayou tale 'Louisiana Story'), continues through January 18 at the American Museum of the Moving Image. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.



Robert Flaherty and editor Helen Van Dongen working on 'Louisiana Story,' 1948.

Photograph courtesy of MOMA Films Stills Archive.

Festival Israeli Gears

The New York Jewish Film Festival celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Israel with a roster of 25 movies, including *Fragments * Jerusalem,* a four-part documentary that follows a family through its struggles in the holy city, and six American premieres, such as last summer's French sleeper *La Vérité Si Je Mens! (Would I Lie to You?),* above, a comedy of male bonding in Paris's Sephardic garment industry. At the Walter Reade Theatre, starting January 11. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Photograph courtesy of the Jewish Museum.

astating school-bus accident, the film appears to be a kind of detective story. A big-city lawyer, Mitchell Stephens (Ian Holm), enters a snowy, forlorn town in British Columbia after fourteen children have died and travels about interviewing the parents and survivors, desperate to enlist everyone, including the teenage survivor, Nicole (Sarah Polley), in a grievance suit. As Stephens investigates, we see what led up to the accident—the family life of the town, with its fissures and its secrets, including adultery and a suggestion of incest—and eventually we see the accident itself. The actors are all excellent in a plain style that avoids irony, pose, perversity. By the end of the movie, everything comes together—the answer to the detective inquiry is all that is most difficult to face in life. If there were many movies as reality-bound as this one, I think I would go mad. That this one exists, however, is almost a blessing. (Denby; 11/24/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Titanic**—Writer-director James Cameron has pulled it off. This fabulously expensive watery epic is actually a very good movie. *Titanic* begins with a treasure hunter, Brock Lovett (Bill Paxton), who is obsessed with the sunken hulk. Lovett's submersible robot enters one of the deluxe staterooms to retrieve not the famous diamond he was looking for but only a drawing of a naked young woman wearing the stone. It turns out that the woman, Rose, is still alive; she's an articulate 100-year-old beauty (Gloria Stuart) who joins Lovett at his ship and then holds him and his crew of techno-ruffians in thrall with her story of what happened. Back in 1912, the 17-year-old Rose DeWitt Bukater (Kate Winslet) boards the ship in utter misery. Rose is accompanied by her awful fiancé, Cal Hockley (Billy Zane), a domineering steel baron from Pittsburgh, and her snobbish mother (Frances Fisher). Onboard, Rose meets her soul mate, Jack Dawson (Leonardo DiCaprio). A gambler, Jack has the wit to see that Rose's unhappiness hides a bold, deeply romantic and sexual nature. Except for the crude, good-hearted Denver millionairess Molly Brown (Kathy Bates), the wealthy are unspeakably rude or just frightened and starchy. Jack, the interloper, takes Rose down to steerage, where the real people are having themselves a fine time drinking and dancing up a storm. This sort of cheesy stuff is redeemed only by the romantic charge between Winslet and DiCaprio. The sinking is lovely—detailed, agonizingly slow at first and then rushed and panicky and grandly gruesome at the end. As Jack and Rose hang at the railing, people lose their grip and go crashing down the deck or fall from the heights into the water. After the ship goes under, Cameron has his finest, cruelest moment—the survivors left in the vast expanse of freezing water wailing in confusion. As for Rose, she is delivered into an active and brilliant life. The ship may be ponderous, but Cameron's conception stays light in the water. (Denby; 12/22–29/97) (3 hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza ; The Movies at Bayside.*

Tomorrow Never Dies—See Denby, page 43. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea West; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld; Plaza.*

Wag the Dog—Robert De Niro and Dustin Hoffman play a spin doctor and a Hollywood producer who create a phony war to distract the American public from its philandering president. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

★**Welcome to Sarajevo**—This film, which follows the adventures of some Western journalists during the siege of Sarajevo in 1992, is a noble try, but it's a thing of shreds and patches—a mix of documentary footage, acted-out scenes based on true stories, and a general atmosphere of suffering, bravado, and endurance. Written by Frank Cottrell Boyce and directed by Michael Winterbottom (both Brits), it doesn't really work as a movie—there are too many powerful fragments, too many scenes only half developed—but I'm still very glad I saw it. Some of us may find it hard to put up with actors striking resolute poses right after scenes of people lying on the street with their legs blown off. Inevitably, the "upbeat" story of a reporter taking a girl out of hell and relocating her to a sunny, idyllic garden in England strikes us as a sentimentalization of what the documentary camera, in the rest of the movie, can't help seeing—the fabric of life ripped, torn, and almost obliterated. (Denby; 12/1/97) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Screening Room.*

★**The Wings of the Dove**—The movie differs from Henry James's novel in a hundred particulars, but the great point is that it works on its own terms, which is all one can ask. At the center, there are two young people who love each other but need money. Kate Croy (Helena Bonham Carter) lives in London with her wealthy aunt (Charlotte Rampling), who is determined to marry her off to a rich man and who does what she can to break up Kate's relationship with the young journalist Merton Densher (Linus Roache). By degrees, and without his quite understanding it, Densher gets pulled into a conspiracy that Kate engineers. For there is another young person in their social circle, the fabulously wealthy American heiress Millie Theale (Alison Elliott), who is sweet, generous, and wasting away from some nameless disease. Millie needs a lover; she needs to live. Kate, who genuinely likes her, wants Millie to be happy and to know love—with Densher, who would then inherit the money, after Millie's death, that would allow Kate to marry him. Kate's motives are mixed, both selfless and selfish, benevolent and sinister, and she corrupts Densher with her provocative ambivalence. Because he's such a splendid fellow, Densher's puzzlement as Kate pushes him into Millie's arms is painful; his anger and sexual aggression as he realizes how he is being used become the dramatic high point of the movie. The filmmakers have aggressively bumped the period ahead from 1902 to 1910; the characters take the subway, smoke cigarettes furiously and attend a gallery exhibit of Klimt's decadent nudes. We get the point: Kate Croy and Merton Densher are modern personalities, rebels against the constrictions of their time. Rebellion is certainly not something that Henry James had in mind, but it's a minor vulgarization. (Denby; 11/10/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; 59th Street East.*

The Winter Guest—Emma Thompson is a long-grieving widowed photographer who spends a long cold day moving past the tragedy—with help from her aging mother (played by Thompson's real-life mother, Phyllida Law). Directed by Alan Rickman. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Paris Theatre.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Afterglow; Good Will Hunting; Gummo; Oscar & Lucinda; The Sweet Hereafter; The Wings of the Dove.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *L. A. Confidential; Home Alone 3; The Rainmaker.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Shivers.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Arguing the World; Fast, Cheap & Out of Control; O Amor Natural.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Eve's Bayou; The Ice Storm; Ma Vie en Rose.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Chasing Amy; Cop Land; Mrs. Brown; Shall We Dance?; She's So Lovely; Welcome to Sarajevo.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *As Good As It Gets; Boogie Nights; Deconstructing Harry; Flubber; Jackie Brown; Mr. Magoo; The Rocky Horror Picture Show.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Amistad; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Anastasia; For Richer or Poorer; Mouse Hunt.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Amistad; The Apostle; Deconstructing Harry.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *An American Werewolf in Paris; For Richer or Poorer; Home Alone 3; Mouse Hunt; Scream 2; Titanic; The Wings of the Dove.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Good Will Hunting; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Amistad; As Good As It Gets; Jackie Brown; The Postman.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Anastasia; The Wings of the Dove.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Titanic.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Deconstructing Harry; Wag the Dog.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Amistad; The Postman.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; As Good As It Gets; Deconstructing Harry; The Jackal; Mouse Hunt; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Jackie Brown.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Flubber; In the Company of Men.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *An American Werewolf in Paris.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Jackie Brown; Mr. Magoo.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Flubber.*

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *For Richer or Poorer; Home Alone 3.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *The Winter Guest.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Amistad; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; Scream 2.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; Mr. Magoo.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Bean; I Know What You Did Last Summer; In & Out; Mortal Kombat; Red Corner; Starship Troopers.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Anastasia; The Postman.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *For Richer or Poorer; Home Alone 3; Jackie Brown.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *L. A. Confidential; Alien Resurrection; An American Werewolf in Paris; Mr. Magoo.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Boxer.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *For Richer or Poorer; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *As Good As It Gets; Home Alone 3; Mouse Hunt.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *L. A. Confidential; Good Will Hunting.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *Amistad; As Good As It Gets; The Postman; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Deconstructing Harry.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Flubber; The Rainmaker.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Anastasia; Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; Scream 2; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Deconstructing Harry; The Full Monty; Ma Vie en Rose; Oscar & Lucinda; The Sweet Hereafter.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *L. A. Confidential; Amistad; As Good As It Gets; Good Will Hunting; Kundun; Mr. Magoo; The Postman; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *As Good As It Gets; Jackie Brown.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Home Alone 3; Mouse Hunt; The Postman; Titanic.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Afterglow.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Amistad; Anastasia; As Good As It Gets; Flubber; For Richer or Poorer; Home Alone 3; Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; Mr. Magoo; The Postman; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Amistad; Anastasia; Flubber; Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Amistad; Anastasia; As Good As It Gets; Flubber; For Richer or Poorer; Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; Mr. Magoo; The Postman; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Anastasia; As Good As It Gets; For Richer or Poorer; Home Alone 3; The Jackal; Mouse Hunt; Mr. Magoo; The Postman; Titanic.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Jackie Brown; Mr. Magoo; Titanic.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Amistad; As Good As It Gets; Jackie Brown; The Postman; Scream 2.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Flubber; Jackie Brown; Scream 2; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Jackie Brown; Scream 2; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Mouse Hunt; The Postman; Titanic.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Amistad; Home Alone 3; Jackie Brown; Scream 2; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Anastasia; As Good As It Gets; For Richer or Poorer; Mr. Magoo; The Postman; Titanic.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Home Alone 3; Jackie Brown; The Postman; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Deconstructing Harry; Flubber; Home Alone 3; Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; The Postman; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Jackie Brown; Mr. Magoo; Scream 2; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Anastasia; As Good As It Gets; Flubber; For Richer or Poorer; Home Alone 3; Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; The Postman; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Queens

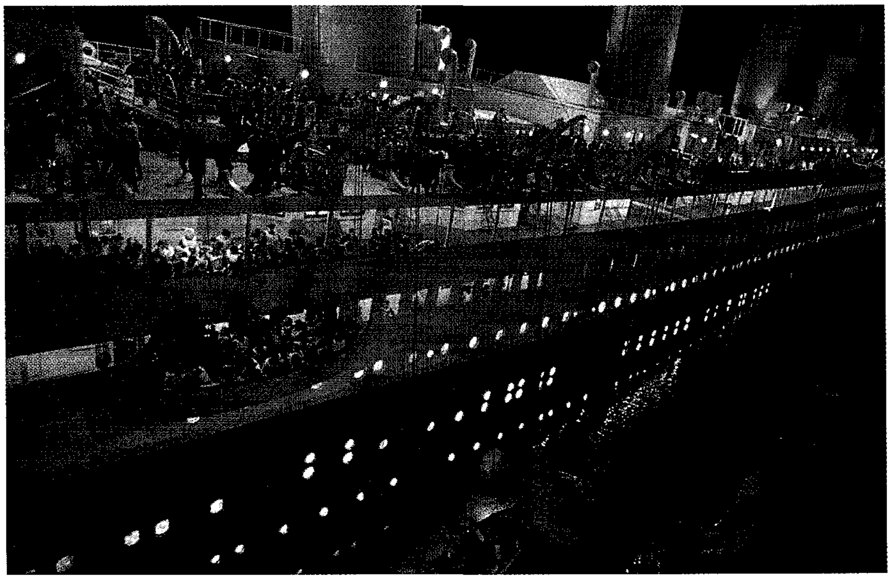
Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *An American Werewolf in Paris; As Good As It Gets; For Richer or Poorer; Home Alone 3; The Postman; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bay-

Presentation
That Sinking Feeling

One event of note as the wave of 'Titanic'-mania hits: "Making Titanic," a discussion of the film's stunning visuals by the person who created them, Rob Legato. The guru of James Cameron's special-effects company tells his survivor's story at the American Museum of the Moving Image Saturday, January 10. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.



Photograph by Merie W. Wallace/Paramount Pictures.

side (428-4040) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Flubber; Mr. Magoo; The Postman; Scream 2; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Home Alone 3; The Postman; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Cinema City—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Amistad; Jackie Brown; The Postman; Scream 2.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Amistad; Deconstructing Harry; Flubber; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Scream 2; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; Flubber; For Richer or Poorer; Home Alone 3; Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; The Postman; Titanic.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Flubber; Scream 2; Titanic.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Anastasia; For Richer or Poorer; The Postman.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *As Good As It Gets; Flubber; For Richer or Poorer; Good Will Hunting; Home Alone 3; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Scream 2; Titanic.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *As Good As It Gets; Home Alone 3; Jackie Brown; Mr. Magoo; Scream 2; The Rocky Horror Picture Show; Titanic.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for Renovations.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Anastasia; As Good As It Gets; Flubber; For Richer or Poorer; Home Alone 3; Jackie Brown; The Postman; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Eve's Bayou; The Ice Storm; The Wings of the Dove.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *L.A. Confidential; As Good As It Gets; Home Alone 3; Mouse Hunt; Titanic.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *As Good As It Gets.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *L.A. Confidential; Anastasia; As Good As It Gets; Deconstructing Harry; Flubber; Home Alone 3; Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; The Postman; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Anastasia; Flubber; For Richer or Poorer; Jackie Brown; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Amistad; As Good As It Gets; Deconstructing Harry; Flubber; Home Alone 3; Mouse Hunt; Mr. Magoo; The Postman; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Father of the Documentary: Robert Flaherty." Through 1/18. 1/11: *The Man of Aran* (1934) and *How the Myth Was Made* (1978). 1/17: *Elephant Boy* (1937) and *The Land* (1942). 1/18: *Louisiana Story* (1948) and *Louisiana Story Study Film* (1962). "Making *Titanic*: An Afternoon with Rob Legato." 1/10 at 2 P.M. Admission is $15; members, $10. 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $12–$15 nonmembers; $8–$10 members; $4 ages 5–18.

Anthology Film Archives—1/8–1/10: "A Tribute to Taylor Mead." 1/8: *La Rencontre* (1996). 1/9–1/11: *Satantango* (1994). 1/10–1/11: *French Can-Can* (1955). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"A New Day in Taiwan: Four Films by Edward Yang." 1/10: *Taipei Story* (1985). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Different Light—1/11: *Harlow* (1965). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"Featuring: The Social Problem Film." 1/7: *Traffic in Souls* (1913). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Chaplin." 1/6: *Unknown Chaplin* (1983). 1/7: *Chaplin at Mutual, Part III* (1916) and *Chaplin at Essanay, Part I* (1915). 1/8–1/9: *Monsieur Verdoux* (1947) and *A Woman of Paris* (1923). 1/10–1/11: *Limelight* (1952) and *The Circus* (1928). 1/12: *The Gold Rush* (1925) and *Chapliniana* (1918). 1/13: *Chaplin at Essanay, Part II* (1915) and *Chaplin at Keystone* (1913). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"French Movies Go on the Road." 1/6: *Le Grand Jeu* (1934) and *Two Men in Manhattan* (1958). 1/7–1/8: *Return to India* (1996) and *The 317th Platoon* (1965). 1/9–1/10: *The War Without a Name* (1991). "Movies For Kids." 1/10: *Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* (1971). "New York Jewish Film Festival." 1/11–11/12: *Best Man* (1997) and *Soleil* (1997). 1/11: *The Golem* (1920). 1/11 and 1/13: *La Verité si je Mens!/Would I Lie to You?* (1997). 1/12 and 1/14: *Sterne* (1959) and *Farewell* (1992). 1/12–1/14: *Fragments*Jerusalem* (1986–1996). 1/13: *The Boy With Green Hair* (1948). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.50.

French Institute—1/6: *Chacun cherche son chat (When the Cat's Away)* (1996). 1/13: *Le Samouraï (The Godson)* (1997). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, $10 double feature.

Museum of Modern Art—"The Billy Rose Tribute to Ingrid Bergman." 1/6: *Dollar* (1938) and *Only One Night* (1939). 1/8–1/9: *Siamo donne (We, the Women)* (1953) and *Viaggio in Italia (Voyage to Italy)* (1954). 1/8 and 1/10: *Giovanna d'Arco al rogo (Joan of Arc at the Stake)* (1954). 1/9–1/10: *The Turn of the Screw* (1959), *Swedes in America* (1943), and *Santa Brigida* (1951). 1/9 and 1/11: *Autumn Sonata* (1978). 1/10: *Don Giovanni* (1979). "From the Archives: Italian Films." 1/6: *Teresa venerdi (Doctor Beware)* (1941). 1/10–1/11: *I mille de Garibaldi* (1960). "From the Archives: Samuel Fuller and Paul Jarrico." 1/12–1/13: *Shock Corridor* (1963) and *Salt of the Earth* 1953). "New Documentaries." 1/8–1/9: *Riding the Rails* (1997). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of January: *Hustling* (1975). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Late-night showing: *Foxy Brown* (1974). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 1/10–1/11: *Diary of a Shinjuku Thief* (1969). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $5 members, $6 nonmembers.

Documentary

The Great Debate

It's a long, hard road, ideologically speaking, from budding Trotskyite to neoconservative. But when Irving Kristol describes the journey—as he does in the new documentary *Arguing the World*—it sounds painless. And, with his craggy voice and candid reflections on cocktail chat with Hannah Arendt, more than a bit humorous. Joseph Dorman's film, which follows the much-vaunted New York intellectuals (Irving Howe, Nathan Glazer, Daniel Bell, and Kristol) from their scrappy days at City College through McCarthyism to the present, starts when they are just kids spending the waning days of the Depression in a study carrel kicking around ideologies—fascism, Stalinism, Marxism—on a very lofty level. "We all came from families that were hit very hard by the Depression," says Kristol, now 77 and presiding over his third magazine, *The Public Interest*. "We didn't see much of a future for ourselves." Facing a war they figured would be apocalyptic, the men used their energies to construct—at least in their minds—a better, Marxist world. "We were all pretty smart in different ways," says Kristol, who graduated Phi Beta Kappa. Glazer, while not a Trotskyite, "was independent left; Dan Bell was always a social democrat—but he was never a radical." Until his death in 1993, Howe was a democratic socialist. "I think the difference between the kind of radicals we were and the kind of radicals one sees occasionally today is that we read books," claims Kristol. "We argued about Marx, but you had to sit down in that little group and *read* Marx. Including the unreadable stuff, like *Das Kapital*." These days, he opens a book simply to enjoy the writing. "The great minds influence you when you're young," he says, dragging on his cigarette. "When you get older, you no longer find great minds, because you're not so vulnerable to influence." **PATRICIA FALVO**

Photograph courtesy of First Run Features.

theater

GAle GAtes...*Benita Canova*...Bromley

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Capeman—Paul Simon's painstakingly crafted and vigorously ballyhooed new musical finally arrives. The score—a cross-fertilization of salsa, rock, doo-wop, and gospel tunes—features more than 30 songs; the story, based on one of the most sensational double murders in New York history, is one of redemption, following Salvador Agron, the perp, for more than 30 years of his uncommon life as he metamorphoses from gang tough to poet. Book by Nobel Prize–winning poet Derek Walcott, direction and choreography by Mark Morris, and star turns by Ruben Blades and Marc Anthony. $50–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 1/29 opening. *Marquis Theater, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Ragtime—If the buzz from L.A. and Toronto is to be trusted, this musical, adapted from E. L. Doctorow's historical novel by playwright Terrence McNally and composer-lyricist team Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens, will raise goosebumps and maybe even teach us something. The story intertwines the fates of a black man, an immigrant, and a complacent family of Wasps, as well as an assortment of historical characters ranging from Harry Houdini to Emma Goldman. $31–$125. Tues.– Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/18 opening. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

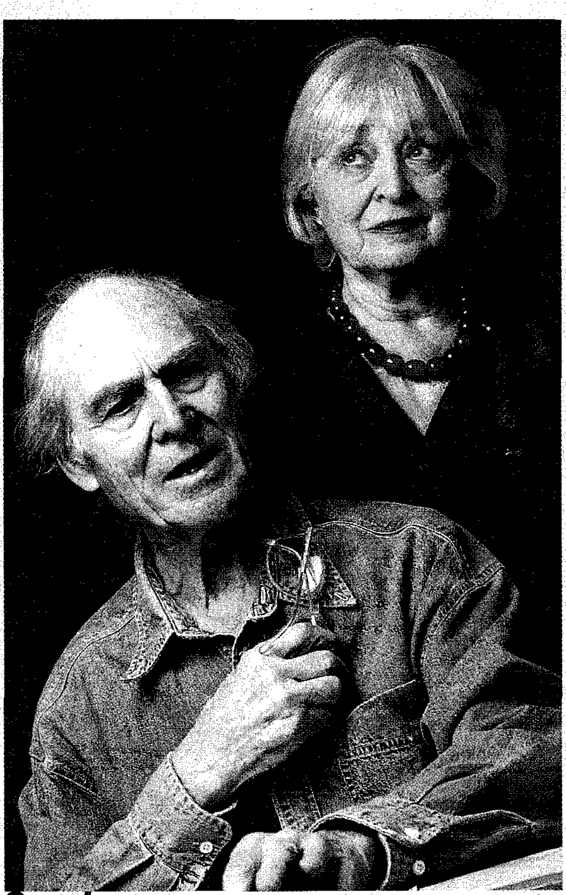
Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Marilu Henner, Hinton Battle, and Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96). $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*



Opening *Yankee* in Arthur's Court

Signature Theatre Company continues its Arthur Miller season with 'I Can't Remember Anything' and 'The Last Yankee,' a pair of lesser-known one-acts completed relatively recently in the author's career of 50-plus years. (The first he wrote in 1987; the second, in 1991.) Joseph Chaikin, icon of the avant-garde, directs. Opens January 11.

The Diary of Anne Frank—Natalie Portman, the electrifying teen cutie from *Beautiful Girls,* stars in this newly adapted version of the 1955 play. Also starring Linda Lavin, Harris Yulin, George Hearn, and Austin Pendleton. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/4/97. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Forever Tango—Or, at least, for a couple of hours: This marathon of tango dancing, as interpreted by Luis Bravo, is a testimony to the sultry versatility of the Argentine form, not to mention its power to seduce. $30–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. $30–$67.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 6. Closes 1/25. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Jackie: An American Life—As ominously titled as it is, this isn't a serious play. It isn't even a straight biography, though Gip Hoppe, the author, manages to cram in historical events both great and small. Instead, it relies on whimsical devices to convey some ideas about the nature of the First Lady's celebrity (the Rat Pack? LBJ? Joe Kennedy?—all puppets) and revels in portraits of the mundane. Margaret Colin stars. $45–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/10/97. *Belasco Theater, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—The Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom,* in the role created by Yul Brynner. Marie Osmond stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened:

Photograph by Susan Johann.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. First, the animals, large and small, re-created with unparalleled imagination, underpropped by costumes that artfully blend realism and fantasy: The prancing giraffes and leaping antelopes, the nodding elephant and barreling warthog, keep you marveling even during the story's stodgiest galumphing. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. You will be harangued by second-rate show music and lyrics by Elton John and Tim Rice, but also by Lebo M's stirring African chants and ululations, to which your active ear should be cocked. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, will next week become one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Old Neighborhood—Three interconnected one-act plays by David Mamet, starring Peter Riegert, Patti LuPone, Vincent Guastaferro, Rebecca Pidgeon, and Jack Willis. Directed by Scott Zigler. $45–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 11/19/97. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, recently edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Proposals—It wouldn't be a new Broadway season without a Neil Simon comedy. This one varies from its predecessors, however, in that (a) it's set outdoors, (b) young people make up more than half the *dramatis personae*, and (c) Joe Mantello, who is not Gene Saks, directs. $35–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/6/97. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200)*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. It's got romance, suspense, swashbuckling, and a whole bunch of eighteenth-century stuff; if it succeeds, Broadway could well be on its way to becoming a French Revolution theme park. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it—its blocking and pacing nowhere to be faulted, and here and there a deliciously new detail. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing, but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/97). $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Street Corner Symphony—The seventies, a decade that increasingly seems better suited to art than to life, comes roaring back in this revue of soul, pop, and disco ditties. Period costume and dances accompany each number. *Get down.* Conceived and staged by Marion J. Caffey. $47.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/24/97. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

The Sunshine Boys—This Neil Simon play is a triumph of strategy. (1) It is full of one-liners: easily detachable and portable laughs. (2) The main characters, a retired vaudeville team, now hate each other, hence ever-popular insult comedy. (3) Willie Clark and Al Lewis are also Jewish, so we get audience-tickling Jewish jokes. (4) The background is show business, providing cherished showbiz humor. (5) A play about old croakers will capture Broadway's senescent regulars. (6) Big Apple–vs.–New Jersey jests draw in the trans-Hudsonians. (7) As ex-vaudevillians, Willie and Al generate nostalgia for a vanished world. Add the stage-screen-and-TV-enshrined duo of Jack Klugman (Willie) and Tony Randall (Al), and it's platinum-edged securities time. This National Actors Theatre revival is rattling good fun. John Tillinger has directed zestfully. Jack Klugman has won his gallant battle with throat cancer: The slight residual croak only adds to his spirited characterization. Tony Randall finally allows his age to show, and this, along with a dandyism nicely contrasting with Willie's slovenliness (a reminder of the pair's chemistry in *The Odd Couple*), is a dandy payoff. (Simon: 1/5/98) $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/8/97. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

A View From the Bridge—Anthony LaPaglia, last seen in *The Rose Tattoo*, stars in Arthur Miller's affecting drama about the passion of betrayal. Directed by Michael Mayer. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 2/15. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Opening
Bard's Banter Bent

To *Love's Labour's Lost*, poet-dramatist Kirk Wood Bromley has added a dash of hip-hop, a touch of rave, and enough male bonding to make Robert Bly surrender his drum. The result is *Life's Loss's Loved*, a sequel to Shakespeare's comedy that takes place 400 years and dozens of sexual revolutions later. Performances begin January 8 at NADA, 167 Ludlow Street. Call 420-1466 for tickets.

Photograph by Dixie Sheridan.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Black Humor—Lewis Black peddles his brand of shrewd, informed political comedy without, amazingly, invoking Bill Clinton's weakness for Big Macs or Al Gore's resemblance to plywood. $25–$27.50. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10:30. In previews for a 1/10 opening. Through 2/14. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

Century City—A professional baseball player is accused of sexual assault and hires one of L.A.'s most successful female defense attorneys. Intrigue, as well as a tangle of *Oleanna*- and *Disclosure*-type questions, ensue. Written by Mark Lee; directed by Constance Grappo. $25. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. In previews for a 1/14 opening. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

I Can't Remember Anything/The Last Yankee—The Signature Theatre Company continues its Arthur Miller season with these two relatively recent one-acts, both directed by

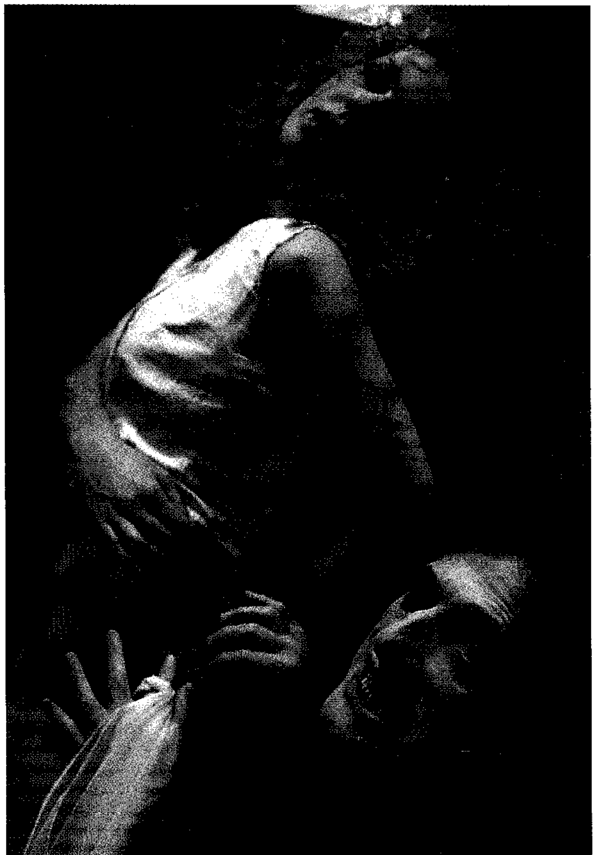
Joseph Chaikin. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/11 opening. *Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-7529).*

June Moon—A revival of a revival. Last year, the Drama Dept. brought back this 1929 comedy by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman to great acclaim; this winter, the story of the Tin Pan Alley songwriter who falls for a big-city sophisticate comes roaring back, after a bit of tweaking in Princeton, New Jersey, at the McCarter Theatre. Directed by Mark Nelson. $20–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/15 opening. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

As Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane; alertly directed by Drama Desk Award winner Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Bashevis—Tales of I.B. Singer—A play based on the short stories of the Nobel Prize–winning author. Starring David Margulies. $20. Tues. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).*



Previews

Four-Feet-Ten in One Sock

Struck by Balthus's erotic depictions of little girls, Richard Foreman responded with his own metaphysical portrait of sex and violence among the nubile in *Benita Canova,* the story of a beautiful young woman who falls into the company of schoolgirls controlled by a transvestite madam. Performances begin January 8 at the Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's. Call 533-4650 for tickets and more information.

The Blacksmith's Folly—The Folksbiene Yiddish Theatre, which performs all of its selections in the language of the old country, presents a musical based on David Pinski's play about a womanizing Russian, *Yankl der Schmid.* Simultaneous English and Russian translation available. $22–$30. Wed. at 2, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. Through 1/18. *Folksbiene Theatre at Central Synagogue, 123 E. 55th St. (755-2231).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Broadway Kids Sing Broadway—A musical revue of songs made famous by Broadway kids. Expect tunes from *Annie, The Sound of Music, The Wizard of Oz, Oliver,* and *Bye Bye Birdie.* $20. Sat. and Sun. at noon. Through 1/12. *John Houseman Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).*

Cyrano de Bergerac—Frank Langella, who has always had a nose for a star-turning truffle, now gets to show it off in this 100th-anniversary production of Edmond Rostand's classic at the Roundabout. In addition to playing the title character, Langella directs and provides the adaptation. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 1/25. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Goose-Pimples—The New Group inaugurates its fall season with this searing comedy by Mike Leigh, writer and director of the films *Naked, Secrets and Lies,* and *Career Girls.* Scott Elliott directs. $25–$30. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Holiday in New York—A comedy about a rural American family that winds up on the wrong side of town. Written and directed by Christine Soderman. $35. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 1/11. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel acknowledges her debt to Nabokov's *Lolita.* She has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sisson's rather too schematic set. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now starring Molly Ringwald and Bruce Davison. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 3/16/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, passed away in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

The Irish . . . and How They Got That Way—An irreverent, lovingly told Gaelic history by Frank McCourt, author of the Pulitzer Prize–winning *Angela's Ashes.* $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/25. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Joseph Gabriel Magic '98—Magician Joseph Gabriel mixes sleights of hand with large-scale illusions. $25–$45. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Last Session—This is a musical that, strangely, is about AIDS and, stranger still, is not at all morbid. Music and lyrics by Steve Schalchlin, upon whose life the musical is partially based. Book and direction by his partner, Jim Brochu. $25–$30. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30 and 8; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/17/97. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

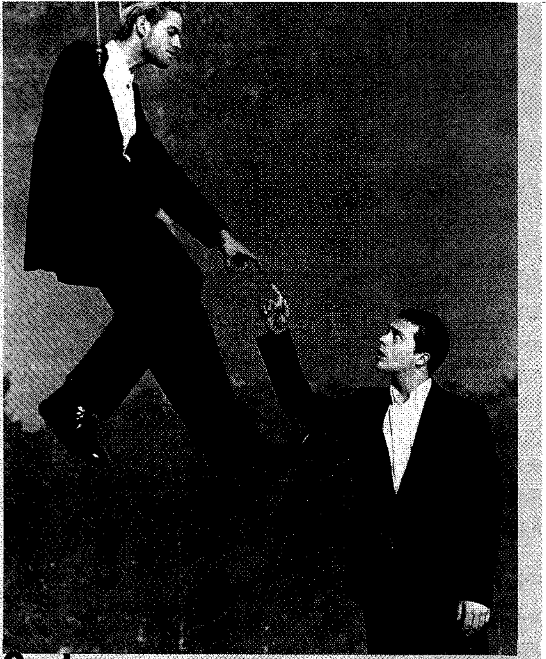
Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Mindgames—Marc Salem, a mentalist and former director of research for *Sesame Street,* does a slew of fancy math tricks, stops his own pulse, and predicts the contents of people's wallets. It's pretty entertaining stuff, and not only for kids, but the show's biggest mind game may be its marketing: Salem, perhaps more than anything else, is a magician, and one assumes that fewer people would attend if he were advertised as such. With that said, go anyway: It's a wild ride. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 7, and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 11/17/97. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Mojo—Jez Butterworth's Olivier Award–winning comedy, soon to be a film, about five toughs who try to launch their careers in London's fledgling rock-and-roll scene. Watch for shades of Tarantino, not just in the gritty, paranoid dialogue but in the cheerfully violent plot. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. Through 1/17. *Atlantic Theatre Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of

Photograph by Paula Court.



Onstage

Dumbo Jumbo

In 'The Field of Mars,' a sprawling environmental work by fledgling theater company GAle GAtes et al., the audience strolls through a 40,000-square-foot space beneath the Manhattan Bridge to admire a motley assortment of tableaux: a mother and son having a heart-to-heart at a formal dining table, a woman getting shot by her lover, and, perhaps most intriguing, a man salsa-dancing in a Plexiglas porta-potty. Performances begin January 7 at 37 Main Street, Brooklyn. Call 718-522-4597 for tickets and more information.

murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Pride's Crossing—It was a glorious day for women in the arts—and everyone else—when Tina Howe and Cherry Jones joined hands. One of our subtlest playwrights and one of our most incisive performers have combined talents to give us this delicate, minor-key memory play, which, by turns, is wistful, sassy, radiant, and melancholy. It rehearses the life of Mabel Tidings Bigelow from 10 to 90 in seemingly random order, the way reality and remembrance play hopscotch with each other. It arrives at no hard answers, only at more bittersweetly and urgently proffered questions. Mabel is a quirky, headstrong, despotic nonagenarian, a New England matriarch whose high point was being the first woman to swim the English Channel the harder way, from England to France. Cherry Jones has to be seen to be believed—if then. Without aid from makeup, she roams fast and free across the decades, embodying all ages and conditions through the sheer power of acting. (Simon: 12/22/97). $55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 4/5. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Revenge in the Mob—The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding.* A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (1-888-MOB-BOYS).*

The School for Scandal—One of the most famous comedies of manners in the English language, and a great deal cattier than most daytime talk shows. $18–$30. Tues., Thurs., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Pearl Theatre, 80 Saint Marks Pl. (598-9802).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan, from *Private Lives* with its ex-spouses honeymooning with new partners on adjoining Riviera terraces to Montezuma's revenge on unsuspecting gringo bowels. From lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations, nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97). $40; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7:30 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

The Show Goes On—A revue of the songs of Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the duo responsible for the The Fantasticks, among other gems. $30–$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 12/17/93. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, Citicorp Center, 54th St. and Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $24.50–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

10 Naked Men—See title. Written and directed by Ronnie Larsen, the author of *Making Porn,* which just closed after more than 500 performances. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 10/16/97. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. (239-6200).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about Jewish family life. $25. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Two Pianos, Four Hands—Ted Dykstra and Richard Greenblatt, a pair of talented pianists who never made it to the recital halls, wax philosophical about pushy parents, arrogant students, and smug concert judges. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened 10/30/97. *Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Eli Wallach, who made his Broadway debut more than a half-century ago, stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Written by Jeff Baron; directed by Lonny Price. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

Photograph by Jennifer Livingston.

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With a combination of treatment modalities including the use of olfactory feedback loop and FDA approved medication to suppress your appetite, *weight loss can be achieved.*

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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P	A	T	T	I	■	■	S	T	U	N	T	■	H	O	M	E	R	■	■	■
I	L	E	■	N	A	M	■	I	S	R	■	C	O	M	B	S	■	L	E	A
D	I	E	■	I	V	A	N	T	H	E	T	R	E	B	L	E	■	A	L	L
S	A	N	■	M	A	I	N	E	■	G	O	O	■	E	E	N	■	D	I	P
■	■	■	P	E	N	N	E	■	L	A	N	C	E	■	■	C	L	Y	D	E
A	S	S	E	N	T	S	■	J	U	L	I	U	S	S	N	E	E	Z	E	R
L	O	P	A	T	■	A	S	A	N	■	■	S	T	A	T	■	N	A	S	T
A	F	I	■	■	A	I	R	B	A	G	S	■	E	P	H	R	O	N	■	■
W	A	N	C	A	R	L	O	S	■	O	N	E	R	S	■	A	R	E	N	A
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art

Rodrigo Moynihan...Rachel Berwick

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Pierre Bonnard—One painting from 1895 and selected drawings from 1908–1935; through 1/31. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

Mark Catesby—Watercolors of the flora and fauna seen by the British naturalist-artist on his journeys to Carolina, Florida, and the Bahamas between 1722 and 1726; through 1/23. New York School of Interior Design, 170 E. 70th St. (472-1500), Mon.–Sat. 10–5.

William Gropper—A selection of paintings and drawings by the New York–born Social Realist (1897–1997); through 1/10 (see also Solos, 57th Street Area). Nardin, 605 Madison Ave. (486-1888).

Franz Kline—A survey of the Abstract Expressionist's works, from his earliest sketchbooks to his final painting; through 1/17. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Markus Lüpertz—Monumental bronze sculptures of mythical figures, through 1/24, at Werner 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623), and paintings of landscapes and still life, through 1/10, at Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Saul Steinberg—More than 40 drawings by the artist from the estate of Sigrid Spaeth, a graphic artist and designer who had a close relationship with Steinberg for more than 30 years; through 2/7. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

57th Street Area

Richard Baker—Recent small-scale paintings that depict tulips and pickled vegetables in glass jars against surreal backgrounds; through 1/17. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Burgoyne Diller—Sculptures, wall reliefs, and drawings for three-dimensional works spanning 1930 to 1965; through 1/17. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Jean de Brunhoff—Drawings from the book *Babar and Father Christmas* and a selection of prints and drawings by Laurent de Brunhoff; through 1/17. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Richard Diebenkorn—Prints made between 1964 and 1992; through 1/31. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (888-4220).

William Gropper—A centennial celebration of the New York–born Social Realist (1897–1977); through 1/31 (see solo shows, Madison Avenue and Vicinity). ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (644-8300).

Mitchell Johnson—Genre and landscape paintings executed on site in Italy, California, and New Mexico; through 1/28. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Joan Nelson/Rodrigo Moynihan—Recent landscape paintings on paper/Late paintings. Through 1/24. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

John Newsom—Drawings of animals, women, and commonplace objects in allegorical vignettes; through 1/31. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Suzanne Pines/Nancy Hagin—Paintings that depict scenes from the everyday lives of the Amish/Still-life paintings; 1/7–1/31. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Jonathan Shahn—Sculpted plaster heads, each one contained in an illuminated plaster box; through 1/10. O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. (355-3330).

John Van Alstine—Sculptures of found objects and granite; 1/8–2/7. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

SoHo and TriBeCa

John Baldessari—Recent paintings from "The Goya Series" that combine photographic images and text on canvas; 1/10–2/14. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Rachel Berwick/John Divola—An installation featuring an aviary inhabited by two Amazon parrots that have been trained to speak an extinct Carib Indian language using documentation of that tribe by the eighteenth-century naturalist-explorer Alexander Von Humboldt/An installation of set stills between 1931 and 1934 that depict motion-picture sets. Through 1/17. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

David Bunn—Recent conceptual works by a California-based artist; through 1/24. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Tomás Clusellas/Kevin Clarke—Paintings of lip marks/"Vernal Passage," a series of photographs taken in and around Memorial Sloan Kettering Hospital at the time the artist's wife was dying of breast cancer. Through 1/17. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

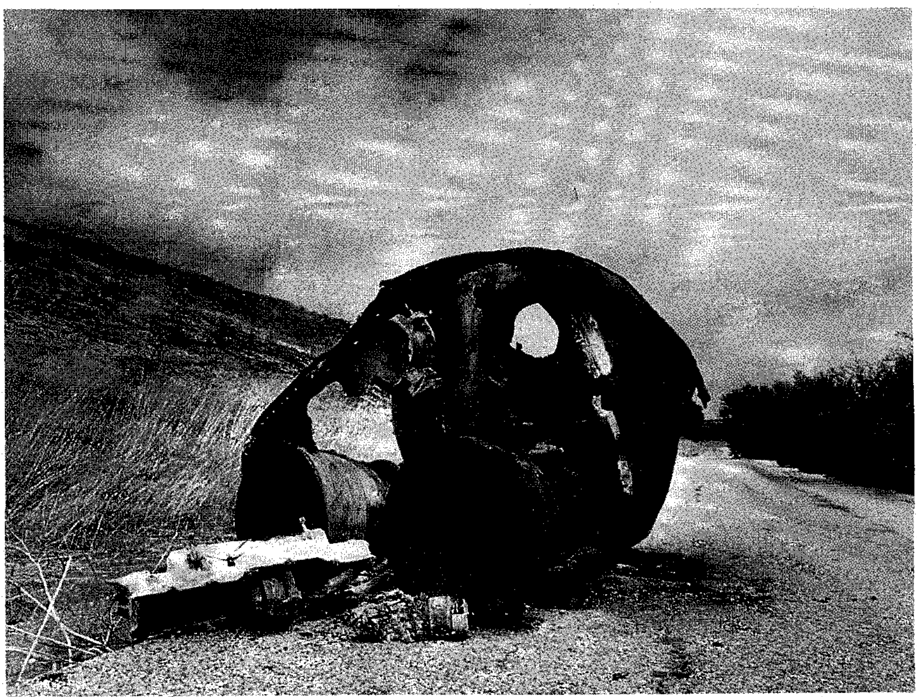
Maureen Connor—An installation titled *Love (at first) Site* that converts the gallery's two rooms into three distinct spaces, each with its own mise-en-scène of music, dialogue, and lighting; 1/10–2/7. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Hanne Darboven—An unedited work titled *Stone of Wisdom/Stein der Weisen 1996* that consists of an installation of 165 framed drawings and 53 books of manuscripts with photographs; 1/10–2/7. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

David Eckard/Paul Forte—Recent sculpture by both; through 1/31. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Daniel Hauben—Paintings of New York City views; through 1/31. Ingbar, 568 Broadway (334-1100).

Paula Hayes—Recent gardening projects; through 1/17. AC Project Room, 15 Renwick St. (219-8275).



Photography

Secret Sites

Startlingly matter-of-fact, Paul Shambroom's photographs of American nuclear-weapon facilities and military installations (above, missile debris) may be the only existing unclassified images of their subjects. At Tanya Bonakdar Galley, 130 Prince Street; through January 17.

Photograph by Paul Shambroom, courtesy of Tonya Bonakdar Gallery.

Cameron Jamie—A video and photographic installation inspired by apartment wrestling; 1/7–2/11. Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (334-3455).

Alan Johnston—Geometric abstract paintings whose asymmetry is influenced by Japanese art; through 2/7. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Kana & Olympios—A collaborative exhibition of performance, installation work, video projections, and photography; through 1/17. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753).

Sherry Markovitz—Sculptures of animals and dolls embellished with beads, feathers, and jewels; through 1/24. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Lynn McCarty—Abstract paintings on aluminum panels; 1/6–2/3. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Melissa Meyer—One-of-a-kind encaustic on paper works produced with the Garner Tullis Workshop; through 1/24. Golden, 16 Mercer St. (334-3124).

Beatriz Milhazes—New paintings that continue the artist's interest in constructing combinations of familiar elements such as medallions, rosettes, lace, flowers, and necklaces; through 1/10. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Sana Musasama—Tall, treelike ceramic sculptures that incorporate Egyptian paste beads and other materials; through 2/3. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Beverly Pepper—Recent paintings that are the artist's response to the surroundings of her studio in Todi, Italy; through 1/17. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Christopher Anselmo Priore—Sculpture and works on paper; through 1/10. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Walter Redinger—New biomorphic fiberglass sculptures; through 1/10. Algus, 25 Thompson St. (966-1758).

Ulrich Rückreim—Stone sculptures that begin as rough stone monoliths and are then cut and/or split and subsequently reassembled; through 2/28. Ace, 275 Hudson St. (255-5599).

Julião Sarmento—A large-scale triptych that was made specifically for Sarmento's solo exhibition as the official representative of Portugal in the Portuguese Pavilion at the Venice Biennale earlier this year; through 1/24. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405

Alyson Shotz—Photographs, sculptures, and video that focus on man's relationship to nature; through 2/14. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Marilee Stiles Stern—Works on paper that depict faces, children, babies, and body parts metamorphosing into increasingly complex images; through 1/24. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Robert Williams—New paintings; through 1/31. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Michael Zwack—Paintings depicting landscapes and views of ancient palaces interwoven with Mayan glyphs, Latin texts, and Sanskrit; 1/8–2/7. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Chelsea

Franz Ackermann—New paintings by a Berlin-based artist; through 1/10. Enterprise, 436 W. 15th St. (627-5258).

George Condo and William Burroughs—Collaborative paintings, drawings, and a sculpture that were made at Burroughs's home in Lawrence, Kansas, over an eight-year period; through 1/17. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Graciela Hasper—Paintings by an Argentine artist whose colors and geometric shapes draw on Argentina's Art Deco architecture; through 1/29. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

James Hill—Recent found-object assemblages that are painted with tiny dots the color of precious metals and refer to settlements that were formed in the American West during the gold rush; through 1/28. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Talent Two Amazon parrots who speak the language of the Maypure, an extinct Carib Indian tribe that was destroyed by a neighboring tribe, are the central figures of Rachel Berwick's installation *may-por-é.* The parrots learned their lines from Berwick, who studied eighteenth-century explorer Alexander Von Humboldt's research of the Indians. At Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway; through January 17.

Bob Knox—Large-scale paintings of rooms; through 1/31. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Yayoi Kusama/Andy Warhol—The artist's sculpture, *A Snake,* from 1974, which has never been exhibited in New York/A sculpture, *Silver Clouds* (1966), that consists of dozens of inflated Mylar cloud forms. Through 1/31. D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460).

Judy Ledgerwood—Recent abstract paintings; through 1/24. Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Francisco Leiro—Painted carved-wood sculptures of distorted human figures; through 2/7. Marlborough Chelsea, 211 W. 19th St. (463-8634).

Glenn Ligon—New works that recontextualize erotic and pornographic images within domestic tableaux; through 1/28. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Scott Lyall—A sculpture installation; through 1/31. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Daniel Oates—Hand-carved cartoonlike sculptures of human and animal figures; 1/10–2/14. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Ernesto Pujol—Works that combine found and sculpted objects to explore the social and political construction of gender identity; through 1/31. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Helen Sadler—Portraits of girls that depict them in states of rapture; through 2/7. Team, 527 W. 26th St. (279-9219).

Hugh Steers—Figurative paintings; through 1/18. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (463-0970).

Carrie Yamaoka—Abstract paintings on Mylar mounted to wood panel; through 1/17. Debs, 529 W. 20th St. (647-7080).

Other

François Morellet—A neon installation and three sculptures by the French artist; through 1/31. Davise, 23 Commerce St. (243-6840).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). Fifty paintings and drawings by Jervis McEntee (1828–1891), and additional seldom-seen works by Casilear, Colman, Gifford, Hart, Kensett, others; through 1/17.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). Abstract paintings by Barth, Mann, and Martinelli; through 1/17.

Hirschl & Adler Modern—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). An exhibition entitled "Apprentice, Mentor, Friends" featuring the work of late sculptors Tony Smith and Christopher Wilmarth; through 1/24.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "*Fotomontage:* European and Russian Collage, 1920-1950," with more than 30 collages that incorporate original photographs and newspaper and magazine clippings by Blumenfeld, Brzeski, Galadjev, Hofmann, Hugnet, others; 1/10–2/14.

57th Street Area

Emmerich—41 E. 57th St. (752-0124). An exhibition focusing on work made by Bennington teachers Caro, Feeley, Noland, and Olitski during the sixties, titled "The Green Mountain Boys"; 1/8–2/28.

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). "Notable Notes," a selection of drawings by writers and composers including Laurie Anderson, John Cage, Lewis Carroll, G. K. Chesterton, e. e. cummings, Merce Cunningham, and others; through 1/17.

Whalen—24 W. 57th St., suite 507 (397-9700). "Snow Drifts and Dreams," an exhibit of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and works on paper that recall memories of winters past; through 1/31.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Castelli—420 W. Broadway (431-5160). The last portion of the three-part exhibition "The Artists of the Castelli Gallery, 1957–1997," with works by Barry, Darboven, Dibbets, Grisi, Huebler, Kosuth, Nauman, Scarpitta, Sonnier, Mike & Doug Starn, and Waldman; 1/10–1/31.

M-13—72 Greene St. (925-3007). Works on paper by Amenoff, Cyphers, Kim, Miller, Moore; through 1/15.

P.P.O.W.—476 Broome St. (941-8642). Sculptures by Elana Herzog, paintings by Marilla Palmer, and collage, clay, and fabric wall pieces by James Esber; 1/7–2/7.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). "The White Painting," with works by Barawarsky, Dietemann, Ferren, Greene, Grillo, others; through 1/28.

Chelsea

Alexander and Bonin—132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474). Major works by Dittborn, Doherty, Hatoum, Salcedo; through 2/28.

Other

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "Blind Faith," an exhibition of photographs, drawings, sculpture, and other forms of conceptual art that asks one to suspend disbelief, featuring works by Hanson, Jakob, Jennings, Larson, Lundberg, Monick, others; through 1/18.

Photography

Harry Benson—A three-decade retrospective of photographs of U.S. presidents and their families, from the Kennedys to the Clintons; through 2/7. Newseum/NY, 580 Madison Ave. (317-6500), Mon.–Sat. 10–5:30.

Zeke Berman—Recent black-and-white photographs and works from the seventies and early eighties, including found-object still lifes, and diptych, triptych, and quadriptych constructions depicting shoes, shirts, pants, and stacks of clothing; through 1/17. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph courtesy of Wooster Gardens.

Constantin Brancusi—A collection of vintage photographs that were acquired from friends, lovers, and collectors of the artist, including self-portraits and views of his sculptures in the studio; through 2/7. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Paul Caponigro—Photographs of prehistoric megaliths, Celtic crosses, and Druid abbeys in remote regions of the British Isles and France; 1/9–2/14. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Caribbean Cultural Center/African Diaspora Institute—408 W. 58th St. (307-7420), Mon.–Fri. 11–6; $2 suggested admission. "Picturing England: The Photographic Narratives of Vanley Burke." Large-scale color photographs of England's Caribbean and Asian communities; through 2/15.

Imogen Cunningham—A selection of 27 images of flowers and nudes that were printed for this exhibition by the photographer's son, Rondal Partridge; through 1/30. Platinum, 551 W. 22nd St. (352-0070).

Benedict J. Fernandez—A retrospective of works by this New York–born photographer known for his images of protests; through 1/24. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Greenberg—120 Wooster St. (334-0010). Vintage photographs taken in New York in the thirties by Abbott, Prom, Justo, Kaplan; through 1/17.

ICP—1130 Fifth (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50. "Images From the Machine Age: Selections From the Daniel Collection." Photographs, drawings, and prints spanning the twenties through the fifties; through 2/22. . . . "Nelly, From Athens to New York—The Work of Elli Seraïdari"; through 2/22.

ICP Midtown—1133 Avenue of the Americas, at 43rd St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 seniors and students. "Weegee's World: Life, Death, and the Human Drama." A retrospective of more than 200 images by the legendary tabloid-news photographer; through 3/8.

Danny Lyon—The first New York exhibition of photographs from Lyon's legendary book, *The Bikeriders* (1969), taken between 1962 and 1966 when he was a member of a midwestern outlaw motorcycle club; through 1/18. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070).

Diana Michener—Black-and-white self-portraits that depict the artist in a landscape, her nude body painted white; through 1/17. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Marvin E. Newman—Early shadow compositions made on the streets of Chicago in the fifties by the Institute of Design photographer; through 1/24. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (327-1482).

Parsons School of Design—66 Fifth Ave. (229-8987). "Living for the City: Twenty Years of New York Street Photography," with works by Ackerman, Biddle, Kaplan, Mermelstein, Plachy, Sandler, others; through 1/15.

Adrian Piper—Black-and-white self-portraits taken in conjunction with the artist's study of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*; through 1/31. Erben, 476 Broome St. (966-5283).

Seagram—375 Park Ave. (572-7379), Mon.–Fri. 9–5. Historic photographs of Universal City and the people associated with Universal studios between 1906 and 1936; through 2/28.

Paul Shambroom—Seven photographs from the artist's project on hidden places of power; through 1/17. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Tessa Traeger—Photographs of the people living in the mountainous Ardèche region of France; through 1/24. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Zwirner—43 Greene St. (996-9074). "Places That Are Elsewhere," with photographs by Bronson, Campus, Durant and Bowers, Mason, Schimert, and others; 1/17.

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Expansion Arts: Artists of Our Time II." Works by seven contemporary artists that incorporate technology; through 1/17 (museum is closed 12/22–1/1). 594 Broadway (966-4444), Wed.–Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Four Acts in Glass: Installations by Chihuly, Morris, Powers, and Vallien"; through 1/18. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 4/26. . . . "Drawing Shadows to Stone: Photographing North Pacific Peoples, 1897–1902." A commemoration of the American Museum of Natural History's Jesup North Pacific Expedition of 1897–1902, including approximately 100 archival photographs of scenes from daily life; through 5/31. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"The Sèvres Porcelain Manufactory: Alexandre Brongniart and the Triumph of Art and Innovation, 1800–1847." A survey of the achievements of the Sèvres porcelain manufactory when it was under the direction of the brilliant Alexandre Brongniart, featuring porcelain blanks and finished pieces and 110 working drawings and watercolors that have not been previously exhibited in the United States; through 2/1. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966–1996." A survey of Black British art that is being held in collaboration with the the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Studio Museum in Harlem; through 3/15. . . . "The Picnic: An Installation by Ernesto Pujol"; through 3/15. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"The Furniture of George Hunziger: Invention and Innovation in Nineteenth-Century America." Furniture designed by George Hunziger (1835–1898) from the museum's collection; through 2/15. . . . "Graphic Alert: AIDS Posters From the Collection of Dr. Edward C. Atwater"; through 2/8. . . . "Working in Brooklyn: A Centennial Exhibition." Works by emerging artists who show with Brooklyn-based galleries and alternative spaces; through 1/25/98. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—2 E. 91st St. (849-8400), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Rosa Bonheur." The first American retrospective devoted to the nineteenth century's acclaimed animal painter; through 2/21. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

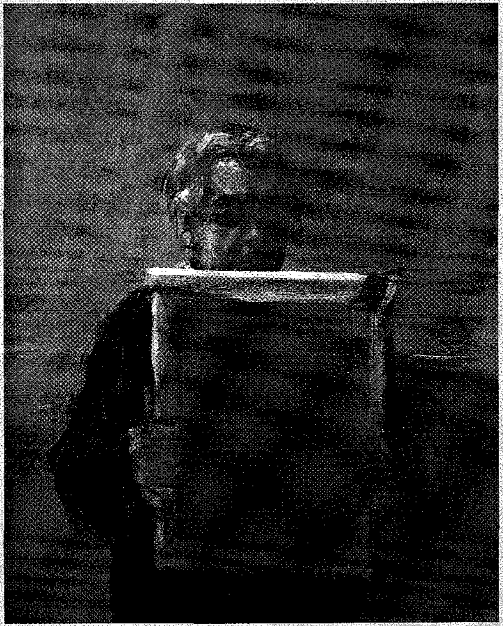
Dia Center for the Arts—"Tracey Moffatt: *Free-falling*." A group of 25 photographs and a video installation by the Australian artist and filmmaker; through 6/14. . . . "Richard Serra: *Torqued Ellipses*." Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14. . . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three installations using fluorescent light and six separate fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture From the Caribbean." The first comprehensive survey of the art of the Taíno, the dominant culture in Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica, and the Bahamas from about 1200 A.D. to the arrival of Columbus in 1492; through 3/29. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Robert Adam, The Creative Mind: From the Sketch to the Finished Drawing." Sixty-six drawings and watercolors by the renowned eighteenth-century architect Robert Adam, his brother and partner, James, and artists employed in their office that were selected from the 9,000 Adam drawings acquired by Sir John Soane in 1833; through 4/5. . . . "From the Louvre to The Frick Collection: Poussin's *The Arcadian Shepherds*." An exhibition of one of the most celebrated icons of French art, Nicholas Poussin's painting, *The Arcadian Shepherds,* on loan from the Musée du Louvre; through 1/25. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Desert Cliché: Israel Now." Works that deconstruct stereotypes of Israeli culture, by eighteen contemporary Israeli artists; through 2/4. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Wed. 11–8, Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Japan Society—"Japanese Theater in the World." A history of Japanese theater traced



On View **The muted palette of Rodrigo Moynihan's late still lifes, portraits, and self-portraits (above, *Holding a Canvas,* 1983) was not simply a reflection of his somber state of mind. "I do rather like dull colors, dull-colored subjects, [not so much because of the challenge but] because they're beautiful like old sculpture or old photographs," *mused the artist in an interview with* British art historian David Sylvester. "That sort of gray, dull, but at the same time full of light . . . that stillness and light which seems to come out of the stillness." At 41 East 57th Street; through January 24.**

Photograph courtesy of Robert Miller Gallery.

through costumes, masks, puppets, musical instruments, posters, and other historic objects and ephemera; through 2/1. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"ASSIGNMENT: RESCUE, The Story of Varian Fry and the Emergency Rescue Committee." The story behind the 1940–41 rescue mission undertaken by Varian Fry, a New York–based Frenchman who arranged safe passage out of France for many anti-Nazi artists, writers, scientists, and political refugees; through 3/29. . . . "Facing the New World: Jewish Portraits in Colonial and Federal America." The first comprehensive survey of rare, early American Jewish portraits, by Charles Willson Peale, Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Sully, and other artists, dating from 1700 through the 1830s; through 1/11. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Gianni Versace." A tribute to the late designer that reveals the influence of art on his fashion and theater designs; through 3/22. . . . "Jackson Pollock: Early Sketchbooks and Drawings." Fifty-five rarely or never-exhibited pages from the artist's three earliest extant sketchbooks, and 27 independent drawings, all dating from 1937 to 1941; through 2/8. . . . "Francesco Clemente: Indian Watercolors." Eighteen recent watercolors by the Italian artist who spends part of each year in Madras, India; through 2/8. . . . "John La Farge." A selection of paintings, drawings, watercolors, and stained-glass windows drawn from the museum's collection of works by the nineteenth-century American artist; through 1/25. . . . "The Private Collection of Edgar Degas." More than 250 works drawn from the collection of the nineteenth-century French artist, including paintings, pastels, watercolors, drawings, and prints by such masters as Ingres, Delacroix, Daumier, Manet, Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Degas himself; through 1/11. . . . "Richard Pousette-Dart, 1916–1992." A survey of the American Abstract Expressionist's paintings and works on paper; through 2/22. . . . "The Drawings of Filippino Lippi and His Circle." Drawings by the fifteenth-century master, and by Fra Filippino Lippi, Raphael, Sandro Botticelli, and other artists in his circle in Florence; through 1/11. . . . "Flowers Underfoot: Indian Carpets of the Mughal Era"; through 3/1. . . . "King of the World: A Mughal Manuscript From the Royal Library, Windsor Castle"; through 2/8. . . . "Klee Landscapes." Works in all media from the Berggruen Klee Collection; through 2/8. . . . "Master Hand: Individuality and Creativity Among Yoruba Sculptors." Masks, free-standing figures, containers, and architectural posts by male and female Yoruba masters who were active from the mid-nineteenth through the first half of the twentieth century; through 3/1. . . . "Picasso the Engraver—Selections From the Musée Picasso, Paris"; through 1/4. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum at F.I.T.—"Fifty Years of Fashion: New Look to Now." A selection of historically significant clothing from the museum's own collection, beginning with Christian Dior's controversial "New Look" of 1947 and ending with the contemporary fashion scene; through 1/10. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5966), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum for African Art—"African Faces, African Figures: The Arman Collection." African sculptures from the collection of the sculptor Armand P. Arman; through 4/19. 593 Broadway, bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Image Business: Shop and Cigar Store Figures in America." A selection of life-size, carved-wood shop and cigar store figures that were made by ship-carvers from the 1840s to the 1890s; through 1/11. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage–A Living Memorial to the Holocaust—Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. and eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"On the Edge: Contemporary Art From the Werner and Elaine Dannheisser Collection." Paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and video installations given to the museum by Elaine Dannheisser and the Dannheisser Foundation last year; through 1/20. . . . "New Concepts in Printmaking 1: Peter Halley." Artworks created by Halley as digital files on computer disk, comprising wallpaper and rub-down flowcharts that are fabricated by professional printers whenever a site-specific installation is planned; through 2/8. . . . "From Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec to Andy Warhol: Exploring Techniques." An exhibition focusing on various printmaking techniques, featuring more than 70 works from the museum's collection; through 2/8. . . . "New Photography 13." Recent works by Rineke Dijkstra, An-My Lê, Vik Muniz, and Kunié Sugiura; through 1/13. . . . "A Decade of Collecting: Recent Acquisitions in Contemporary Drawing." Installation-scale drawings collected by the museum over the past decade; through 1/13. . . . "Projects: Steve McQueen." A new film/video, *Deadpan*, that is a play on the Buster Keaton 1928 silent film *Steamboat Bill, Jr.*; through 2/10. . . . "The Hubley Studio: A Home for Animation." Concept art, animation drawings, storyboards, background paintings, and layouts for the films of John and Faith Hubley, who established the Hubley studio in 1955; through 2/1. . . . "Ellsworth Kelly: 15 Works on Paper, 1949–1958." Drawings executed when the artist was living in France, from 1948 to 1954, and after he returned to New York in the mid fifties; through 1/13. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York From Above: An Aerial View." Paintings depicting aerial views of the city by Spelman Evans Downer; through 6/14. . . . "Under the Big Top: Circuses in New York." Costumes, models, props, posters, and other circus paraphernalia and ephemera dating from equestrian John Bill Rickett's first circus on Broadway in 1793 to today's Big Apple Circus; through 2/22. . . . "Beyond the Grave: Cultures of Queens Cemeteries." Photographs of cemeteries in Queens taken by Dr. Ilana Harlow; through 3/8. . . . "A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building." Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum & School of the Fine Arts—"Fair & Free: Images of Childhood, 1827–1992." Paintings, works on paper, and sculptures depicting children; through 3/8. . . . Art at the Edge: Framing Nineteenth-Century America." A selection of nineteenth-century frames from the collection of Eli Willner & Company; through 1/11. . . . "Stages of Creation: Public Sculpture by National Academicians"; 1/7–3/8. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (514-3888), 10–5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Mona Hatoum." A survey of sculptures, video, installations, and photographic documentations of performances by the Palestinian London-based artist; through 2/22. . . . "Cardoso Flea Circus." A miniature flea circus created in numerous sites in the museum by the sculptor/installation artist Maria Fernanda Cardoso; through 1/18. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Fri., and Sun. 12–6, Fri. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs. and Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for for youths 18 years and under.

New York Public Library—"The Romanovs: Their Empire, Their Books." A selection of illustrated books that were originally in the collections of the Romanovs, the dynasty that ruled the Moscow Tsardom and the Russian Empire for 300 years until the Russian Revolution of 1917, and were acquired by the New York Public Library from the Soviet government in the twenties and thirties; through 2/28. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"'Twas the Night Before Christmas." An exhibition of the desk on which New Yorker Clement Moore wrote the poem, " 'Twas the Night Before Christmas," and a rare copy of the poem handwritten by the poet for the Historical Society Library; through 1/25. . . . "Signs and Wonders: The Spectacular Lights of Times Square." A look at the development of technology and imagery in Times Square's advertising signage; through 3/8. . . . "On the Nose: Eyeglasses in New York." An exhibition chronicling the history of eyewear in New York, from eighteenth-century spectacles to twentieth-century driving goggles; through 1/11. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Jack Smith: Flaming Creature"; through 3/1. . . . "John Coplans: A Self-Portrait"; through 3/29. . . . "Jackie Winsor: Sculpture"; through 3/1. . . . "Lynne Yamamoto: Selected Work"; through 3/1. . . . "Martin von Haselberg: New Works"; through 2/1. . . . "Some Young New Yorkers: Four Artists"; through 3/1. . . . "Vertical Painting Show"; through 6/28. . . . "Heaven: Public View, Private View"; through 2/1. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966–1996." A survey of Black British art that is being held in collaboration with the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Bronx Museum of the Arts; through 3/15. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The Warhol Look/Glamour Style Fashion." An exhibition showing how Warhol merged the worlds of style, fashion, and contemporary art, comprising paintings, clothing, photographs, archival material, and reconstructed period window displays; through 1/18. . . . "Richard Diebenkorn." A retrospective of paintings by this California artist (1922–1993), who moved back and forth between abstraction and representation and is best known for his "Ocean Park" cycle of abstracted landscapes; through 1/11. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Pictures at an Exhibition: An Installation by Christian Marclay." An installation incorporating works from the Whitney's permanent collection; through 1/25. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/8 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Nineteenth-Century and Old Master Paintings." On view from 1/3.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 1/8 at 10:30: "Nineteenth-Century Literature, Sets and Bindings, Children's Literature." On view from 1/3.

restaurants

Bistroese...Major Tom...Splendido

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Canal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, crab cakes, and the cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. *310 West Broadway (965-3588). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Donald Sacks—A corporate dining room for those brave enough to leave the confines of their own glass walls. Straight-up American bistro fare for a strictly business crowd and peckish Century 21 shoppers. *220 Vesey St. (619-4600). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Noor's—This casual, accommodating downtown restaurant features the cuisines of India and Bangladesh. Share an assorted appetizer plate, and then sample one of the house specialties like mattar ponir (homemade cheese with sweet peas) or lobster patia (the tail meat cooked with coconut). *94 Chambers St. (732-5011). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Opening
Party On

After longtime swing standby Red Blazer Too closed last June, a casualty of Times Square's Disney-induced real-estate boom, owner Denis Carey bought the lease to another anachronism of New York nightlife, the 37th Street Hideaway. The garment-center brownstone and onetime John Barrymore residence has reopened as the Red Blazer, a romantic place for decked-out guys and dolls to dance and dine on steaks, seafood, and pasta. (32 West 37th Street; 262-3112)

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentine menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. *460 Greenwich St. (431-5093). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Wall Street Kitchen & Bar—As downtown grows more and more residential, its halls of finance, like this former bank building, are being converted into service establishments. This sister of SoHo Kitchen & Bar offers a similarly extensive selection of beers and wines by the glass, plus such eclectic American fare as beer-braised short ribs with egg noodles, and pizza topped with shrimp, smoked bacon, and roasted tomatoes. *70 Broad St. (797-7070). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the

Photograph by Evan Kafka.

singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Roettele A.G.—One of the very few places on these shores to serve a distinctive mix of Swiss and German cuisines, including hearty specialties like spaetzle, sauerbraten, Wiener schnitzel, and fondue. There's a lovely garden and, on Thursdays, the exotic strains of live Swiss music. *126 E. 7th St. (674-4140). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Svoboda—The food at this casual East Villager is slightly Slavic and entirely eclectic, with offerings like dumplings, corn-chowder pizza, smoked-salmon blini, and something called "Siberian sushi surprise." There's also a cigar room and an extensive spirit selection. *248 E. 5th St. (387-0707). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled steaks and burgers, and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) *190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salam Cafe and Restaurant—This casual Arabic restaurant ensconced in a Village brownstone offers a broad variety of Middle Eastern food, including kebabs, couscous, and lamb with yogurt-and-sesame sauce, plus lots of vegetarian options. Try the Lebanese wine. *104 W. 13th St. (741-0277). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Photograph by Rudy Archuleta.

First Taste

Heir France

Alan Harding (who stands six foot four in his chef's clogs) has traveled from restaurant to restaurant, bringing his sense of antic bonhomie to every place he has cooked. From Nosmo King to 9 Jones to Petite Crevette to 131 Duane, his cuisine has truly been a movable feast. Now, with the opening of Patois (255 Smith Street, Brooklyn; 718-855-1535), Harding is finally master of heat in his own restaurant. "American bistro" is the term he uses to describe his food, a neologism that puts me on guard, but Harding, the pickup-truck-driving grandson of two culinarily gifted Alsatians, is a chef who gracefully combines the spirit of a great American diner with Gallic food sense. His flavors are bold. His portions are big. And his preparation is inventive and delicious. The room, like the chef, is sui generis. It could be a stylish budget restaurant in Paris whose warm lighting, red banquettes, and friendly, knowledgeable staff welcomes rather than intimidates the newcomer. Check out the lighting fixtures: They look like a genetically engineered fifties Electrolux.

Taking a leaf from his French grandma, Mathilde, Harding offers a lamb-and-white-bean casserole that includes boned neck and shoulder to produce an osso buco–like roundness in the mouth. Grilled salmon, instead of being a sop for the meat-shy, is a bracing new creation with a sinus-clearing Dijon-mustard crust and sweet roasted-leek batons brightened with warm vinegar. Calf's liver comes with sweet sautéed onions and potato-and-pear gratin. Grilled sirloin (actually highly marbled Newport, which is the steaknoscenti's preferred part of the sirloin) is sliced, surrounded by a rich Bordelaise and propped up against a mound of crisp golden pommes frites. The limited selection of desserts is highlighted by a flourless chocolate cake, a dish that can often be as exciting (and dense) as cold oatmeal; Harding's is almost soufflé-light. Bonus points for music that stints on neither Billie Holiday nor the Rolling Stones. PETER KAMINSKY

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Washington Place—The large, comfortable dining room feels vaguely colonial, with old prints on the walls and lots of dark wood, but the well-executed American menu couldn't be more modern. Standouts include maple-brushed salmon, roasted venison, and an unusually delicious cherry pie. *75 Washington Pl. (539-1776). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Calo & Co.—This newcomer to the midtown office-lunch market offers an interesting Mediterranean menu two ways: from a takeout counter in front or in a sit-down restaurant in back. Italy, France, Spain, and the Middle East have all been plundered for inspiration. Try the bacalao (seared cod with a mixed-grain hash, carrot-fennel glaze, and crispy leeks), or the impasto pizzette (grilled shrimp, tomato, garlic, pesto, mozzarella and pine nuts). *18 E. 41st St. (683-1931). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juniper berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Tap Room—New York's very first Austrian brewpub, with fresh lagers and pilsners on tap and a menu that indicates a seriousness about food that's rare in the microbrewery business. Goulash, spaetzle, Wiener schnitzel, and homemade sausages sound like the perfect accompaniments for beer. *3 W. 18th St. (691-7666). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. The lobster-and-champagne Sunday brunch is a lavish, all-out production. *44th St. in the Regal U.N. Plaza Hotel (702-5014). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cocktail Terrace at the Waldorf-Astoria—A convenient roost for a business breakfast or afternoon tea. At night, to accompany your cocktail, there's live piano music and the occasional fashion show. *301 Park Ave., at 50th St. (872-4818). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

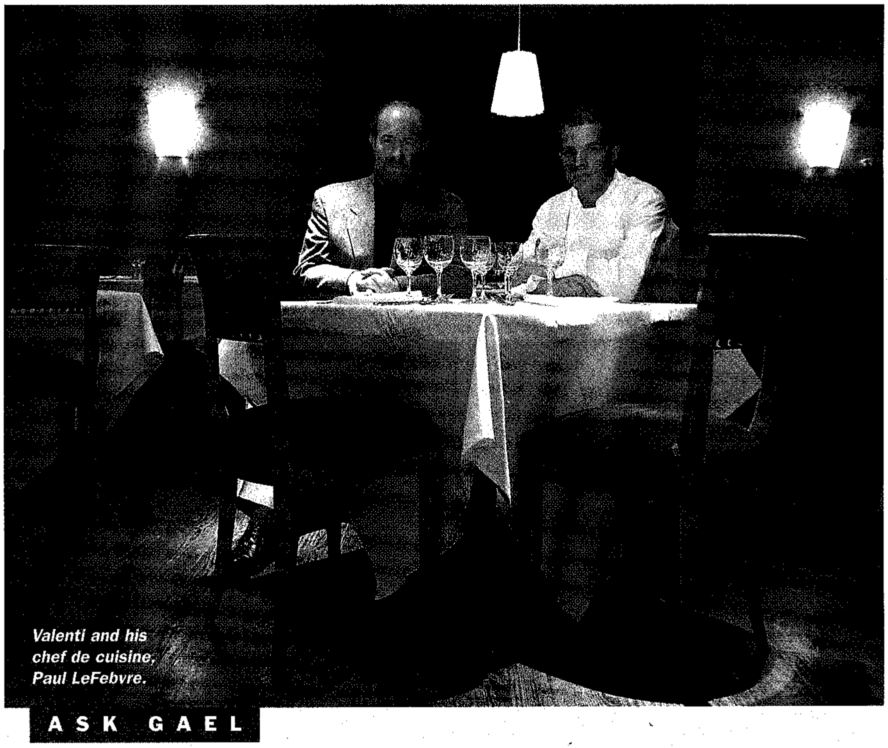
Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-



Valenti and his chef de cuisine, Paul LeFebvre.

ASK GAEL

I want to thank my broker for a bountiful 1997.

Toast your good fortune with Dom Perignon by the glass. Spoon up some serious caviar. Then rediscover the robust cooking of chef Tom Valenti in the brand-new Wall Street Club. Tucked away from the madding beer-swillers in the Wall Street Kitchen & Bar below, the secluded club offers nine vintages of prestige bubbles by the glass, and wines picked to play against the lusty flavors of ravioli in a mushroom-truffle jus, bacon-wrapped Catskill trout served with spaetzle, and porcini-crusted filet mignon with twice-baked potato. Only lunch is being served for now. (70B Broad Street; 797-9500.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mica Bar—This quiet side street in Turtle Bay is slowly becoming a spawning ground for luxe lounges. The most striking element of this new duplex is its enclosed deck bar, with a convertible roof that can open and close depending on the season. A menu of light Asian tapas features baked oysters, a variety of satays, and Hong Kong gravlax; the beverage menu, from sake cocktails to champagnes by the glass, is extensive. *252 E. 51st St. (888-2453). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and the menu offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with smoked bacon, corn chowder, and pommes Anna. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex–Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Town Crier—The American fare here includes standards like burgers and open-faced reuben sandwiches, and the ambience is geared toward rest and relaxation. Those not up for the relatively strenuous tasks of pool or darts may smoke cigars and watch any of the seven—count 'em—television sets. *303 E. 53rd St. (223-3157). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Grill—Conveniently located for pretheater, with a good selection of thin-crust pizzas, pastas, and grilled fish and meat. The theatrical element is played up here, both in the décor, with displays of Broadway memorabilia, and in the live nightly performances. *Crowne Plaza Hotel, 49th St. at Broadway (315-6161). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.97 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Crêpe de Bretagne—This midtown bistro specializes in crêpes, serving over 70 varieties, sweet and savory, plus French classics from bouillabaisse to cassoulet. *46 W. 56th St. (245-4565). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Molyvos—With Oceana chef Rick Moonen as its guiding light, this Mediterranean midtowner combines authentic flavors with a polished style that evades too many Greek restaurants. Sit at the bar to enjoy snacks from the meze menu, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and an enticing array of meat and fish entrées. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

No. 18—During the day, this sleekly decorated midtown nook caters to the office crowd with breakfast pastries and quick lunches. At night, it morphs into an atmospheric martini bar and dining room where an eclectic variety of flavorful, well-seasoned American fare is served. The risotto is highly acclaimed. *18 W. 56th St. (489-1888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—Still a favorite celebration destination, this deluxe perch 65 floors above sea level offers a variety of entertainment options. Follow a feast—now prepared by acclaimed chef Waldy Malouf—with old-fashioned cocktails in the Promenade Bar or cabaret at Rainbow & Stars. Try the prix fixe and pretheater menus. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with tabbouleh in spicy lobster oil, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Rooms—You'd never expect it, but this landmark townhouse in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge is home to an extremely eclectic establishment, with colonial African décor in the skylit upstairs restaurant and a fireplace in the low-key downstairs lounge. Some of the dishes on chef Thomas Harris's contemporary American menu include seared duck foie gras, risotto of grilled sweet corn and pancetta, and crispy salmon in rice paper. *313 E. 58th St. (223-1886). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Andrusha—Just because you live uptown doesn't mean you need to succumb to the relentless Chinese-and-pasta delivery routine. This understated restaurant serves a variety of Eastern European dishes, from the familiar (beef Stroganoff, blini with caviar or smoked fish) to the less so (Czech roast duck, coulibiac of vegetables). *1370 Lexington Ave., nr. 90th St. (369-9374). (M) DC, MC, V.*

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat, or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cabana—The Pan-Caribbean menu at this East Side restaurant casts wide for its influences, which range from Cuban to Aruban. At $17.95, a shellfish stew simmered in a tomato-garlic broth is the most expensive entrée. Lunch specials, especially the sandwiches like media noche and jerked chicken, are particularly good bargains. And where else could you find as eclectic an appetizer as the bocadillos, with conch and vegetable fritters, jerked chicken wings, and beef patties sharing the same plate? *1022 Third Ave., nr. 60th St. (980-5678). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Decade—This place bills itself as the Classic Rock Supper Club, and thus appeals to the sort of over-30 crowd that would know exactly what classic means. Besides dinner—which could be pan-seared wild salmon with a horseradish-potato crust, duck-confit-and-vegetable spring roll, or Arctic char in a fennel consommé—there's a 4,000-bottle wine vault, nearly 200 humidors, and original artwork by Warhol and Rosenquist. And dancing, of course. Jackets required. *1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (835-5979). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Giovanni 25—This elegant regional Italian restaurant has its fans, including the telegenic likes of Dan Rather and Tom Brokaw, who partake of a menu heavy on game and dishes luxurified with seasonal truffles. Try the Dover sole and the black risotto with cuttlefish. *25 E. 83rd St. (988-7300). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with bottles from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

L'Absinthe—Chef Bergougnoux cooks exquisite contemporary and traditional French food for a most appreciative Upper East Side clientele. All the brasserie details, from the zinc bar and brass rails to the cheese tray and filleted-at-tableside sole meunière, feel more Right Bank than Manhattan. *227 E. 67th St. (794-4950). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa City—Bobby Flay's casual uptown bastion of innovative southwestern fare offers a unique variety of quesadillas, plus heartier dishes like ribs with molasses-barbecue sauce and sweet-potato tamale with spinach. The bar attracts regulars with the house margarita, spiked with cactus-pear juice, and its selection of twenty brands of tequila. *1059 Third Ave., nr. 62nd St. (207-1919). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Empire Szechuan Gourmet—It's hard to conceive of a variety of Asian food that isn't available at this Upper West Side standby. The menu ranges from Cantonese dim sum to Japanese sushi, and the weekday lunch specials (half-price sushi!) make for bargain dining. Vegetarians have a "Taste of Zen" menu all to themselves. *2574 Broadway, nr. 97th St. (663-6004). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulful-

Opening

The Pie Guy

At the now-defunct 13 Barrow, chef John Tesar won a highly devoted cadre of fans—a loyal following that might now pursue him all the way uptown to Splendido, opening next week in Carnegie Hill. The nominally Italian menu features well-priced sandwiches, pasta, and entrées ($6–$18), plus such multicultural variations on pizza as sesame with tuna-sashimi salad, and tandoori chicken with mango-fig chutney. (1291 Madison Avenue, near 91st Street; 860-2300.)

Photograph by Safia Fatimi. Hair and makeup by Deborah Grayson.

ly on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Tofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. *2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Bronx

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Simon *continued from page 49*

(Miller's misspelling of Rodolfo) could do with a little less sexual ambiguity. In Mayer's staging, even the electrifying scene where Eddie viciously kisses him becomes overfussy and ineffectual.

In his autobiography, *Timebends*, Miller comments on the original production of *A View:* "I had accepted the chestnut that good actors, regardless of type, can surmount anything. They can't." Since he sat in on rehearsals of this revival without interfering, Miller must think that lesser actors, cast against type, *can* surmount anything.

ELI WALLACH, HOWEVER, IN THE RIGHT PART, is anything but a lesser actor, and tries manfully to save **Visiting Mr. Green** from the South Florida retirement-home circuit where, if there is such a thing, it belongs. We are informed that the author, Jeff Baron, "left a successful corporate career to be a writer." That ex-career may have induced such by-the-numbers playwriting where everything inches predictably from dot to connectable dot, and a sprinkling of simplistic gags is meant to gussy up the schematic trajectory.

Green, a highly crotchety advanced octogenarian—his mishegoss exacerbated by the recent death of his beloved wife, Rose—was almost run over by young Ross Gardiner, who works for American Express, a company, we are to believe, Green has never heard of. A judge sentences Ross to six months of weekly visits to Green in his apartment full of accumulated rubbish, with a fridge empty of victuals. But Green fiercely resists Ross, despite the good food and attempts at making order he provides. Only through extended, and rather monotonous, efforts does Ross break down Green's stubbornness—especially with the revelation that he, too, is Jewish.

To drag this tedious exercise into a second act, Ross must also confess that he is homosexual, thereby eliciting comic incredulity and bumptious efforts to convert him to heterosexuality. But everything, as you agonizingly expected, comes out hunky-dory. Ross turns Green into the sympathetic father surrogate he sorely needs, and induces the codger who, in Orthodox Jewish fashion, "buried" his only child when she married a goy, to make truly paternal peace with her. In the end, all is as rosy as if Rose (who secretly maintained relations with the daughter) were with us yet.

Eli Wallach does a fine job of making Green come alive without pathos or exaggeration, and without whoring after audience adulation. This is a canny, carefully calibrated performance deserving to be in a far better play than Baron has cooked up. As Ross, David Alan Basche is passable, though a trifle too bland. Lonny Price has capably directed a well-designed production (set by Loren Sherman, costumes by Gail Brassard, lighting by Phil Monat), for which David Shire has composed good but oversophisticated music. The play illustrates the great American curse of everyone, however ill-suited, wanting to be in show business; for Jeff Baron's sake, let's hope that corporate business will take back its prodigal son.

TOM JONES AND HARVEY SCHMIDT OFFER A charming retrospective of their work in **The Show Goes On.** Not at all a dreary "And then we wrote" ego trip, this is a selective overview of the high and low points of their joint career, whose best known peaks were *The Fantasticks, 110 in the Shade,* and *I Do! I Do!* What we get here is Schmidt, ebullient at the piano, and Jones as the choicest of compères and raconteurs evoking the history of creating Broadway and Off Broadway musicals, as well as writing for nightclubs, cabarets, and movies. We also get experiments with yet-to-be-produced musicals from their private laboratory. Through their personal prism, Schmidt and Jones cover something bigger: the rise and fall of show music in the past four decades.

Jones's witty, gracefully irreverent and unmaudlinly nostalgic conspectus is impeccably delivered, and when the partners join in song renditions, decades drop from their voices and shoulders, and the phoenix of self-renewal is in finest feather and fettle. At other times, a trio of singing actors takes over, as directed by Drew Scott Harris and choreographed by Janet Watson, with no striking originality but pleasantly enough. The mature Jo Ann Cunningham does the sadder and wiser songs with exquisite tact and musicianship. J. Mark McVey sings the male numbers in good voice but without much personality. The ingenue numbers, alas, fall to Emma Lampert, who, though adequate vocally, is about as unprepossessing as a performer can be. Daily it becomes clearer that attractive young women now bypass the theater for movies, television, and modeling. More's the pity.

Especially gratifying here are the seriocomic insights into what goes on behind the theatrical scenes, and the chance to experience different versions of well-known songs both as they might have been performed and as they were. *The Show Goes On* is as diverting a musical education as you are likely to get, along with catching such a gorgeous but little-known number as "The Room Is Filled With You" in Miss Cunningham's moving rendition. ▬

nightlife

Billy Higgins...Greg Garing...Oasis

Concerts

Omar Faruk Tekbilek Ensemble—Sufi mystic, hybridist of various Middle Eastern musical styles, and multi-instrumentalist, Tekbilek gives it up on *ney* (reed flute), *zurna*, and *baglama*. 1/10 at 8 P.M. *Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. (545-7536). $15.*

"Gravikords, Whirlies & Pyrophones"—For iconoclasm, the downtown avant-garde scene is fine—as far as it goes. But why settle for some goateed hipster "breaking the rules" on a guitar or sax when you can witness real, live instrument-builders play truly groundbreaking inventions like the "photon clarinet," the "fire organ," and the "water flute"? As part of the traveling "Mechanical Marvels" exhibition, Wendy Mae Chambers, Richard Cook, Ken Butler, and others featured in last year's *Gravikords* book-CD set offer demonstrations of their unique constructions. If musical experimentation is inexorably linked in your mind with arty neighborhoods, the third date in the series takes place at a TriBeCa club. Of course, the show is free if you catch it in the more sedate climes of the World Financial Center. 1/7 from 7 to 8:30 P.M., 1/14 from 12:15 to 1:30 and 7 to 8:30 P.M. *Winter Garden at World Financial Center, 200 Liberty Street. (945-0505). Free.* 1/15 at 8 P.M. *Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St. (219-3055). $10.*

"Greatest Hits of Irving Berlin"—The Y's Lyrics and Lyricists series opens artistic director Barry Levitt's first season—its twenty-eighth year in all—with this salute to one of the American Songbook's primary composers. Jim Lowe hosts, while P. J. Benjamin, Naomi Naughton, Vivian Reed, Karen Saunders, and others do the honors. 1/10–1/12 at 8 P.M. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $35–$38.*

Michael Gordon Band; Andy Statman Quartet—Two of the city's premiere klezmer-inspired outfits, taking the music to new heights of showmanship and innovation. 1/8 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $17.50.*

"Music at the Anthology"—MATA celebrates young composers (or works written when their composers were young) with world premieres by Chien-Yin Chen, Randy Hoestler, Steven Burke, Eleanor Sandresky, and Chester Biscardi and Lili Boulanger. 1/13 at 8 P.M. *Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave. (505-5181). $15.*

"A Musical Tribute to Billy Higgins"—Finas Sound Productions honors the prolific, beatific drummer with the Phineas Newborn Jr. Award, and an all-star concert featuring Tommy Flanagan, Eric Reed, and about twenty other luminaries. (See box, page 75.) 1/12 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $20.*

Oasis—How weirdly fitting that Oasis—whose somewhat immodest shtick comprises equal parts unabashed Beatles worship and Union Jack–waving jingoism—should be atop a bill that includes Anglo-Indian rockers Cornershop. Not only did the latter get their start by speaking out against the mindless thuggery often associated in Britain with soccer enthusiasts, racists, and, yes, Oasis fans, but they also closed their recent *When I Was Born for the Seventh Time* with a blazing Punjabi rendition of the Fab Four's sitar-inflected "Norwegian Wood"—a variation on Lennon-McCartney worship whose ironic subtlety is surely lost on the Bros. Gallagher. However, there is a sunny grandeur to *When I Was Born*'s standout tracks that's actually apt in this context: Witness, for instance, the recent reincarnation of "Brimful of Asha" as intermission music at NHL games. 1/12 at 7:30 P.M. *Continental Airlines Arena, Meadowlands Sports Complex, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171). $25.*

Hossein Omoumi—The Persian flute master performs extended improvisations on works from the Iranian canon. 1/9 at 8 P.M. *Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. (545-7536). $15.*

"Salute to Jimmy Heath"—Just about this time last year, Heath received the Phineas Newborn Jr. Award. Just to make sure he doesn't feel forgotten in 1998, Bill Cosby and Wynton Marsalis co-host another tribute concert. And why not give him the extra props? As part of Dizzy Gillespie's late-forties big band, as a member of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, as leader of the fraternal Heath Brothers, and as a composer and arranger, the alto and tenor vet has earned them. 1/9 at 8 P.M. To benefit Jazz Studies at Queens College. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (718-793-8080). $75–$250.*

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 1/8: Singer-songwriter Larry Loftin. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

The Baggot Inn—A cozy West Village gathering spot for NYU students and other sweater-wearing folk enthusiasts. 1/8: The Flatlanders; Echolalia; Industrial Tepee. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-0622). $.*

Bottom Line—Call it the week of the bluesy guitar legend: Even as burning bluesman B.B. King holds court a couple of blocks away at the Blue Note, his stylistic opposite, Bo Diddley, returns to club gigging here, 1/9. Between the two of them, King (who's so solo-oriented that he basically doesn't play chords) and Diddley (whose sound is so bound up with rhythm playing that he has a beat named for him) could form one traditional guitarist. 1/10: The Bobs; Doo Wa Zoo. 1/11: Four Bitchin' Babes. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 1/8: Shinola. 1/9: Beat Positive. 1/10: Fluffer. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 1/8: Ernie Williams & the Wildcats. 1/9: Jon Paris. 1/10: Johnny Allen. 1/12: Michael Packer. 1/13: Martin Wright. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and*

Talent
Catwoman Forever

It's a good thing Eartha Kitt's back at Café Carlyle. New Yorkers were starting to think of the gravel-voiced sex kitten as just an uninvited fellow taxi passenger. But in concert, where her trademark growl promises something decidedly less restrained than a seat belt, Kitt reminds us that she's also the smartest, wickedest woman in town—never mind that she'll turn 71 during this ten-week run. On second thought, maybe you *should* buckle up.

Photograph by Jesse Frohman.

14th Sts. (924-9755). $.

Coney Island High—Boston's Upper Crust have built a surprisingly solid career on an integration of 1770s-style politics (that is, the unreconstructed royalist variety) and 1970s-style arena rock (the unreconstructed babes-'n'-guitars kind). Espousing floggings for peasants in songs like "Friend of a Friend of the Working Class" doesn't seem to have hindered the band members' real-life credentials: Singer-guitarist Ted Widmer, a.k.a. Lord Rockingham, was recently hired as a speechwriter for Al Gore. See him flout the very principles on which our great land was founded, 1/11. 1/9: Raging Slab; Ritalin Boy. 1/10: Skinlab. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night. Every Wednesday, Fez presents "Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy," featuring veterans of MTV's *The State* and other cutups. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 1/7–1/8: Cecil Taylor returns for more of his extravagant, eclectic, mind-bending solo shows, at which he typically mutters, moans, and pounds his way through a solid hour's worth of free-jazz antics. 1/9: Shimmy Disc records, the Hoboken label that's supplied the decade with some of its greatest out-there sounds (from Bongwater's neo-psychedelia to Ween's first, stoned-out albums) celebrates its tenth anniversary with an all-star concert starring Drazy Hoops, the Blue Whales, Ikue Mori, John Zorn, and Glen or Glenda (which features label head Kramer as Glen). 1/10: David Gilmour Trio. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Life—Okay, we give. It *is* the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers aren't? *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. 1/7: Milo Z. 1/8: The Dave Maxwell Band with Monster Mike Welch. 1/9: The Water Street Blues Band. 1/10: Little Buster & the Soul Brothers. 1/12: Bill Perry. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 1/7: Raunchy seventies San Francisco punk legends the Nuns, back from the Where Are They Now? file and on a roll; White Courtesy Telephone, featuring guest appearances galore and everybody's favorite midwinter singalong, "(It's Good to Be) A Jew at Christmas." 1/8: Come's Thalia Zadek has been around the indie-rock scene longer than just about anybody else. And, surprisingly in a field in which novelty is such a valuable commodity, she has a shockingly impressive track record. Come's longevity as a relevant, swirlingly bluesy outfit is further testament to its frontwoman's vision. 1/9: On his debut CD, *Alone*, New Yorker by way of Nashville Greg Garing deftly integrates two of the decade's most compelling musical trends: gritty trad country and beats-and-loops electronica. Bandwagonesque as the idea may sound, it was actually one of the gutsier and more beautiful albums of last year. See the alchemy live here. 1/11: Steve Wynn. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 1/9: Fun Bunnies, a new outfit featuring erstwhile Spin Doctor Chris Barron; Sun Ra Arkestra fixture Alex Obert; Motochile. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band gets the room swinging, lindy-hopping, and otherwise engaging in social behaviors of yesteryear (look for guest appearances by John Pizzarelli and other bona fide big names), after which the next generation takes over, to ever-more-vigorous dancing. The Flying Neutrinos play Saturday evenings in January. Too much hopping got you pooped? Take a load off in the upstairs Blue Room Lounge. 1/9: Set 'Em Up Joe. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—In helping put Chapel Hill, North Carolina, on the rock map, Polvo became one of the early nineties' most promising acts. Its brainy, loopy blend of weirdly tuned guitars, surrealistic lyrics, and off-kilter beats seemed a sure thing in the post-Sonic Youth universe. The band derailed slightly when its prime mover, Ash Bowie, signed up for double duty as the bassist in Helium. Though Bowie is still in Polvo, the other band members have had to pull more weight than they seem entirely capable of. Still, their live shows have their transcendent moments, when you still believe it possible that Polvo is the next big thing—and Chapel Hill is the next Seattle. With fellow southerners Trans Am, whose instrumental stylings mingle cerebral electronica with unrepentant arena-rock riffing. It all happens 1/10. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is "Fastbreak," a jungle–techno–hip-hop–"Kung-fu breakbeat" extravaganza. 1/7: *Rent* leading man Adam Pascal fronts his snappily named, hard-rocking Adam Pascal Band. 1/9: Conehead Buddha; Yolk. 1/10: Zen Tricksters. 1/14: Scotch-Canadian violinist Martyn Bennett plays tunes from his new CD, *Bothy Culture. 161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 1/5–1/9: Christian McBride, Nicholas Payton, and Mark Whitfield play as a well-matched and intriguing young straight-ahead trio. 1/10: Eliane Elias. 1/11: Chico O'Farrill's electrifying Afro-Cuban jazz orchestra. 1/13: The Duke Ellington Orchestra, conducted by the founder's teenage grandson, Paul. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from almost every seat, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 1/6–1/11: Last year, B.B. King presented the pope with his famed Gibson guitar, Lucille. So how's he going to deliver those burning blues licks? Guess we'll have to go down to the show to find out—though we can rest assured that King will figure out something. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Cornelia Street Cafe—A cozy West Village restaurant with tasty bistro fare and some surprisingly good bands. 1/8: Mika Pohjola Quartet. 1/9: Craig Yaremko. Sets at 9 P.M. *29 Cornelia St. (989-9319).*

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. Tuesdays and Thursdays: the Ed Swanston Trio. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to the Harlem Jazz Legends, fronted by the incomparable singer Laurel Watson. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 1/6–1/11: Marcus Printup

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Performance

Drum Major

During Jackie McLean's weeklong run at the Vanguard last month, the loudest cheers were reserved for Billy Higgins, the smiling, unflappable presence at the back of the bandstand. The audience championed drummer over saxophonist (and sideman over headliner) not only because Higgins was obviously at the top of his form, flawlessly blending sharp-eared responsiveness with restrained contemplation. The crowd also embraced him because he was back on the club circuit after a long, life-threatening illness that resulted in a liver transplant last year—so it was something of a miracle that he was on the stage at all. It's fitting, then, that a number of the biggest names in jazz—members of Higgins's fifties and sixties cohort like David "Fathead" Newman, Kenny Barron, and Tommy Flanagan, as well as comers Renee Rosnes and Javon Jackson—are gathering at Merkin Hall, January 12, to honor the drummer with a lifetime-achievement prize. Like most such ceremonies, the presentation of the Phineas Newborn Jr. Award—whose previous recipients include Milt Jackson and Ron Carter—is primarily an excuse for a concert: In various combinations, the two dozen participants will jam well into the night. The 61-year-old Higgins is said to be one of the most-recorded drummers in the history of jazz, and listening to the breadth of styles he's explored just since his recovery, it's easy to believe the claim. From his near-melodic fluidity with Ornette Coleman and Charlie Haden in July to the hard-bop of Cedar Walton's *The Art Blakey Legacy* to his own *Billy Higgins Quintet,* he proved himself as flexible and profound a musician as anyone around. And all year long, he kept that million-dollar smile on his face.

Ethan Smith

Photograph by Enid Farber.

Quintet. 1/13–1/18: Ahmad Jamal. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—Midtown south's newest, biggest, and most stylish hangout for hard-boppers and the men and women who love them. You can't hear the bands from the swanky first-floor restaurant, but the basement club's modified menu offers the best club food in the city. 1/6–1/11: The Steve Wilson Quartet. Sets Sun. and Tues.–Thurs. at 8 and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. *2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays, it's the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. 1/8: Orrin Evans Quartet with Ralph Peterson. 1/9–1/10: Jim Snidero Quintet. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 1/6–1/11: Violinist Regina Carter, whose bluesy, visceral soloing was one of the highlights of Wynton Marsalis's *Blood on the Fields*, leads a straight-ahead quartet that features Kenny Barron, Peter Washington, and Lewis Nash. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 1/6–1/11: Big-toned tenorman Joe Lovano presides with a variety of backing musicians. 1/6 and 1/7, he's with Tom Harell; 1/8 and 1/9, with ten-piece ensemble. 1/10 and 1/11, Cuban pianist Gonzalo Rubalcaba sits in. 1/13–1/18: Donald Harrison Quartet. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégée and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 MacDougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. Shows Mon.–Sat. at 8 P.M. Every Sunday night at 7 P.M.: Larry Rivers Quartet. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night hosted by David J. Tuesday–Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians," with shows at 8 P.M., 10 P.M., and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety showplace has broadened its focus from straight standup to a mix of sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. 1/7: "Face Down in the Lap of Luxury" mixes music, magic, and comedy, with guest swing band the Flying Neutrinos. 1/8: "Chelsea/Clinton Music Jam." 1/9–1/10: Vic Henley; Billy Burr; Al Lubel. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St. (244-3005).*

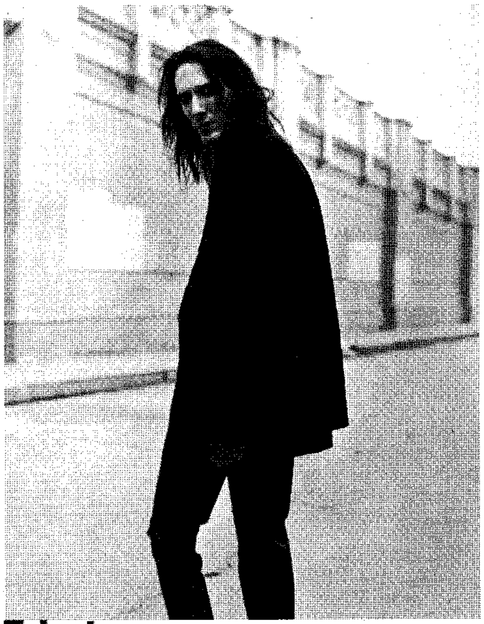
Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and midnight; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1/5–1/11: Brad Lowery; Greg Rogell; Jim Norton; Nancy Redman. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 P.M.; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 1/9–1/10: Keith Robinson; Steven Scott; J. R. Havlan; Ian Edwards. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*



Talent
Space Cowboy

Ensuring that the millennium will end with no musical hybrid untested, pomo troubadour Greg Garing improbably—and beautifully—mixes aching trad-country with noir-*ish electronica. Hear the haunting results firsthand January 9 at Mercury Lounge.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Not many round tables (and no viciousness) in the Oak Room—just a classy performance space so intimate you can reach out and touch the performers. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $35; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800, ext. 154).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Eartha Kitt returns, 1/6, for ten weeks of growling, purring, and other forms of sexy cajoling. Not bad for a woman who'll hit 70 before the month is out. Call for reservations. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Singer-pianist Kathleen Landis. $12 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Every Monday and Tuesday, Ronny Whyte is in the piano bar. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—Every Wednesday in January, Julia "My Boyfriend Is a Genius" Douglas plays. Mondays, 1/12–2/2, at 9 P.M.: Scott Coulter performs *Remember the Magic.* $10–$15 cover, two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $.*

Duplex Cabaret—Fridays at 8 P.M.: "Don't Touch That Dial," a forties musical revue; through 1/30. *61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. 1/6–1/17: Carol Sloane pays tribute to Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald—figures who surely don't need any extra acclaim. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Every Friday night, John Malino and the Swing Society revive that old Times Square vibe. No cover; $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Bars

Chez Es Saada—A subterranean orientalist fantasia, replete with fountains, Egyptian pop on the sound system, and exotic drinks with unpronounceable names. Don't be misled by the lack of street-level signage, though: Chez Es Saada is no trendoid-free oasis, and on weekends the bouncers give entry preference to Euro-partyers. *42 E. 1st St. (777-5617).*

Ciel Rouge—If you can get a table, you're in luck: The extensive and perfectly executed drink selection, the Second Empire décor (which includes a paint job that matches the moniker), and the French-café-style entertainment all make Ciel Rouge the perfect setting to pass a winter evening. If you get stuck standing at the bar, though, the half-Eurotrash, half-reverse-slumming-downtowner crowd might be a bringdown. *176 Seventh Ave., bet. 20th and 21st Sts. (929-5542).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Photograph by Jana Leon.

in concert

Valery Gergiev Conducts the Philharmonic

Classical Music

Wednesday, January 7

Reinventions—Experimental music by Trimpin, Robert Grawi, Richard Cooke, David Simons, and Wendy Mae Chambers. *The Winter Garden, World Trade Center, 200 Chambers St. (945-0505), at 7; free.*

Thursday, January 8

New York Philharmonic—Performs Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1 and Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, with Grigory Sokolov, piano, and Valery Gergiev, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $20–$75.*

Bargemusic—Quartet performances of Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Brahms. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $23.*

Friday, January 9

New York/Paris/New York—French and American chamber music, with works by Stravinsky, Barber, and Boulez, performed by Jerome Pernoo, cello, and Jerome Ducros, piano. *Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160), at 8; $20.*

Ruth Laredo, Piano—Performs works by Scriabin. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 8; $25.*

New York's Ensemble for Early Music—Performs *Herod and the Innocents*; Frederick Renz, conductor. *St. Mary's, 145 W. 46th St. (749-6600), at 8; $24–$28.*

New York Philharmonic—See 1/8, at 11.

Saturday, January 10

Lark Quartet—Performs the world premiere of Aaron Jay Kernis's String Quartet No. 2. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 9; $8.50.*

Classical Action—Dawn Upshaw, Joshua Bell, Bill T. Jones, and other music and dance superstars perform at this benefit concert for Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS, hosted by Nathan Lane and Madeline Kahn. *BAM Majestic Theater, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (997-7717), at 8:30; $100–$500.*

Guarneri String Quartet—Plays the second installment of its ongoing performance of the Beethoven cycle. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 8; $30.*

New York Philharmonic—See 1/8, at 2.

Sunday, January 11

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performs Faure, Ravel, and Dvorák. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 5; $25–$35.*

American Composers Orchestra—Performs Sessions, Thomas, Smith, and Glass; Dennis Russell Davies, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $9–$40.*

Brian Asawa, Countertenor—Performs songs by Dowland, Rachmaninoff, and Caldara, as well as three comic pieces by Jake Heggie about being an American countertenor, "The Trouble With Trebles in Trousers" and "The Countertenor's Conundrum." With Malcolm Martineau, piano. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 3; $32.*

Kandinsky Trio—Performs Haydn, Bottesini, and Brahms. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 2; $10.*

Safri Duo—Performs works by Mendelssohn, Chopin, Koppel, others. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $15.*

Bargemusic—See 1/8, at 4:30.

New York Philharmonic— See 1/8.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Britten's *Peter Grimes*, 1/7 at 8 and 1/10 at 1:30; Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, 1/8 at 8; Strauss's *Capriccio*, 1/9 at 8 and 1/12 at 8; Verdi's *Don Carlo*, 1/1 at 7; and Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*, 1/10 at 7:30. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $24–$200.*

Opera Northeast—Performs Rossini's *Elisabetta;* John Burrows, conductor, 1/13 at 7:30. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448).*

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Perform *The Mikado,* 1/8–1/10 at 8, 1/10 and 1/11 at 3. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $25–$55.*

Dance

Forever Tango—The Argentine form interpreted by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Altogether Different—The first week of this festival includes new works by Mark Dendy, Ronald Brown, Wally Cordona, Nai-Ni Chen, Irene Hultman, Joy Kellman, and Kevin O'Day, 1/6–1/11. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $18.*

Roger C. Jeffrey—The Tharp! dancer presents new choreography, including *Subtle Changes, Sacrifice, Midnight Tears,* and *Spirit of the Dead,* 1/7 and 1/8 at 8. *La Guardia High School, 108 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. (496-0700); $12.*

Elinor Coleman and Phyllis Rose—New choreography by the two companies, 9/9 at 9, 1/10 at 8, and 1/11 at 3. *Dance Space, 622–626 Broadway (226-5767); $12.*

Thunderbird American Indian Dancers—Performs the Butterfly Dance, a Hopi paean to nature, and the world premiere of *II* by Native American choreographer Michael Taylor, 1/9–1/11 at 8. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (254-1109); $10.*

Ben Munisteri—Performs *Late-Night Sugar Flight,* 1/9–1/10 at 11. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288); $12.*

Previews

Five Not-So-Easy Pieces

At the Joyce, the annual Altogether Different festival showcases works by emerging avant-garde choreographers from around the globe—David Parsons and Stephen Petronio are past participants. This year's three weeks of performances includes premieres from the companies of former Twyla Tharp dancer Kevin O'Day, Taiwanese star Nai-Ni Chen, ex–Trisha Brown principal Iréne Hultman, Off–Off Broadway choreographer Mark Dendy, and NYU prof Joy Kellman (all pictured above). Opening January 6.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

cue

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Sports

Vanessa Grigoriadis
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Linda Hall
Books
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Radio

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Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

Photograph by Lois Greenfield.

the mix

Antiques Season...A Lover's Almanac

NEW YORK THEATRE
PRICES

Happening
The Century Club

Would the Yankees have settled in the Bronx if the Bronx had not been in New York City? Would the innumerable treasures of Brooklyn have the same luster if Brooklyn were merely the fourth largest city in America? Would the U.S. Open be the athletic, social, and media event of the summer if its address ended with "Queens"? It was the 1898 birth of New York City as we know it that allowed Staten Island, Brooklyn, Manhattan, Queens, and the Bronx to become so much more than the sum of their celebrated parts. In honor of our anniversary, the Museum of the City of New York supplements its exhibition "The New Metropolis: A Century of Greater New York" with an ongoing series of lectures, readings, concerts, children's workshops, and tours. (Call 534-1672, ext. 206, for more information.)

Photograph from Archive Photos/Museum of the City of New York.

Radio Highlights

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 1/10: Pioneering cardiologist Gary S. Roubin talks about his work in the development of "stents"; mind reader Marc Salem talks about *Mind Games* and his unusual gift; Casper rebroadcasts an interview with the late Brendan Gill. WOR, 710 AM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 8 P.M. 1/11: Rick Moody and Darcey Steinke make *Joyous Noise.* WNWK, 105.9 FM.

The Long Player—1/15 at 8 P.M.: *Rubber Soul,* the Beatles' acoustic contribution to 1965. WNYC, 820 AM.

The Written Word

John Guare & Carol Vogel—1/5 at 8 P.M.: The author of *The House of Blue Leaves, Six Degrees of Separation, Four Baboons Adoring the Sun,* and *The War Against the Kitchen Sink* reads from and discusses his work with playwright Carol Vogel, author of *How I Learned to Drive.* 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

John Corvino, Edward Stein, William Byne, and Mitchell Lasco—1/6 at 7 P.M.: The editor of *Same Sex: Debating the Ethics, Science, and Culture of Homosexuality* is joined by contributing writers for a reading from the comprehensive volume that examines the ethical, religious, and scientific perspectives of gay life. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Jordan Davis, Susan Hoover, and Phyllis Wat—1/6 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading at the Rising Café, 186 Fifth Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-789-6340); $3.

Three Kings Celebration—1/6 at 7 P.M.: Lyda Zacklin, editor of the journal *Translation,* reads from the poetry of Maria Auxiliadora Alvarez, Raul Barrientos, and Alexis Gomez Rosa. Biblio's, 317 Church St. (334-6990); free.

George Dickerson—1/7 at 7 P.M.: Performing an excerpt from his one-man poetry stage show (the performance benefits homeless families and individuals). Alterknit Theatre at the Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St. (219-3006); $6.

Jill Nelson and Laurie Stone—1/7 at 8 P.M.: The two widely published journalists read from their memoirs. Dixon Place, 258 Bowery (219-3088); $5.

Robert Bly—1/7 at 6 P.M.: The Writer's Craft discussion group welcomes the author of *Getting Your Book Published: Inside Secrets of a Successful Author* for a conversation and book-signing. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859).

"Overflow"—1/11 at 7 P.M.: A staged reading (featuring Michelle Banks and David H. Thompson) of Nadina Mozon's work-in-progress. Knitting Factory's main space, 74 Leonard St. (219-3055); $8.

Elizabeth Alexander and Shirley Leflore—1/12 at 8 P.M.: Reading from their work at the Poetry Project, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $7.

The Tenth Muse I—1/12 at 8:15 P.M.: Frank Bidart introduces new poets Mary Leader, Carl Phillips, and Vijay Sesadri. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10.

An Evening of Filipino Poetry—1/13 at 7 P.M.: Luis Francia reads from his manuscript *False Confessions,* and Eric Gamalinda reads from *Zero Gravity.* Biblio's, 317 Church St. (334-6990); free.

Danny Schecter—1/13 at 7 P.M.: The television producer, journalist, and author of *The More You Watch, the Less You Know* recounts his adventures in broadcasting and explains how and why the media fail us. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859).

Maureen Seaton & Denise Duhamel—1/14 at 7 P.M.: The two read from their collaborative poetry collection, *Exquisite Politics.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850).

Realness & Rhythms—1/15 at 7 P.M.: A poetry reading with Carol Rosenfeld, Janis Astor del Valle, Dan Bacalzo, Luz Maria Gordillo, D'Jahma Sentwali, Billy Fogerty, and Kenya Blue. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850).

Lectures and Panels

Sexual Harassment Workshop—1/7 at 6 P.M.: A forum geared toward arming victims of sexual harassment with preventive techniques, awareness of their options, and possible solutions. Call for registration and information (1-888-979-7765); free.

The Bronx Community Paper Company: Partnership By Design—1/7 at 6 P.M.: Architect Maya Lin, Allen Hershkowitz of the National Resources Defense Council, and Yolanda Rivera of Banana Kelly Community Improvement Association of the South Bronx lead a panel discussing the new recycling plant. Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); $7.

The Bronx in the Innocent Years, 1890–1925—1/7 at 7:30 P.M.: As part of the Five-Borough Reading Series celebrating the centennial of the consolidation of Greater New York, Lloyd Ultan, Bronx Borough historian and author, gives a talk. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St., at Union Square (253-0810).

Catherine David—1/6 at 6 P.M.: The curator of *documenta x* joins Lynne Cooke, curator at the Dia Center for Art, for a discussion of the exhibit and contemporary curatorship. Cooper Union's Great Hall, 7th St. and Third Ave. (353-4158); $10.

Spa Day for the Soul—1/10 from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.: A workshop headed by Marjory Zoet Bankson promising a day of relaxation, learning, and spiritual growth. Lunch included, child care provided, and reservations required. Marble Collegiate Church, 3 W. 29th St. (686-2770); $20.

Am I an Author Yet?—1/12 at 7 P.M.: An open forum on artistic collaborations and the nature of authorship. Panelists consist of prominent artists in a variety of media and attorneys who explain the current state of the law regarding the ownership of words and ideas. Cooper Union's Great Hall, 7th St. and Third Ave. (353-4158); free.

Geisha: The Art and the Life—1/12 at 6:30 P.M.: Arthur Golden (*Memoirs of a Geisha*) and Jodi Cobb (*Geisha: The Life, the Voices, the Art*) shed fascinating light on these legendary women. Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $10.

Hans-Ulrich Obrist—1/13 at 6 P.M.: Obrist discusses *Unbuilt Roads*, his book about public projects left unfinished and about his recent curatorial endeavor, "Cities on the Move." Cooper Union's Great Hall, 7th St. and Third Ave. (353-4158); $10.

Washington's Military Career Examined—1/15 at 6 P.M.: West Point history professor Colonel Kenneth Hamburger looks at Washington's years in the armed forces, beginning with his enlisting in the Colonial militia and continuing through to his command of all Continental forces in the American War for Independence. In conjunction with the exhibit "Images of George Washington From the Collection of Stanley DeForest Scott" at the Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1778); free with museum admission ($2.50).

Marketing and Legal Issues Facing Creative Firms in N.Y.C.—1/5, 1/7, 1/13, and 1/15 at 6:30 P.M.: Mary Jo Fahey and Edmund Shangold teach a four-session course for computer-graphic artists and other design professionals. Call Cooper Union to register (353-4195); $185.

Career Workshop—1/7 and 1/14 at 1 P.M.: A series of Wednesday-afternoon workshops where career counselors Kathy Fanning and Deborah Sauldsberry teach you about "Wowing the Employer" and "Things That Go Wrong in Your Job Search and Making Them Go Right!" Marble Collegiate Church, 3 W. 29th St. (686-2770); $5.

Tours

Historic Lower Manhattan—1/10 at 1 P.M.: See where Peter Minuet "purchased" Manhattan Island, visit Battery Park and the Hope Garden dedicated to AIDS victims, and then amble down Emma Lazarus Walk to thoroughly enjoy old New Amsterdam. Meet on the front steps of the Custom House (732-270-5277); $10.

Old Chelsea—1/11 at 2 P.M. Tour stately Chelsea, a quaint old neighborhood brimming with secrets. Meet in front of the Flatiron Building, at the intersection of Broadway, Fifth Ave., and 43rd St. (969-8262); $10.

Tour & Tea at the Kitano Hotel—1/11 at 3:30 P.M.: Relax at an afternoon tea at Murray Hill's elegant Kitano Hotel after touring the first-rate art collection, with works by Red Grooms and Botero, among others. Call the 92nd St. Y for reservations (996-1100); $32 (includes tea).

Chocolate Lovers' Guide to New York—1/11 from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.: Travel with chef Nina Kauder (a.k.a. the Truffle Mistress), a self-proclaimed "full-blown psycho food person," as you visit New York's finest chocolatiers. The shops' proprietors talk about chocolate-making and provide samples. Call the 92nd St. Y for reservations (996-1100); $55 (includes transportation).

Indoor New York: Rockefeller Center—1/12 at 12:30 P.M.: Architectural historian Francis Morrone explores the indoor spaces, including the lobbies and extensive underground concourse, of midtown's most expertly planned development. Meet at the Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); $10.

Greenwich Village—1/10 at 1 P.M.: Stroll through New York's most unique and legendary home to artists, writers, and radicals, with a special emphasis on the history and architecture of the area. Other stops include Jefferson Market Courthouse, St. Luke's in the Fields Chapel, and the homes of Aaron Burr, Edith Wharton, and e.e. cummings. Meet at the Washington Square Arch (439-1090); $9.

Jewish Ellis Island—1/11 at noon: Experience the Ellis Island Museum and grounds with special emphasis on the Jewish immigrant experience. This predominantly indoor tour includes a talk on the history of American immigration and a ride aboard a heated ferry. Meet at the flagpole in the center of Battery Park's Clinton National Monument. Call for reservations (439-1090); $15.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call for reservations and times (769-7020); $8.

Exhibitions

Traveling Through China—Through 1/24: More than twenty still lifes, portraits, and landscapes by contemporary Chinese painters depicting images of Chinese life in the aftermath of 1989's Tiananmen uprising. The exhibit was guest-curated by artist and scholar Jian-Jun Zhang of the Shanghai Art Museum. The Forbes Magazine Picture Gallery, 62 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (206-5549); free.

Glowing Topiary Garden—Through 1/31: An environmental art installation of light, form, and sound by landscape artist Ken Smith brightens up downtown during the holiday season. Sponsored by the Alliance for Downtown New York, the *Glowing Topiary Garden* is a hybridization of a French topiary garden and a Japanese Zen garden. So 250 wind chimes and seventeen large, beautifully lit cones find themselves most intriguingly and strategically placed in Liberty Square Park (next to the World Trade Center).

50 Years of The Subway Sun—Through 3/22: An exhibit of "The Subway Sun" poster series that regularly inspired and admonished passengers on everything from their patriotic duty to proper underground etiquette. New York Transit Museum, Boerum Pl. and Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn Heights (718-243-8601); $3.

Assignment: Rescue—Through 3/29: "The Story of Varian Fry and the Emergency Rescue Committee" commemorates Varian Fry, an American relief worker responsible for rescuing nearly 2,000 Jews and opponents of the Nazis, including Marc Chagall, André Breton, and Hannah Arendt, from Vichy France during World War II. Though Fry's efforts are not as well known as those of Raoul Wallenberg and Oskar Schindler, his accomplishments constitute one of the most riveting chapters of the Holocaust period. The exhibit is composed largely of historic photographs, artifacts, and related works of art. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); $7.

New York From Above: An Aerial View—Through 6/14: An exhibit of 26 paintings by contemporary painter and geographer Spelman Evans Downer that chart the evolution of Greater Gotham over the past 100 years. His work depicts historical landscapes before extensive urbanization as well as space-age satellite views of Manhattan. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

Mechanical Marvels: Invention in the Age of Leonardo—Through 3/1: This exhibit brings the "Renaissance of the Machine" that swept Europe in the fifteenth century back to life, with large-scale silkscreen reproductions of original drawings, 50 remarkable working models, and a number of multimedia and virtual-reality stations. The show concentrates on the inventions of Filippo Brunelleschi, Taccola, Francesco di Giorgio, and Leonardo da Vinci. On view at the Liberty Street gallery at the World Financial Center. Tues.–Fri. 11 A.M.–6 P.M., Sat. and Sun. noon–5 P.M. (945-0505); $6.

Events

"One Century of Posters Unveiling"—1/14 at 7 P.M.: The unique collection of antique posters by renowned European artists of the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries makes its American-tour debut. The collection features work by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, Alphonse Mucha, Jules Cheret, A. M. Cassandres, Marc Chagall, and Villemot, among others. The reception will be hosted by Bill Boggs and Robin Leach. Axelle Fine Arts, 148 Spring St. (226-2262).

Sacred Heart Antiques Show—1/16 from 4 to 8 P.M., 1/17–1/18 from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.: The Convent of the Sacred Heart Antiques Show will be faithfully held at the historic Otto Kahn Mansion and the 75-year-old James Burden Mansion (the two adjoined landmark buildings that make up the Sacred Heart School) for its seventh year. More than 55 select dealers will grace the "resplendent" rooms, displaying a multitude of highly coveted tchotchkes and age-old objects of beauty. Wendy Management has gathered 55 of its finest dealers of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American, English, Oriental, and Continental furniture, decorative accessories, and jewelry, rare books, maps, prints, and art. To

Shopping **For reasons that have never been entirely clear, the dead of January is chockablock with the liveliest—and most haute—antique shows. Wendy Antiques opens the year with its Convent of the Sacred Heart Show (eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American furniture, ancient arts, designer and estate jewelry, maps and prints, etc.) at the landmark Otto Kahn Mansion. (See listings.)**

Photograph from On Location Studios.

benefit the Sacred Heart Building Fund. The Sacred Heart School, 1 91st St. (772-4745); $10.

Benefits

Coats Needed—New York Cares presents its ninth annual Coat Drive, which collects "gently used" coats of all sizes to warm adults and children in need. The Coat Drive distributes the used, but still wearable, coats to homeless shelters, centers for battered women, people with HIV/AIDS, and people living on the street. This year, more than 600 drop-off sites are in operation and include any NYPD facility at any time; Penn and Grand Central Stations weekdays 7:30–9:30 A.M.; and any Blockbuster Video or Home Depot store in N.Y.C., Long Island, or Westchester. Call for more information regarding drop-off sites or to volunteer (223-CARE).

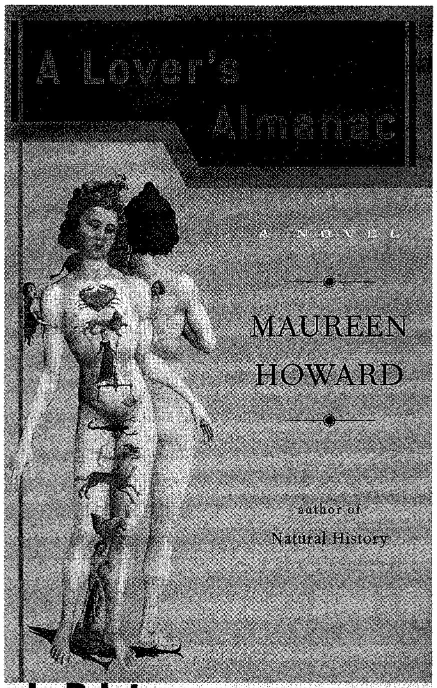
Online

New York Magazine on the Web—If you're looking for the latest and greatest the Web has to offer, go directly to "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) where you can leave all the searching and random clicking to someone else. This week's sites include a way to trick your Web pals into thinking you're polylingual, a 'zine that takes the word "offensive" to new heights (or lows, rather), and another that enables you to donate your eyes to charity every time you get online. Also, take a joyride with NBC along Route XXXII on the Super Bowl superhighway and visit a site that promises to bring your photo albums into the digital age. And while you're at www.nymag.com, take advantage of all our Web exclusives, an expanded, searchable "Cue" section, selected articles from the current issue, and oh-so-much more.

Sports

The Dead of Winter—Sigh loudly, sports fans, because now is the winter of our discontenders. The wretched exits of both the Jets and the Giants have left New Yorkers with naught but Knicks and Rangers to root for, and the way things are going, neither team may be playing come spring. The Rangers, on their way to a measly dozen wins in 40 games, are playing such lifeless hockey they look like extras in *Night of the Living Dead*. The only thing worth watching in a Rangers' uniform this season has been Pat LaFontaine, who not only leads the team in scoring but is in the league's top ten. And this is on a team with Gretzky. Meanwhile, the Blueshirts' Garden roommates, the Knicks, have changed all speculation regarding the postseason. With Ewing out, the question is no longer whether they've got what it takes to win a title but whether they've got what it takes to even scrape into the playoffs. Coach Van Gundy, a hoop neurotic who takes the inadequacy harder than anyone, has always had his finger on the weak pulse of his team's failures. "We used to pride ourselves on extraordinary commitment, and now we're barely ordinary," he anguished recently. He could be talking about all of New York sports.

Big City Coed Volleyball League—Break out your knee pads—it's volleyball season again. General open scrimmage is 1/7 from 6:30 to 9:30 P.M. Advanced open scrimmage (5-plus years' experience) is 1/8 from 6: 30 to 9:30 P.M. High School for Environmental Studies (444 W. 56 St.). To register a team or for info, call 288-4240.



In Print
Lover's Story

With 'Bridgeport Bus' (first published in 1965 and recently reissued by Penguin), Maureen Howard proved herself a novelist of permanence, and her 1978 memoir 'Facts of Life' earned a National Book Critics Circle Award. Now Howard is undertaking a vaulting trilogy about the nature of romance and fate; her first installment, the intricate 'A Lover's Almanac,' arrives this week from Viking. ($24.95.)

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
RANGERS		CAR MSG 7:30PM		WASH MSG 7:30PM		MON MSG 7:30PM	
ISLANDERS		PIT SC 7:30PM		MON SC2 7:30PM		CAR SC 1PM	
DEVILS	DAL SC 7:30PM		PIT SC 7:30PM		TAM SC 7:30PM	PIT SC 7PM	
KNICKS	WASH MSG 7:30PM		NJ MSG 7:30PM		CHI TNT 8PM		SEA MSG 7:30PM
NETS			NY SC 7:30PM	ORL SC 7:30PM		MIN SC 7:30PM	
	1/5	1/6	1/7	1/8	1/9	1/10	1/11

Gordon *continued from page 35*

through. If you want to avoid that, the plea was on the table from the beginning."

The phone rings now, interrupting our dinner-table conversation. It's Rabbi Hain, who wants to discuss the legal problems of a member of the congregation. Brafman has lately taken on a series of cases representing Orthodox Jews accused of unorthodox business practices, like Rabbi Elimelech Naiman, charged with embezzling money from the Council of Jewish Organizations of Borough Park and paying off Assemblyman Dov Hikind. "As Ben has gotten more successful, in our religious circle everyone wants something from him," says Shevy Cooperberg, his sister, a real-estate lawyer with three children, who lives nearby. "People call him, day or night, who are in trouble."

Brafman's home is a busy gathering place for friends and family. His widowed father spends weekends there, and his daughter, Jennifer; her husband, Mordecai Lent; and their baby, Max, stop by daily. Brafman brings work home but doesn't talk about it much with his family. "He won't let me watch *Law and Order,*" Lynda says, "because he sees that world all day."

That world. Perhaps because a defense lawyer's job is to spin perceptions, Brafman finds something nice to say about everyone he represents. "I've come to like Daphne [Abdela] quite a bit," he says. "I think she has many redeeming qualities as a person. I hope to be able to salvage her from this horrible mess." Of course, it doesn't help her situation that Brafman was unable to suppress her confession to the police, in which she admitted urging Vasquez to keep stabbing Michael McMorrow ("Gut him . . . he'll sink"). But one prosecutor thinks he could produce another courtroom miracle. "Ben is very good at pulling heartstrings. He's got a good shot with her."

But first up is Peter Gatien, accused not of personally selling drugs and pocketing cash but rather of indirectly encouraging drug sales as a way of boosting business and excitement at his nightclub. The jury will be pondering Gatien's state of mind and to what extent he bears responsibility for the heavy action at his clubs. Even if he's acquitted, the impresario faces another Brafman-defended trial on charges of income-tax evasion.

"The reality of life is that preparing a defense is very expensive," says Gatien, whose legal fees are already punishing, with cases of this magnitude typically running more than $1 million. "There have been times I've been flat-out busted, and Ben has been very accommodating, which means a lot when you're in trouble."

And trouble, after all, is Ben Brafman's business. ▬

kids

Juvenile Energy...*Cinderella*

Children's Events

Ground Rules:
● = free
● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Powwow—Part reunion, part Native American showcase, the Thunderbird American Dancers' Pow-Wow benefits the group's scholarship fund—bringing together more than ten distinct tribes from all over the country. Dine on venison, fry bread, and other Native fare; dances include buffalo dance (from the Hopi tribe), a jingle-dress dance (from the Northern Plains people), and a shawl dance (from the Oklahoma tribes). **THEATER FOR THE NEW CITY,** 155 First Ave. (254-1109). Regular performances are 1/9 at 8, 1/10 at 8, 1/11 at 5, 1/16 at 8, 1/17 at 8, 1/18 at 5. Special children's matinees are 1/11 and 1/18 at 2. Tickets are $10; accompanied children under 12 are $1.

Beyond Juggling—Part dancer, part sculptor, clown, mime, and juggler Michael Moschen is one of a kind . 1/10 at 3. **ARTS CONNECTION,** 120 W. 46th St. (302-7433, ext. 1440). Tickets are $6.●

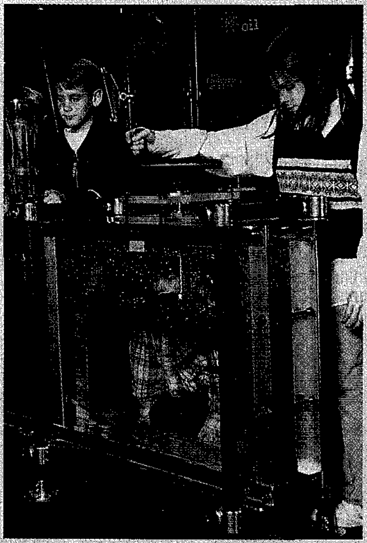
Advance Planning—One way to consider summer possibilities: Cruise the Summer Camp Fair at the **92ND STREET Y** and talk to representatives from camps all over the Northeast (including the Y's own). 1/11 from noon to 4; (a "summer '98 Summer Teen Fair is 2/1 from noon to 4) 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5600).

Onstage—Mowgli is tempted to join a tiger gang in **THEATREWORKS USA'**s modern musical take on Kipling's *The Jungle Book,* 1/10 and 1/11 at 10:30 and 12:30. Promenade Theatre, Broadway and 76th St. (627-7373); $18.50.●

Classics With Strings—**PUPPETWORKS'** *Cinderella* is set in eighteenth-century France. Weekends through April 5 at 12:30 and 2:30. 338 Sixth Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn(718-965-3391). Reservations required. $7, $5 for children. Miss Majesty's Lollipop Playhouse at the **GROVE STREET PLAYHOUSE** presents *Humpty Dumpty Falls in Love*, weekends at 1:30, and another version of *Cinderella* at 3:30. 1/10. through 3/1. 39 Grove St. 741-6436); $8.

Early Arias—"Opera On the Go" invites youngsters in the audience to get up on stage and join in the action. The group performs a none too scary *Little Red Riding Hood* at **THE PRODUCER'S CLUB.** 1/10, 1/11 at 3:30. 616 Ninth Ave., bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (718-380-0665). $10. ●

Installation
Making Waves



"Every time we look closely at the real world, we find stories that are stranger than the strangest inventions of screenwriters." So says Ralph Appelbaum, a museum-exhibit designer whose SoHo-based firm is best known for the groundbreaking Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C. Appelbaum recently created "E-Quest: Exploring the Earth's Energy," a new, hands-on natural-energy exhibit at the Liberty Science Center in Jersey City. Hollywood-generated fantasies and shopping malls, the designer believes, are the real competition for a modern science exhibit. To meet those distractions head-on, his firm has tried to "put kids at the center of a complex mix of forces," catching them off guard the way a movie might but science exhibits traditionally have not. E-Quest is a place you can hose air into wind turbines, experimenting with whether curved or straight pinwheel blades best generate power. An easy trip by ferry and shuttle bus from the World Financial Center, the exhibit is likely to raise as many questions for visitors as it answers. But that's the idea. Appelbaum hopes that with its magma tank (something like a giant lava lamp) and walls covered in chalkboard to accommodate guests' jottings, the 3,000-square-foot lab will give kids an idea of "what science really looks like." Successive groups of children take obvious delight in figuring out how to add gas to a bubbling mixture of air and water, making a geyser gush ten feet high. Might their tangible glee alone be success enough? "The proof of the pudding," Appelbaum answers thoughtfully, "will be if some of those kids are fired up enough to go home and, twenty years from now, come up with a way to generate electricity in my house—using ocean waves." BARBARA ENSOR

Photograph by David Wagner.

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Start The New Year—With a new man in your life. He's a funny, affectionate, down-to-earth, Jewish, tall, handsome, 40s, successful businessman. Marriage minded/under 40? Photo essential. 1106 ☒

Can Hit The Ball—Out of the park! Fun-loving, curious, world-traveling, swing-dancing female, 42, desires a man who can field with the best of them. 1125 ☒

Are You Lonely Too?—Someone older, wiser, young at heart, tallish and fun to be with? I'm a very attractive, fine, 120 lbs, 5'3", blond, blue-eyed Jewish widow. Please drive - I don't. 1168 ☒

Handsome, Successful, Sensitive Guy—Seinfeld looks, who is financially and emotionally secure, seeks pretty, kind, intelligent lady, 33-43, with a good heart, who is emotionally available, for love, romance and great new year together. Photo/note. 1154 ☒

Smart, Cuddly, Debonair—Successful developer - loving, intellectual, handsome, Jewish, 49, 6', 189 lbs, Manhattan - needs capable, happy, brilliant, charming, sexy, pretty, empathic woman to 38, to put "us" before career, for our new life. 1148 ☒

Family Values Guy—Creative, warm, successful, sincere, Jewish, 37, 5'11", slim, athletic, nonsmoker - seeks sweet, kind woman who likes animals and loves to smile. My friends think I am a great catch... Is my special someone reading this ad? I am a (201) but I welcome all area codes. Note/photo/phone. 1124 ☒ ☎

Attractive Man—Attorney in 60s, seeks age-appropriate, pretty, slim, accomplished woman for long-term relationship. I am financially independent, fit, trim, warm, verbal, good sense of humor. Clear current photo/note, please. 1143 ☒

Legs That Don't Stop—Beautiful, tall, thin and very athletic...is how most would immediately label this exceptional woman - but there is much more than what meets the eye. I am 37, the CEO of a renowned manufacturing company, who is unusually successful, confident, passionate, with an infectious smile and boundless energy. I am ready to slow down and find a perfect partner. Looking for a dynamic, confident and successful man, 35-50, with a warm heart and spirit for living. Great looks will attract me, but a quick, challenging mind will hold me. Photo/note. 1137 ☒

Where Are All You Normal Men—Out there? Where are you and why do you hide? Where are you, who are handsome and strong, romantic, sexy, hard-working and fun-loving? Are you also searching for one who is beautiful, passionate, professional and full of life? Well, this 41-year-old, 5'3", 118 lbs woman is all those qualities and more, and she's been searching for you. Come find her. Photo, please. 1151 ☒

New Year, New Start—45-year-old child psychiatrist, adoring father of 5-year-old daughter, seeks romantic, intelligent, slim Jewish female who is ready, willing and able to commit to a quality long-term relationship. Present and future moms welcome. Northern NJ a plus. Letter and photo a must. 1144 ☒

Black-American Princess—Seeks Count Chocula. Ivy-educated JD, 34, 5'6", slim, athletic and fine, needs a handsome chocolate prince (black, single professional, 30-38, with a tight body). If your favorite Clinton is George, your elements are "Earth, Wind and Fire", your dog is atomic, and you wanna' be startin' a little sumthin', sumthin', send photo. 1077 ☒

MD/Equestrian Seeks Sleeping Beauty—Handsome prince, thin, 5'10", warm and witty, seeks slim, beautiful soul mate, equally comfortable in black cocktail dress, plaid skirt or jeans - for romance, fun, family. Photo a must. 1175 ☒

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STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Gay White Female, 50—Attractive, youthful, intelligent, sense of humor, professionally successful, in search of a woman with similar qualities and age, to share a serious friendship. 1101 ☒

Very Attractive Professional Woman—Trim, fit, witty, bright, honest, many and varied interests, seeks same in man, 50s-60s. Note/photo/phone, please. 1150 ☒

Brown-Eyed Girl—Attractive, intelligent, down-to-earth female...seeks handsome, successful, sincere, down-to-earth guy, 32-42. I'm looking for my best friend and soul mate, to explore the great outdoors and New York City magic. Don't dazzle me with diamonds... Dazzle me with yourself. Photo/phone a must. 1139 ☒

Sensitive, Sexy, GQ-Type CEO—45, 6', green-eyed, fit and athletic, world traveler (without baggage), witty, upbeat, with other laudable virtues and vices. Stubbornly holding out for a smart, sassy, slim and stunning soul mate, 25-37, 5'3" plus, for romance, commitment and family. Dark-haired/light-eyed and/or foreign-born especially welcome. Photo a must; will exchange. 1135 ☒

Tall, Handsome, Trim—Seeks slender, classy lady, 50s. Note/photo. 1160 ☒

Handsome, Intelligent, Athletic—Jewish, 39, 6'2", MBA, Wall Street professional. I am caring, romantic and have a good sense of humor. Seeking very pretty, slim Jewish woman, 25-35, bright, warm and unpretentious. Photo. 1128 ☒

Seinfeld Still Lives—Handsome, 6'2", adventuresome, youngish 47, Jewish professional seeks attractive, slim, fun-loving, creative lady. Photo/note. 1076 ☒

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Gay White Male—Italian, 36, handsome corporate exec, seeks outgoing, confident, successful guy, 30-40, who loves travel, adventure and NYC restaurants. Please send photo/phone. 1167 ✉

Hotel Owner—Male, 40s, seeks single female, 20 plus. Relocate to FL. 1083 ✉

Rocky Mountain Aphrodite—Seeks Hudson River Adonis. Cuddly, passionate, well-educated, well-traveled "culture vulture" - looking for nonsmoking male soul mate, 45-55, for companionship, commitment(?) and sybaritic living. Your NYC pad plus my Aspen aerie equals perfect life style! Note/photo please, or call. 1052 ✉

Exciting Surprise Package—5'6", 113 lbs, very attractive... Rather than write a bunch of meaningless words, let's chat and get to know each other. Seeking sincere, fun-loving man, 50-59. Note/photo optional. 1149 ✉

Black Male—32, professional, seeks a nice, childless lady, nonsmoker, for friendship. Photo? 1073 ✉

Latina Sweetheart Sought—By Jewish professional, 39, tall, handsome, sweet, kind, caring, affectionate, loyal - seeks soul mate for forever. 1109 ✉ ☎

Lonely In The City—Fit, white Jewish MD, 45, 5'7", 150, seeks smart, slim, pretty, unencumbered woman, 30-43, for love and marriage. Photo/phone. 1165✉☎

Beautiful Black Woman Sought—Bright, slender, adventurous black woman sought by very good-looking lawyer, 6'2", who enjoys travel, outdoor activities, long-distance running, theater and new experiences. Note/phone/photo, please. 1181✉

Jewish Accountant—41, 5'9", handsome, kind and caring, in search of attractive Jewish female to be my partner in life. Note/photo. Nonsmokers only! 1093 ✉ ☎

Physician, 61, Seeks Woman—We are healthy/happy, hard-working/easygoing, enjoy long walks/monogamy. Bio. 1102 ✉

Gay White Male—40, handsome, masculine, successful professional,. seeks a special man, 28-40, who is attractive, sincere, genuine and emotionally available. Have an appreciation of self, a sense of humor, a love for romance, and a desire for a mutual sharing relationship. Note/photo. 1172 ✉

Man Of Means—Tall, athletic, mid 40s, likes to dance - seeks pretty woman for fun, friendship, a little spoiling, marriage and having kids. Picture and note appreciated. 1146 ✉

Looks And Money Count—I have both. Late 40s, 6', 165, brown/gray hair (a bit long), millionaire and require being catered to. You're 30 plus, 5'4"-5'7", and either have done or still do some modeling (preferably bathing suits, lingerie or hosiery). You love looking great, especially for me! Your interests are sophisticated yet simple. You enjoy romance, travel (warm-weather places) and fine dining, and can do without museums, tennis and skiing! So, if this ad attracts you, send at least one great photo (a must)/note/phone number - and hurry! It's time to go to the Caribbean! 1152 ✉

Who's The Lucky One?!—47, very successful, handsome, earthy executive, 6'2", 195 lbs, blue eyes, etc., etc., newly single, looking for "a fine lady", 33-45. Recent photo/note. 1090 ✉

Attractive Asian Girl—30, 5'2", sweet, warm, seeks sincere, mature man. Photo/note/phone. 1141 ✉

Nay Macarena—Mid 30s, 5'10", good-looking, fit, athletic, owner of an investment business - seeking a woman in her 20s or 30s, who feels comfortable and looks fantastic in a pair of jeans (not just DKNY black), who prefers Neil Young to the Macarena, and who would rather share her time between NYC, Amagansett and the Rocky Mountains than just about anywhere else. Note/photo, please. 5273 ✉ ☎

Seven-Year Therapy Veteran—32, 5'8", attractive, professional, down-to-earth, playful, penchant for learning, looking for Jewish man, 30-38, who isn't afraid to laugh at himself and wants to learn how to make a relationship. Note/photo. 1159✉

Successful, Jewish, Scottsdale—Entrepreneur - has a life, now wants a wife. If you're petite, cute, in your 40s, want to shovel sunshine instead of snow, and enjoy world travel and a fine home and lifestyle, please respond with photo. 1119 ✉

Attractive Male—Easygoing, fun, good heart, youthful 41, 5'8", slim, Jewish, nonreligious. Enjoys movies, plays, dining out, reading and rock music. Seeks female counterpart, 28-39, for romance and relationship. Note/phone/photo. 1140 ✉

A Healthy Respect And Appreciation—For women, a good sense of humor and a great smile make this Manhattan guy (43 years, attorney, 6', blue eyes, Christian background) a perfect fit for the right bachelorette. Photo/note. 1170 ✉

Looking For My Soul Man—Attractive, blue-eyed blond, 45, looking for her mate. He is 44-55, tall, attractive, successful and friendly. 1116 ✉ ☎

"Menschen" Me—Fun, handsome, successful, nice Jewish guy, 40, seeks Jewish woman, 30-35, to share all. Note/photo, please. 1171 ✉

Creative Designer—Attractive, tall, thin, long dark red hair and green eyes. Ivy-educated, 45, independent, financially secure, no children. Enjoys skiing and squash, movies and museums, dining out and dining in. LA transplant - seeks companion, 45-55, 5'10" or taller, who is intelligent, ambitious, with a great sense of humor and love of life. Note/photo. 1184✉

Accomplished, Tall, Athletic—Articulate, widowed Jewish professional, early 60s, financially and emotionally secure, seeks a nonsmoking, upbeat, trim and attractive female counterpart for friendship, companionship, romance. Note/photo/phone, please. 1087 ✉

White Female, 40, 5'6"—Brown hair and eyes - enjoys movies, theater and cooking. Seeks handsome male, 35-42, commitment-minded. Noto/photo. 1103✉

Single Jewish Male—40, looking to meet a single Jewish female whose birth sign is Pisces or Capricorn. Note/photo. 1105✉☎

Tall, Handsome, Charming—Gentleman, 45, intuitive, witty, perceptive, pinstriped, fit and Jewish, who loves ballet and jazz - seeks relationship with beautiful, bright, upscale, personable, very fit, leggy woman, 35-45. Photo. 1162 ✉ ☎

It Happened In 1998—I met the girl of my dreams. A beautiful and adventurous woman who is spontaneous and daring. She can make me smile with her special charm and is a partner for life in all my grand plans. Most of all, she was able to deal with the 34-year-old, Jewish, super-successful and extremely handsome Jewish prince. His modesty did not annoy her. Photo/note. 1142 ✉

As featured in Forbes, Harvard Law Bulletin and People.

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✓ 2. Buy weekend home.
✓ 3. Lower handicap.
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Distinguished, Creative Surgeon—With much humor and warmth, a handsome, old-fashioned romantic with passion for life, fitness, 5'10", slim, 43. Seeks sincere, bright woman under 37, with an angel's heart. Photo/phone a must. 1178 ✉ ☎

Educated, Intelligent—Great Neck woman, 60s, seeks similar Great Neck/Manhasset/Port Washington man. No sweat. POB 234265, Great Neck, NY 11023

Tall, Athletic, Handsome—And successful guy, mid 30s, seeks slim, fun, intelligent beauty, early 30s, with strong values and passions, for serious relationship. Detailed note/recent photo. 1173 ✉

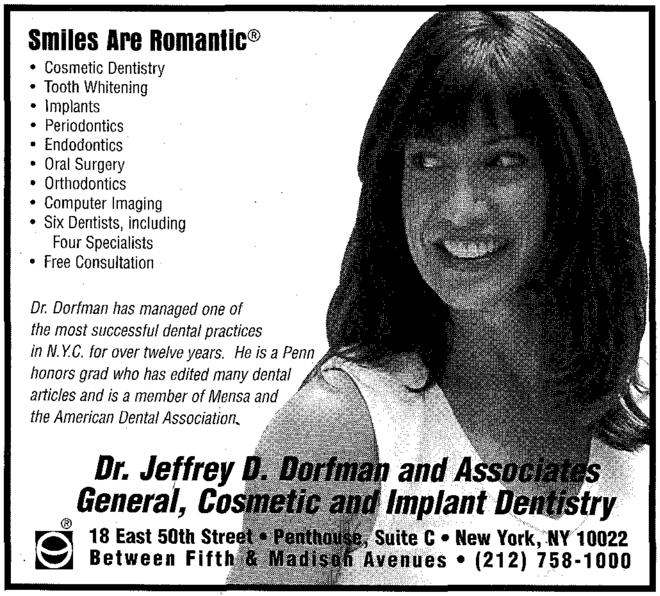
Attractive, Great Smile—Female, 36, seeks successful professional - tall, attractive male, 36-45, for fun/serious relationship. Note/phone/photo. 1088 ✉ ☎

Be Flexible—On politics, religion, money. Successful, handsome, healthy exec, 48, 5'11", needs a bright lady who values peace, nature, culture, NYC, and would love to start a family. (914)/(212)/(203). Note/photo.

Looking For Life And Laughter—You should be stylish, smart, and your natural beauty should be accompanied by a warm, caring, easygoing style. About me: male with European roots, 38, happy, enjoys life, good-natured and adore older women. Looking to make a connection with a very special, 45 and more female. Note/photo, please.

Be My Birthday Gift—42 next week, looks 30s. Cute, fit, successful, divorced, no kids. Enjoys travel, outdoors, NYC and living life. We live a healthy life style, enjoy the finer things but love the simple things (like just being home together). You're spontaneous, in your 30s, nonsmoker, cute and thin. Note/photo. 1145 ✉

The Right Time—Attractive male, 32, 5'10", sandy hair, Christian background, Ivy-educated, builder/investor. Seeking an unattached, fit female, 24-34, for a serious relationship. Strong sense of reality a plus, warm personality a must. 1115 ✉ ☎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Strictly Personals

Youthful Manhattan Widow—Attractive blond, employed in the arts, seeks attractive, financially secure, Jewish, nonsmoking man in his vigorous 60s, with similar cultural interests: art, music, travel - for friendship and maybe more. 1078✉

Cobblestone Streets—37, Jewish male, warm, highly intelligent, creative, artistic, exceptionally good-looking, fit, stylishly well-dressed, exciting, great sense of humor, refined sense of compassion. Loves cobblestone streets, the sun after rain, knowledge, new ideas, laughter, travel, music. MD (very successful)... Seeks deep love with a woman who's exceptionally good-looking (Jane Seymour type), intelligent, warm, sexy, intriguing, stylish, artistic, compassionate and kind. Note/photo. 1180 ✉

Romantic, Passionate Guy—With lots of love to offer - great-looking, in great shape, 6'1", 46 years old, Jewish, clothing designer. Is there an athletic, intelligent, loving, great-looking woman out there for me? Note/photo. 1075 ✉

Piano Man—Successful, single NY physician/businessman, 40s, white, Jewish, 5'8", broad shoulders. Has brains, bucks and loves music. Seeks a very beautiful, creative woman, 21-37, any race/background, to inspire my next song (also to inspire marriage and kids!). Bio/photo a must. 1136 ✉ ☎

Easy For You To Say—That I can find a one-in-a-million, successful, sophisticated, smart, caring, fun-loving and sane guy (50s). If you'd like to meet a pretty, sexy, slim, divorced, successful woman, smart and funny, who needs a best friend and lover, please call or write. 1086 ✉ ☎

Short And Sweet—Smart, bubbly, impulsive, adventurous, vivacious, athletic, 27, Jewish female, hazel eyes, black hair. Seeks fun, loving, single male, 27-34 - no children, stable, loves movies, dancing, nature and fitness. Note/photo. 1176 ✉ ☎

Slim, Sexy, Secure—Successful siren seeks same in 50ish swain. Snapshot, s'il vous plait. 1099 ✉

Successful, Attractive, Giving—White male, 31, Harvard JD/MBA, portfolio manager, seeks Asian or white female. Like exercise, museums, travel. 1091 ✉

(212) Man—In every way, 36, seeks witty, in-shape Jewish lady in (212) or (718), to share city life. Call/write for more details. 1096 ✉ ☎

Let's Fall In Love—Me: pretty, petite writer/teacher with sense of humor, love of city, country, music, dance, wonder and beauty of life. You: kind, generous, adventurous, like to work (so are good at it), play, be in relationship, 50 years old (more or less). Us: solid, loving, happy. 1166 ✉

Attractive, Vivacious, Caring, Asian—Lady seeks 60s soul mate. 1114 ✉

Affectionate, Compassionate—Single Jewish male, 43, MD, handsome and fit, enjoys music, books and sports. Seeks charming, attractive, nonsmoking female for the love of a lifetime. Note/photo/phone appreciated. 1082 ✉ ☎

Gay White Male—30s, loves theater, fun, travel. Seeks similar, 20-39. Write POB 544, Bronxville, NY 10708-0544

LI Beauty—Seeks handsome, fit, cultured, witty, generous, financially secure, white single male, 5'10" plus, 45 plus, for long-term relationship. Handwritten note/photo/phone. 1092 ✉

Single White Jewish Female—38, pretty, educated and sexy, seeks Jewish doctor for marriage. Brooklyn. Photo/phone. 1147 ✉

Slim, Strong, Venturesome Ms.—Arts, early 50s, seeks healthy, energetic, pro-ecology man. Share life's trip. 1111 ✉ ☎

Radiant, Passionate Redhead—Fit, 41, with a zest for life and fabulous legs, seeks adventurous, refined, intelligent man, age 35-48, for loving relationship. Playful, nonsmoking, enthusiastic about life, and love of children essential. European, MD, rollerblading a plus. Note/recent photo/phone, please. 1098 ✉

Brunette—Nice eyes, lips. Loves animals, nature, music, UK. Kind disposition, Euro-looking, spiritual, witty. Seeks attractive, warm, mature, boyish-looking, soulful counterpart, 37-45. Photo. 1080 ✉

Very Handsome—Single, affluent, Jewish, tenured associate professor in NYC - and stock-market investor, seeks bright professional lady wanting marriage and future family (MD, JD, PhD or similar type), 30-45. 1177 ✉ ☎

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One-Woman Man—Desires one-man woman for lasting relationship. Attractive, 6', slim, 63 (looks 50), sails, skis - desires tall, long-legged, lovely woman who, too, is weary of dating. Note/photo. 1095 ✉

Skis The Blacks Out West—6'1", 180, blue-eyed, Nordic-looking Jewish male, all-Ivy education, 34, extremely athletic. I survived Jewish schools... I don't kill whales or start forest fires. Seek a pretty, down-to-earth Jewish girl who meets this description, and must be willing to lie about how we met. Photo, please. 1156✉

Looking For Treasure—Archeologist type wanted for attractive blond, 40ish, who likes to explore. Photo/note. 1164✉

Handsome Investment Banker—Who is a real person. I am 31, 6'2", 180 and athletic. I enjoy all sports, reading history, working out. I love NYC restaurants and good wine, having fun and cooking for friends. Seeking an attractive, slim female who is 24-32, who enjoys working out and is relationship-oriented. Recent photo and note, please. 1123 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Green Eyes—Pretty inside, 52, 5'8", slim, successful Jewish professional, warm, playful, sincere - seeks multifaceted mensch for long-term love relationship based on fun, affection, respect. 1089 ✉ ☎

Polo-Playing Attorney—55, attractive, very intelligent, successful, romantic, cultured, great sense of humor, sensitive, overall nice guy. Photo a must. 1174 ✉

Warm Personality—Russian-Jewish woman - sincere, attractive, educated... is looking for intelligent man around 50, for lasting relationship. Note/photo, please. 1085 ✉

Spirited 50-Year-Old—Eternal teenager. Divorced white female - loves music, movies, reading, nature, matters of the mind and heart. Prefers male, 45-62. Photo/phone/note. 1084 ✉

Black Princess Seeks Prince Charming—E-mail: westindgal@aol.com. 1157 ✉

Successful LI VP—Handsome, dynamic, with boyish charm - seeks vibrant, bright, very pretty, trim, single white female, 39-49. Love, laughter follow. Note/photo, please. 1097 ✉ ☎

Pretty Blond—35, 5'4", Esq., physically fit, seeks grounded, Irish-Catholic professional male, 35-40 (Yankee fan a plus), to share a warm relationship. 1131 ✉

Worldly, Chic Asian Beauty, MD—Sparkling smile, loving, energetic, passionate dancer, artistic collector, exotic traveler, close to family, loves laughter, intellect, kindness. Seeks similar, happy, highly educated, successful, boyishly handsome, fit, chivalrous man (35-50) for deep love and family. Photo. 1179 ✉ ☎

Four Keys To A Great Relationship—Communication, trust, honesty and... Single Jewish professional female from north NJ, 33, 5'3", pretty, seeks sincere, handsome, intelligent, single Jewish professional male with that fourth elusive key. Photo, please. 1169 ✉

Let Me Entertain You—Caring, giving and genuine, single Jewish female, 34, slim, brunette, 5'4", attractive, professional and secure - seeks handsome, kindhearted, sincere and intelligent, single Jewish male, nonsmoker, 32-42, to share precious moments and the warmth of love. Note and photo, please. 1079 ✉

Lover Boy—Energetic, romantic, handsome, fun Jewish male, 49, kind, communicative, successful, seeking the love of my life. Please write a note today with photo. Maybe we will meet soon! 1183 ✉

Stunning Female—Professional - outgoing, down-to-earth, seeks nonreligious Jewish male, MD/DDS, early 50s, for sharing and caring. 1163 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Successful—Ivy League-educated entrepreneur/writer with a unique balance of humor and intellect, playfulness and depth. Still idealistic, with a great capacity for love and devotion, I am Jewish, 45, 5'10", athletic. If you are a warm, intelligent, beautiful woman, 25-37, with depth and a unique spirit, please respond with a photo and substantial letter. 1112 ✉

Strand Of Life Seeks Complement—Attractive, affectionate, charming, cheerful, good-natured, thoughtful, professional, 50ish, divorced Jewish female seeks accomplished, articulate, caring, good-humored, truthful person. Can you match these basics? Photo optional. 1074✉

Great Genes—Handsome, extremely successful, single Jewish male, 40, health-conscious, fit, sincere, highly intelligent, easygoing and very funny. I have traditional values, a passion for life, family-oriented, an abundance of class. A true mensch! Seeking an exceptional female soul mate under 38. You must be very attractive, slim, sweet, intelligent, outgoing, have a great sense of humor and ready to be spoiled with love and affection forever. Note with photo, please. 1113 ✉

Global Adventurer—Affluent, youthful man, 66, slim, 5'6", athletic, compassionate, affectionate, sensuous, with humor - enjoys music, outdoors. Seeks attractive, petite, adventurous female to explore the world with. Photo/note/phone. 1107 ✉

Heart Of A Labrador—Mind of a scholar, soul of an altruist. Comely, slender Jewess, 30s, sensitive, kind, monogamous, seeks similar man, 28-40ish, any religion, ready for permanence/offspring. Bleeding-heart liberals, nonsmokers welcome. Letter/photo helpful. 1153 ✉ ☎

Active Jewish Widow—70 plus, Indiana resident, school psychologist, special ed teacher, bridge player, artist - likes traveling, walks and talks, classical music - seeking warm, masculine counterpart. 1104✉☎

Claudia Schiffer Double—35, bright, thin, sweet and accomplished, seeks exceptional Jewish man, 35-44, for lifetime magic. Guaranteed to make a smile appear. Photo/note please. 1108✉☎

No Games, Set, Match—Tall, handsome, intelligent, tennis-playing Christian male, 39, seeks pretty, marriage/family-minded, slim, intelligent, athletic Christian female, 29-37, for lifelong tennis "courtship". Note/photo/phone. 1117✉☎

Beautiful Blond Lady—Former model, divorced, no children, would like to meet marriage-minded CEO, 50 and over, who wants a trophy on his arm and a warm heart next to his. 1122 ✉

Internationally Successful—40s, 6', handsome, sensual, secure, taste for cooking, nature - seeks intelligent professional female, nonsmoker, 35 plus, meaningful relationship. Photo. POB 565, NYC 10012

Do You Want—To love and be loved? I do. This self-aware, communicative, adventurous, divorced Jewish male professional, with interests ranging from the arts to nature and hiking, is seeking a Jewish female, 34-40, for marriage and family. I am in my 40s, 5'11", fit, attractive and passionate. 1094 ✉ ☎

Ready To Remarry—Pretty, bright, professional Jewish female, young 40s - affectionate, kind, fit, down-to-earth, upbeat. Loves NYC life, x-country skiing, hiking, dining out, music, travel. Seeks intelligent, adventurous, warm and caring, professional, divorced or widowed Jewish male, 43-53, to joyously share life. 1161 ✉

Strikingly Attractive—Female, late 40s (really youthful), great shape inside and out, 5'6", long hair, dynamic, successful, aware, sensitive - seeks male, 6' plus, very attractive (40s-50s), in great shape emotionally and physically, healthy, intelligent, very successful and secure. No smokers. Photo essential/note. 1081 ✉

Classy Blond PhD—Male friends tell me I'm an "unapproachable woman" due to my professional success and outer beauty. Yes, I'm selective, but will be generous and passionate with the right man. If you're well-educated, 42-58, fit, and happy with most aspects of life, please approach me. Note/photo. 1100 ✉ ☎

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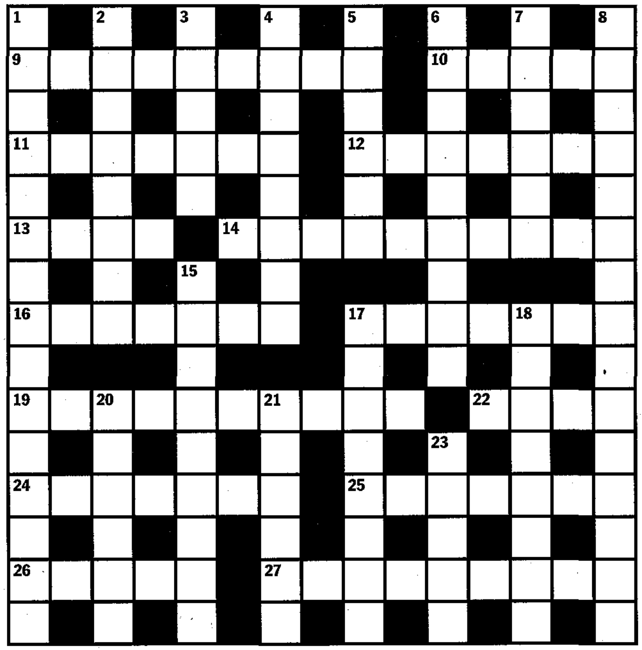
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
9 Rouse the fiery Celt, perhaps! (9)
10 Pinch, for example, makes a girl cross. (5)
11 Unusually smart do for film eminence. (7)
12 Tiredness may lead to military punishment. (7)
13 One shouldn't lie under it. (4)
14 Alan sent up in a nasty way. (10)
16 They're not often miscast in Westerns. (7)
17 Bird from the frozen North. (7)
19 It's not often the present combines with the past. (3,3,4)
22 Brings back plans for canned meat. (4)
24 Longed for 1996, for example, to end in style. (7)
25 Request treatment of colitis. (7)
26 Estimated trade turnover. (5)
27 Painters may paint it, and in a variety of places. (9)

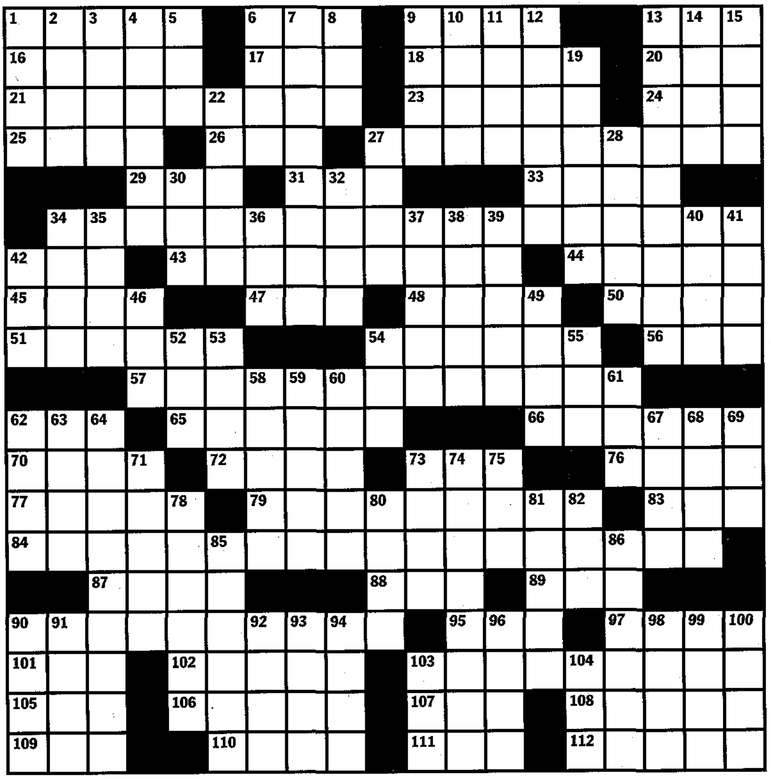


DOWN
1 The Met office. (3,8,4)
2 Can't have venison without a bottle of wine. (8)
3 Room for mental improvement, perhaps. (5)
4 Suit worn by the wealthy. (8)
5 An attractive woman—this much one can see. (6)
6 Party's final measure? (4,5)
7 Variation in game puzzles people. (6)
8 Lady-in-waiting? (9,6)
15 Hostile fire one can and does get involved in. (9)
17 Grace may arrive in disguise. (8)
18 Particular mixture of ale and spice. (8)
20 I am in a rage it appears. (6)
21 Rather small drunk. (6)
23 Disagreement on a question of colour? (5)

'Letter Call': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Autumn zodiac sign
6 Baden-Baden, e.g.
9 Actor Everett
13 Kind
16 "—— Melancholy": Keats
17 Like Methuselah
18 Cloths of gold
20 Lon of Cambodia
21 BDII (certain facial features)
23 —— Gay (A-bomb plane)
24 East of Ont.
25 Deserve pay
26 Lass's contemporary
27 KGXQQ (wily alibi)
29 Spire tip
31 Chevrolet division
33 Aaron Spelling's daughter
34 YUUXSNRG (couch potato's question)
42 Tool in the garden shed
43 Thought transference
44 Undercover operatives
45 Younger Guthrie
47 Prefix for tope or metric
48 Cards dealt
50 Place for a chapeau
51 Force of a collision
54 Stuffs oneself
56 Soviet territorial div.
57 CCCCDK (predicts blight)
62 Start of a Hemingway title
65 Infliction of pain
66 Diva's repertoire
70 Mideast gulf
72 Catcher's need
73 Acorn's parent
76 Curbside call
77 Type of engineer
79 Stays on the wagon
83 Buddhism offshoot
84 NMEECCTPP (Indian War headline)
87 Author Jaffe
88 It's a moray
89 "—— live and breathe!"
90 EZSAA (grade-school compositions)
95 Cyclotron particle
97 January warm spell
101 Miss Piggy's pronoun
102 Chateaubriand novel
103 TTU (tantalize Hefner)
105 Motel's forerunner
106 Bad buy
107 Design style of the '20s, with 49-Down
108 Silent Pola
109 Edible drumstick
110 Emit fumes
111 Escort to a seat: slang
112 Castle in the air

DOWN
1 Lung section
2 Concept
3 Bull's Wall Street counterpart
4 Disrespected Dangerfield
5 Whichever
6 Sichuan sauce
7 Fraternity hopefuls
8 Promo items
9 Lawrence Durrell heroine
10 Dangle
11 Island in Taiwan Strait
12 Cross out
13 Requests for information
14 Gossett and Rawls
15 Swiss abstractionist
19 Ivanhoe's people
22 Beethoven's "Für ——"
27 Caesar's co-star
28 Moved on the knees
30 Postpone, with "off"
32 Montreal baseballer
34 Early-bird's reward
35 Beatles' second film
36 Nickname for Yale
37 Traits of a culture
38 Pottery fragment
39 Colleague of Yeats
40 Catches on
41 River near Dunkirk
42 "Bali ——"
46 Lummox
49 See 107-Across
52 Romaine lettuce
53 Cable car
54 Lapidary's object
55 Tree juice
58 Copyreads
59 Locations
60 First name in makeup
61 "Are we there ——?"
62 Physiognomy
63 Chief Norse god
64 Making a U-turn
67 Tear down
68 Tools for Bunyan
69 Sermon topic
71 Mr. Spock portrayer
73 Exude
74 Painters' studios
75 Kit —— (candy-bar brand)
78 Of direct descent
80 No-win situations
81 Deviates from the vertical
82 U.S.N. police
85 Bonnet Sunday
86 One or the other
90 Jannings of early films
91 First-rate
92 Ditto
93 Skin-lotion ingredient
94 Doughboy
96 Swearword
98 More than big
99 Mogul capital of India
100 Capricious notion
103 Timon's initial
104 Sign off



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 80.

ADVERTISEMENT

Ye Waverly Inn

BY MARSHA ROBERTS

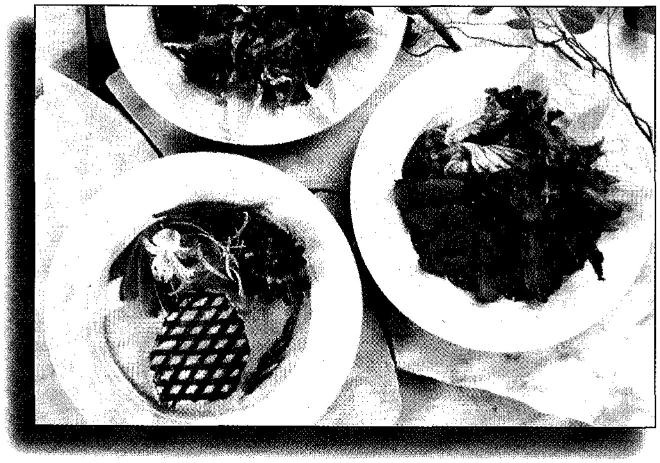
The Enduring Village Inn Spot

NOW THAT THE COOLER WEATHER IS HERE–YE WAVERLY INN IS HEATING UP AGAIN... AND IT'S MORE THAN JUST FIREPLACES.

It's that time of the year again, and at a colleague's suggestion, I headed to Ye Waverly Inn, a tiny restaurant tucked into the corner of Bank Street and Waverly Place. Bank Street, a quiet treelined block untouched by time and change in the heart of the West Village, is one of my favorite streets in all of New York. Ye Waverly Inn is a well-kept secret in the middle of it all.

The restaurant itself is an enchanting old carriage house, built circa 1800 and converted to a tea room in 1920. This explains the five odd, meandering little rooms complete with antique wooden tables, cozy booths and exposed ceiling beams. Ye Waverly Inn feels more like a good friend's home than it does a restaurant.

The menu itself reads like a 'Who's Who' or, more appropriately, 'What's What' of traditional American fare. And if the menu itself isn't lure enough, then the wafting aroma of hot mulled wine and freshly baked bread is sure to pique even the most discerning gourmet's palate. Hearty chicken pot pie, luxuriously prepared with generous slices of chicken, peas and carrots, topped with a light, exquisitely browned crust; crispy Southern fried chicken; meatloaf; sautéed calf's liver with caramelized onions; creamy mashed potatoes and homemade vegetarian quiche were just a few of the savory (and generously portioned) house specialties. For an appetizer, I chose the Shiitake Mushroom Salad which were fire roasted to perfection on a bed a Dandelion greens with lime vinegarette. My friend opted for the roasted Butternut Squash Soup lightly spiced with ginger cream. For an entree I debated between the Salmon filet wrapped in cabbage and lightly topped with Dijon mustard sauce, roasted wild mushrooms and horseradish mashed potatoes or the Oven Roasted Snapper. I chose the Red Snapper stuffed with arugula and peppers with sundried tomato vinegarette and green risotto. My friend had the Grilled Filet Mignon with sweet potato bell pepper hash and Waverly Inn rich steak sauce. Although we were more than sated by the selections so far, we ordered dessert for the simple reason that this was all simply too enchanting to leave. The dessert menu offered everything from homemade fresh fruit cobbler to Indian pudding. Being an unerring chocoholic, I elected the chocolate mousse cake – rich enough for any true chocolate connoisseur. My friend was intrigued by the passion fruit creme brulée, subtly perfumed and devoured in a flash. Not an easy decision for a confirmed Southern pecan pie man, especially since Ye Waverly Inn's version is considered something of a classic.



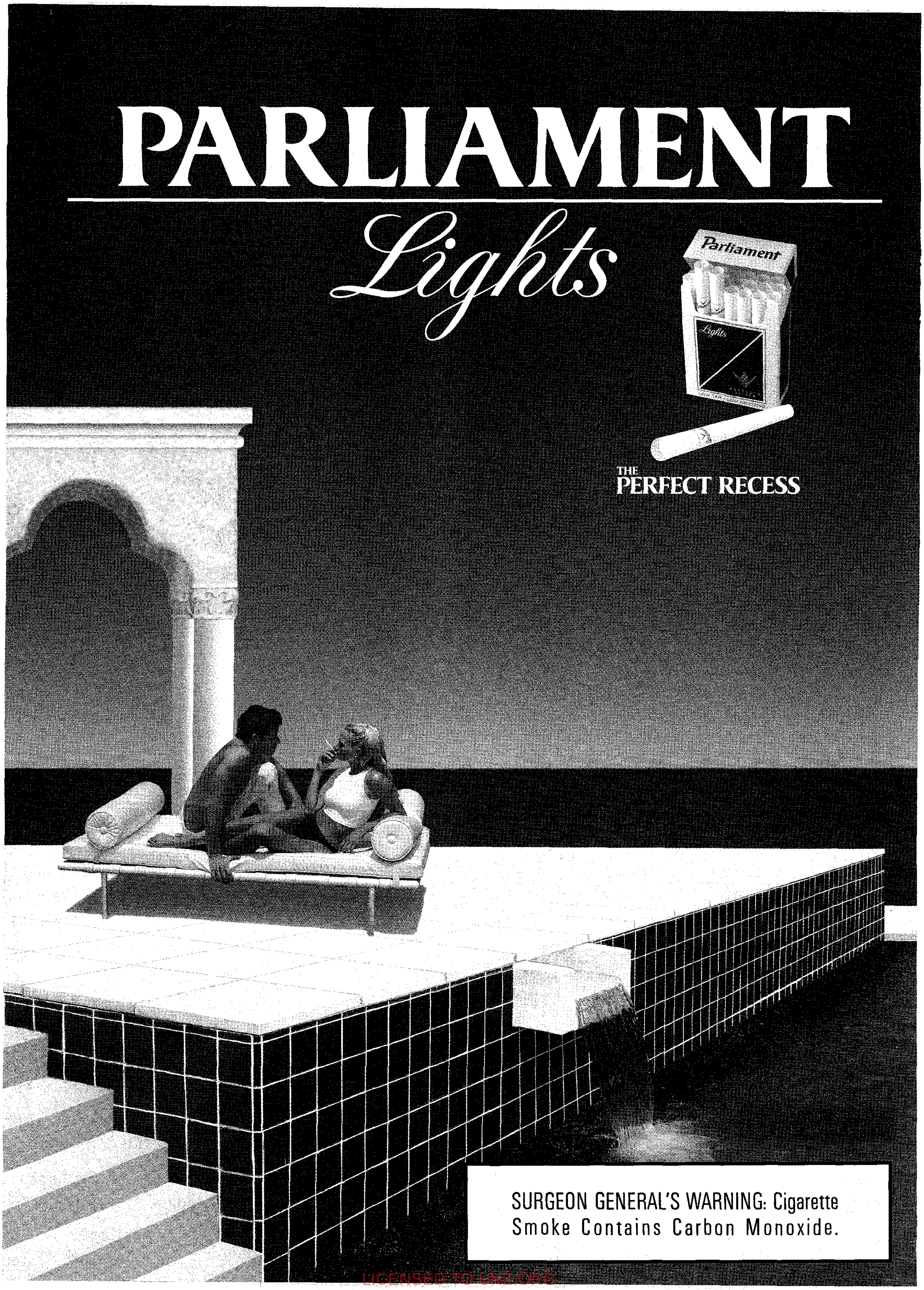
I must admit that I was lulled into a state of such extreme satisfaction by the meal and so thoroughly charmed by the Inn itself, I had a hard time prying myself away. Instead, we ordered my favorite cognac, Delamaine, and let the fire work its magic. I know a good thing when I find it and according to our waitress, I'm in esteemed company. Celebrities such as Marisa Tomei, Quentin Crisp, Bebe Neuwirth, U2's Bono, George Whitehead, Terrance McNally and Molly Ringwald have also lingered at Ye Waverly Inn. In fact, in an earlier era, Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay and Eugene O'Neill frequented the restaurant and one can almost envision them scribbling away in front of the hearths. I know Ye Waverly Inn has a reputation for being one of the more charming dining spots in town, and having now experienced it first hand, I can firmly state that all reports thus far have been greatly understated.

The Inn is the kind of family-run place that makes holiday time special. Traditional fare served year round, a roaring fire can make any Holiday memorable, Prix Fixe menus are available.

It would be a disservice not to mention Ye Waverly Inn's garden, a former cobblestone courtyard for carriages that has been magically transformed into a idyllically rustic dining spot complete with ivy-covered walls and seasonal foliage. Perfect for a weekend champagne brunch. And the good news is: the garden is covered and heated.

It's rare to find a place where the service is good, the staff attentive, the food superb and the surroundings so charmingly seductive. Ye Waverly Inn is an enduring slice of Old New York that seems somehow never to get old.

Ye Waverly Inn, 16 Bank Street, on the corner of Waverly & Bank (929-4377/78). Monday through Thursday Lunch 11:30 am to 3:30 pm; Dinner 5:00 pm to 10:30 pm; Friday Lunch 11:30 am to 3:30 pm; Friday-Saturday Dinner 5:00 pm to 11:30 pm; Saturday and Sunday Brunch 11:00 am to 3:30 pm; Sunday Dinner 5:00 pm to 10:00 pm. AMEX, MC, VISA Accepted.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